

MAY, 1947

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

PRICE
50¢
CANADA 55¢

FICTION

HECTOR BOLITHO
GEORGE SLOCOMBE
HENRY KANE
LOUIS PAUL
CYRIL C. TWEED
FRANK X. TOLBERT
JOSEPH E. SHANER
D. COTTRELL
MEL MATISON
J. EDGAR GROVE

ARTICLES

HERB GRAFFIS
HARRY E. ELMARK
DOUGLAS CLARK
THOMAS L. STIX
SCOTT HART
ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE
EDWARD D. RADIN
RICHARD JOSEPH
ROBERT W. MARKS

ART

BEN STAHL
ALAN JEDLA
ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY
FRED ENG
JOHN ATHERTON
LESLIE SAALBURG
A. J. PIMSLER
M. MURLEY
KARL MILROY
FRED BRENNER

ESQUIRE GALLERY

JOE DE MERS
FRITZ WILLIS
J. FREDERICK SMITH
EUCLID SHOOK
TOM HALL

PHOTOGRAPHY

ED RINKER
WILLIAM STONE
ARNOLD GLANTZ
BERNARD GOLDBERG
CLARENCE BULL
FRED MORGAN
HANS GROENHOFF
GENE LESTER
HAL McALPIN

DEPARTMENTS

PAUL GALLICO
A. J. LIEBLING
JACK MOFFITT
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

SPORTS

KEITH MONROE
CHARLES B. ROTH
JACK HENRY

CARTOONS

HOWARD BAER
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
B. SHERMUND
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
ELDON DEDINI
GARRETT PRICE

INDEX ON PAGE 5

ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 214

Now in every issue: **PAUL GALLICO**



THE LINCOLN FOR 1947...

A number of refinements have been made in the Lincoln motor car for 1947. They are new styling, new colors, new interiors. They contribute to even greater beauty and enjoyment...and to a character that is typically Lincoln. We suggest that you visit the nearest Lincoln showroom to see this new motor car for yourself. We are confident you will agree that more than ever—

Nothing could be finer



Lincoln

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



GOWN BY TAILORED WOMAN



There's a ring on your finger . . . a catch in your throat
 . . . a song in your heart . . . forever!

Only America's oldest and largest ring maker and importer of fine diamonds
 can offer you gems singly selected, cut and polished
 by experts in the diamond marts of Europe . . . then brought to America
 for setting in Wood rings which are rare expressions of the goldsmith's art.
 At leading jewelers, ask to see a ring marked *Art-carved**
 Diamond rings \$75 to \$5,000. Wedding rings from \$9.



EXPERT CUTTING of a diamond insures the maximum reflection of light . . . prevents loss of brilliance below the rim of the stone. The four facts you should know about the diamond ring you buy are contained in the fascinating free booklet "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Write today to J. R. Wood and Sons, Inc., Dept. E-3, 216 East 45 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

*Trade Mark Reg.

Art-carved rings by *Wood*

NEW YORK LONDON AMSTERDAM ANTWERP

BELOVED BY BRIDES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY (1850-1947)

New!

GRUEN VERI-THIN

...thin as a shadow

Veri-Thin Bagdad \$59.50

Veri-Thin Bruce \$49.75

Veri-Thin Jessica \$97.50

Veri-Thin Shelton \$71.50

Veri-Thin First Lady \$485.00

Veri-Thin Manhattan \$135.00

World's thinnest popular-priced wrist watch—a miracle of accuracy

PRICED FROM \$33.75 to \$4000
(Including federal tax)

NEW! Shadow *thin*! Only watch in the world with the exclusive, patented Veri-Thin* movement. By an ingenious arrangement of the wheel train each part is larger, therefore sturdier and more accurate—yet the parts occupy less space than in an ordinary watch. *Precision and beauty combined!* Gruen—the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways.

GRUEN
VERI-THIN
THE PRECISION WATCH

*T. M. Registered
U.S. Pat. Office

GRUEN... THE PRECISION* WATCH... AMERICA'S CHOICE



The Gals In Gallico

This month in his article, *The Slightly Bewildered Gallico*, the ebullient author takes a few swings in the swank arena of a dress shop, and although I can't speak for them, I'm inclined to think that if there are any Dorothy Parkers among the gals he has skewered so neatly, the response will be sharp and prompt.

That's the stimulating part of having a man like Gallico back with us in Esquire again after his travels. Something is always happening—from the delighted shriek of the girl who opens the mail and won't send the Gallico manuscript to the editor until she's read every last word, to the snorts of outraged ostentation in our fan mail.

Oddly enough, trying to find the phrase that fits Paul Gallico, we thought back to his own fair and human words about another guy, long ago, and how they said what we need to, now: "He loves nothing better than a rousing . . . argument, and flies into magnificent vehemences in supporting his points, yet always mellowed with respect for the other fellow's point of view."

You said it, Paul, and so do we.
Welcome back.

—D.A.S.

DAVID A. SMART
Editor and Publisher
ALFRED SMART
Co-Publisher

FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM Managing Editor
OSCAR E. SCHOEFFLER Fashion Editor
TONY PALAZZO Art Director
GUS BERKES Production Director
FRITZ BAMBERGER Research Director
A. L. BLINDER Circulation Director
JOHN SMART Business Manager

Associate Editors:
WILLIAM DEWITT PIERCE FREDERICKS
FRED FREED RICHARD JOSEPH
CATHERINE McBRIDE GENEVIEVE PFLEEGER
HELENE RICHARDS LOUIS SIDRAN
GEORGE WISWELL

Editorial Associates:
ROBT. H. LOEB, JR. KATHERINE MARTIN

European Editor: ARNOLD GINGRICH
Address: Le Pâquis, St. Saphorin,
Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1947 by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

contents for May, 1947

Vol. XXVII. No. 5 Whole No. 162

articles

COMICS ARE A FUNNY BUSINESS	Harry E. Elmlark	56
BEN STAHL: HAPPY ARTIST	Robert Ulrich Godsoe	65
GUATEMALA—COUNTRY OF YESTERDAY	Richard Joseph	68
MAY'S THE MONTH TO MISS THE MOB		69
LADIES IN STRIPES	Edward D. Radin	72
CHERCHEZ LA FEMME		73
IN ENGLAND NOW: THE WHEEL TURNS	Douglas Clark	80
OUT OF MY ID	Robert W. Marks	83
THE BAD TIME OF HOLLYWOOD'S BAD MEN	Herb Graffis	86
THE LOST BLEND	Thomas L. Stix	92
THE SUPERSALESMAN	P. G. Fredericks & Tracey Perkins	96
CECIL BEATON	Frederick Freed	101
CAMPUS PORTRAIT: PRINCETON UNIVERSITY	William A. De Witt	108

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY		10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE		42
Comment: THE SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED GALICO	Paul Gallico	47
Books: PICTURES OF ERNIE	A. J. Liebling	50
Movies: A CLOSE-UP OF DEMOCRACY	Jack Moffitt	60
Fashion: SPRING BOARD OF FASHION	O. E. Schoeffler	110
Reviews: BOOK BRIEFS		137

fiction

AND THE CUP RAN OVER	Cyril C. Tweed	48
VALENTINE FOR PAGE ONE	Joseph E. Shaner	54
THE BIG REVIVAL AT WHITE'S HOTEL	Frank X. Tolbert	66
THE OLD MAID OF REIMS	George Slocumbe	71
SAGA OF SOCRATES II	Hector Bolitho	79
THE BARRIER REEF	D. Cottrell	84
IT'S YOUR MOVE	Mel Matison	90
JUNGLE JUSTICE	Louis Paul	95
I STICK MY NECK OUT FOR NOBODY	J. Edgar Grove	107

personality

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT	Scott Hart	76
------------------------------------	------------	----

murder mystery

KUDOS FOR THE KID	Henry Kane	59
-----------------------------	------------	----

Esquire gallery

PASTORAL	Painting by Joe De Mers	51
CHALLENGE	Painting by Fritz Willis	52
CHERCHEZ LA FEMME	Portraiture by J. Frederick Smith	73
RECAPITULATION	Painting by Euclid Shook	87
APLOMB	Painting by Tom Hall	88

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION	Painting by Howard Baer	
JOURNEY TO STARDOM: TERESA WRIGHT	Color photograph by Hal McAlpin	59
TECHNICOLOR "LIFE WITH FATHER"	Color photograph by Fred Morgan	60
SIREN OF MELODY	Color photograph by Clarence Bull	61
HOLLYWOOD ABANDON AND HOLLYBROOK WINK	Painting by John Atherton	62
PLUG CASTING: CHAMPIONSHIP STYLE	Color photographs by B. Goldberg	63
ART PORTFOLIO	Paintings by Ben Stahl	64
CAREER GIRL: KAY ARTHUR	Color photograph by Ed Rinker	76
MAY'S CHILDREN	Caricatures by Alan Jedla	78
DANGER WITH NARRATIVE HANDS	Color photograph by Acme	79
CLOSE-UP OF A GENIUS	Color photograph by Arnold Glantz	80
PATRICE MUNSEL: VOICE OF THE PRODIGY	Color photograph by William Stone	95
AHOY! SKYSEDAN!	Color photograph by Hans Groenhoff	96
TELL ME, PRETTY MAIDEN	Painting by Tony Palazzo	97
PERSONAL APPEARANCE: ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY	Color photograph by Arnold Glantz	98
MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 12	Designs by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky	99
ESQUIRE'S BLEND AND BEND, RECIPE NO. 4	Sketches by Mina Gow	100
COOK'S TOUR: CAMILLE VIRLA	Color photograph by Gene Lester	107
A PHIL BAKER CLASSIC	Caricatoon by Alan Jedla	108
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY: A PROFILE	Painting by Fred Eng	109

sports

KILLING POWER	Charles B. Roth	53
SINGULAR SENEGALESE	Jack Henry & Louis Sidran	62
THE SPORTING SCENE: THE FIERCEST FOOT RACE	Keith Monroe	102
LADY BASEBALL SCOUT	Bill Burton	132

wearables

SPRING BOARD OF FASHION	O. E. Schoeffler	110
SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT	Drawing by A. J. Pimsler	111
LONDON'S FASHION LANDMARKS	Drawing by Leslie Saalburg	112
HAT HUES	Drawing by M. Murley	113
STRICTLY ENTRE NOUS	Drawing by K. Milroy	114
LUNCHEON A LA CART	Drawing by H. Runnette	115
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD	Drawing by F. Brenner	116

briefs

THEY WALK BY NIGHT	Fred Ostler	89
BOOKIES, BEWARE!	Joseph Heller	98
MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE PUZZLES	David Shulman	104

credits

ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 68, 90, 98	courtesy Associated American Artists	
---	--------------------------------------	--

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; Alfred S. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17; drawings to Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, \$6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, \$8.50. In changing subscription addresses both old and new addresses must be given 30 days before change is to take effect.



Editorial: At the Sign of the Esquire Girl

SOMETIMES as we stroll through our reception room we catch a wave from a gathering of artists in that rather uninspiring space that tempts us to recommend the installation of a line of beer taps and cubicles in old, carved oak in reciprocation for the leisurely pleasures of creative contemplation that they bring to us.

This little Mermaid's Tavern would surely demoralize our staff, though, because your successful painter is far from the cloistered long-hair of the Village that he is sometimes pictured.

These are young men about town, versatile and traveled and knowledgeable and athletic, like a modern throwback to the Renaissance. They laugh a lot and talk with an easy grace that is almost annoying to a writer who can't draw. (We don't know why it is, but an artist is never a very bad writer, but a writer is usually a very bad artist.) And their society is one of the bright things of our daily life as well as of the pages of *Esquire*.

Some time ago, when we announced that the *Esquire* Gallery was about to open its long run in the magazine and listed the names of the artists who would be portraying the *Esquire* Girl, it may have seemed only the natural thing to point out that they were the country's great illustrators, brought together on one brilliant, continuing assignment. You've seen them in *Esquire*, now, for some months. In this issue, Joe De Mers, Fritz Willis, Fred Smith, Euclid Shook, Tom Hall. In other issues, Fredric Várady, Coby Whitmore, Al Buell, Thornton Utz, and many another famed signature. But you also see them everywhere. We subscribe, of course, to most United States magazines, and as we thumb through the bright new issues, we never get over the thrill of seeing our guys (the *Esquire* Girl always was a possessive minx) illustrating practically every one of the major stories in the big-league magazines. They're close to the story, on those jobs, and don't always get a chance to echo the single beauty of an *Esquire* Girl except possibly in a vagrant bit of hair, a shoulder inadvertently observed, or the like. But the monthly parade of magazine publishing has suddenly become a sort of an out-of-town letter to us in the *Esquire* office, a picture report of what our boys are doing before they turn to the delightful freedom of painting another portrait for our Gallery.

They won't be held down, you'll notice. Last month we tried to be modest as we told how Willis and De Mers had painted a "Flamingo Girl" for William Cagney, producer of the forthcoming movie version of Adria Locke Langley's *A Lion Is in the Streets*, and won for themselves a \$5000 prize because Mr. Cagney liked their portrait better than those painted by twenty-one other competing artists. And now we get word from the coast that De Mers has won another prize, this time awarded by the Los Angeles Art Directors' Club. They looked on Joe's *Esquire* Girl *Interlude* in the November, 1946, issue (reproduced on this page), and found it good (better, in fact, than the work of 1400 other entries also reviewed). All of this is very pleasing to Joe, of course, but we suspect that we are much more excited about it, as any proud parent should be. After all, he has seen his stuff hanging in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and in New York's Museum of Modern Art, and it has become something of a procession to him, perhaps, by now. But we can't get over it.

We can't get over so much about these artists. Not in this issue, but in others, you may have noticed that Joe De Mers and Fritz Willis, who share a studio, also share an assignment sometimes, and do a team job on an *Esquire* Girl. Each one of them can do a honey of his own at the drop of a shoulder strap. But we have always wanted to be around the studio when the boys sawed the lady in half, or whatever arrangement they have with the model. Joe De Mers, who is a pleasant and unassuming chap even with brush in hand, is very casual in explaining how he and Fritz divide up the topography. They're good neighbors, it seems, and Fritz has never complained about Joe painting in on any of his territory. "Fritz may do the arms, and I'll

take the face," says Joe, "and then maybe he'll do the feet, and I'll paint the legs." Then he pauses, innocently. The burning question, the unasked, we regret to report, is still unanswered at this writing, as Fritz and Joe turn mischievously to their long and short division.

J. Frederick Smith, who prefers to leave that long name home, like an umbrella, and go as plain Fred, also leads a quiet multiple existence, in New York. It isn't fair to confine him in your thoughts to the single style you see in any given article. Like the other boys, he is a sincere and thorough artist, and a versatile one. But like the tactful President of Smith College who fell afoul of a traveling salesman on a train—"My line is blouses, what's yours?" and answered "Skirts!"—Fred's approach is simple and direct. Yet he can work fast, and never slur over the poetic and minute details with which he furnishes his paintings so charmingly.

Working out the Fred Smith monthly feature is always a source of pleasant surprise. It doesn't just happen, of course, as Fred dreamily surveys New York City from his penthouse studio. One of our recent and unforgettable evenings was spent with Fred and Walter Benton in that same studio, when the wind howled cold outside but the studio was warm as the artist and the poet discovered each other personally, after their collaboration by remote control in the August, 1946, *Esquire*, when Benton's lovely *Notes for a Letter* enjoyed the lilting counterpoint of the Smith brush. We made ourselves as small as possible, burnt numerous joss sticks, and consulted the entrails of birds in the wild hope that another collaboration would result. It did. There'll be more Benton poems in Fred Smith's entrancing framework, in our forthcoming issues.

At another time a manuscript will wander into the office crying aloud for the Smith treatment. The editors read it beamingly, muttering "Ahhh..." as the wonted images appear, and Fred gets the manuscript by special pigeon flight, to interpret as he will. *The Rainbow in Blood Alley*, in the March, 1947, issue, was such a miracle of unplanned collaboration.

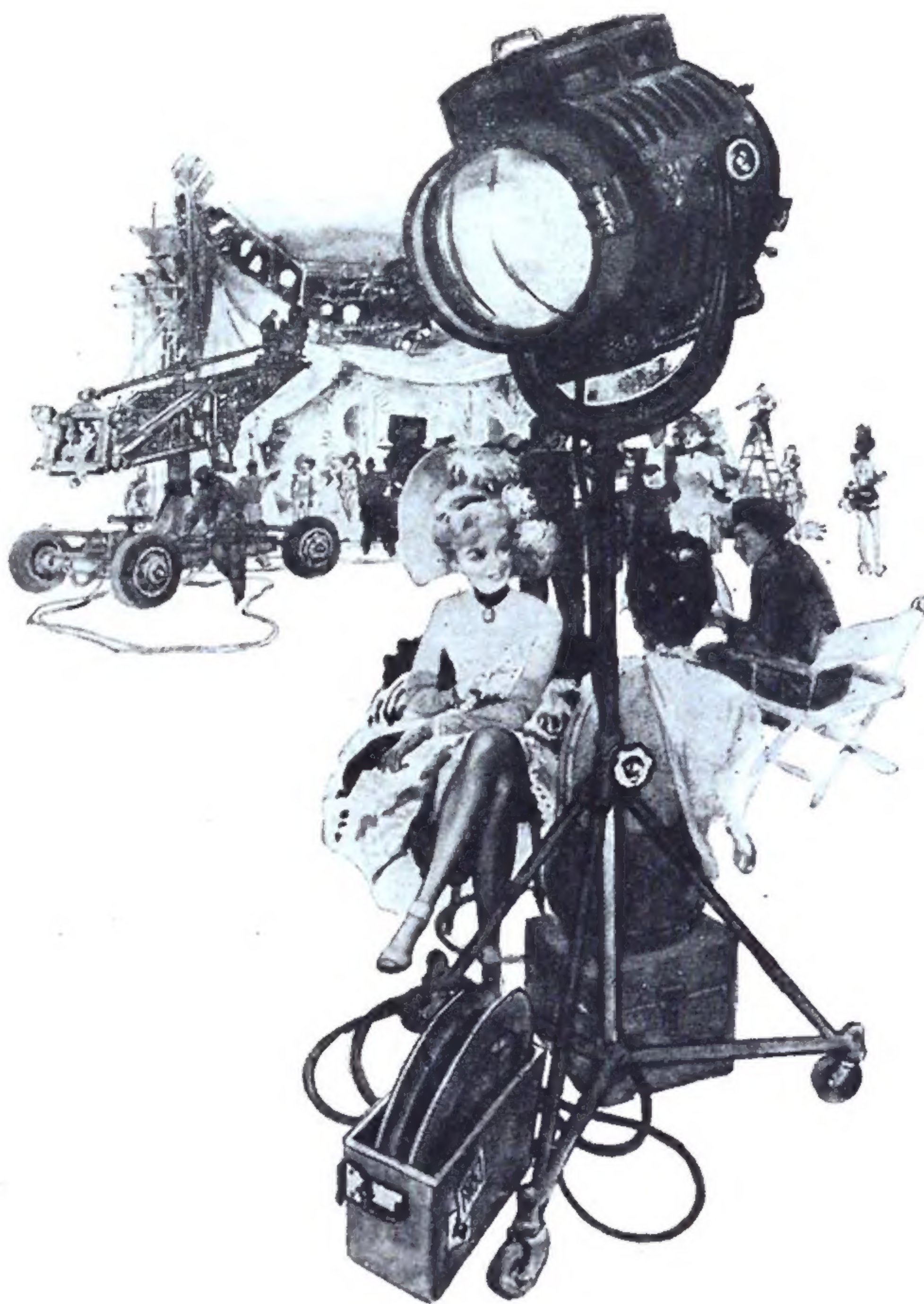
Again, the Smith feature may be planned cold-bloodedly, as in this issue in your hand, in which *Cherchez la Femme* was conceived to give

free play to the Smith genius for costume, color, and a delight in the beauty of woman in any age. Next month, in *Lola Montez*, Fred has refreshingly used the wife of another of our artists as the model for the lovely Lola (we won't tell who unless she gives us permission), and if you look carefully at the demure miss assisting Lola from the scented bath, you will discover Sheilah Beckett, Fred's own wife, on a busgirl's holiday from her own successful career as an artist.

Yet another warming coincidence which brings up the boys in the reception room was the selection of the first painter to be reviewed in our new series on outstanding contemporary art. It must be Ben Stahl, said our critic, the illustrator who insists on bringing fine art out of the studio and the gallery and into the magazine pages without apology or metamorphosis into anything "commercial." So we give you Ben Stahl and his vibrant work, on pages 64-65, and a bit about Ben himself, who is just another pleasant young man to our receptionist, but something else again when you set out to pick outstanding American talent. We could have included *Dalliance*, the *Esquire* Girl he did for the December issue, on this page, and you would have known it for fine art.

Amazing, these artists—from California, Kansas, Texas, Idaho—seemingly no different from hundreds of other successful young men you know. There's something different about them only in that they're more alive, more enthusiastic, getting something more humanly out of life than the others you meet in the course of a working day.

We just thought you might like to hear a bit about a few of them, while we're out pricing something reasonable in the way of beer piping and carved oak. #



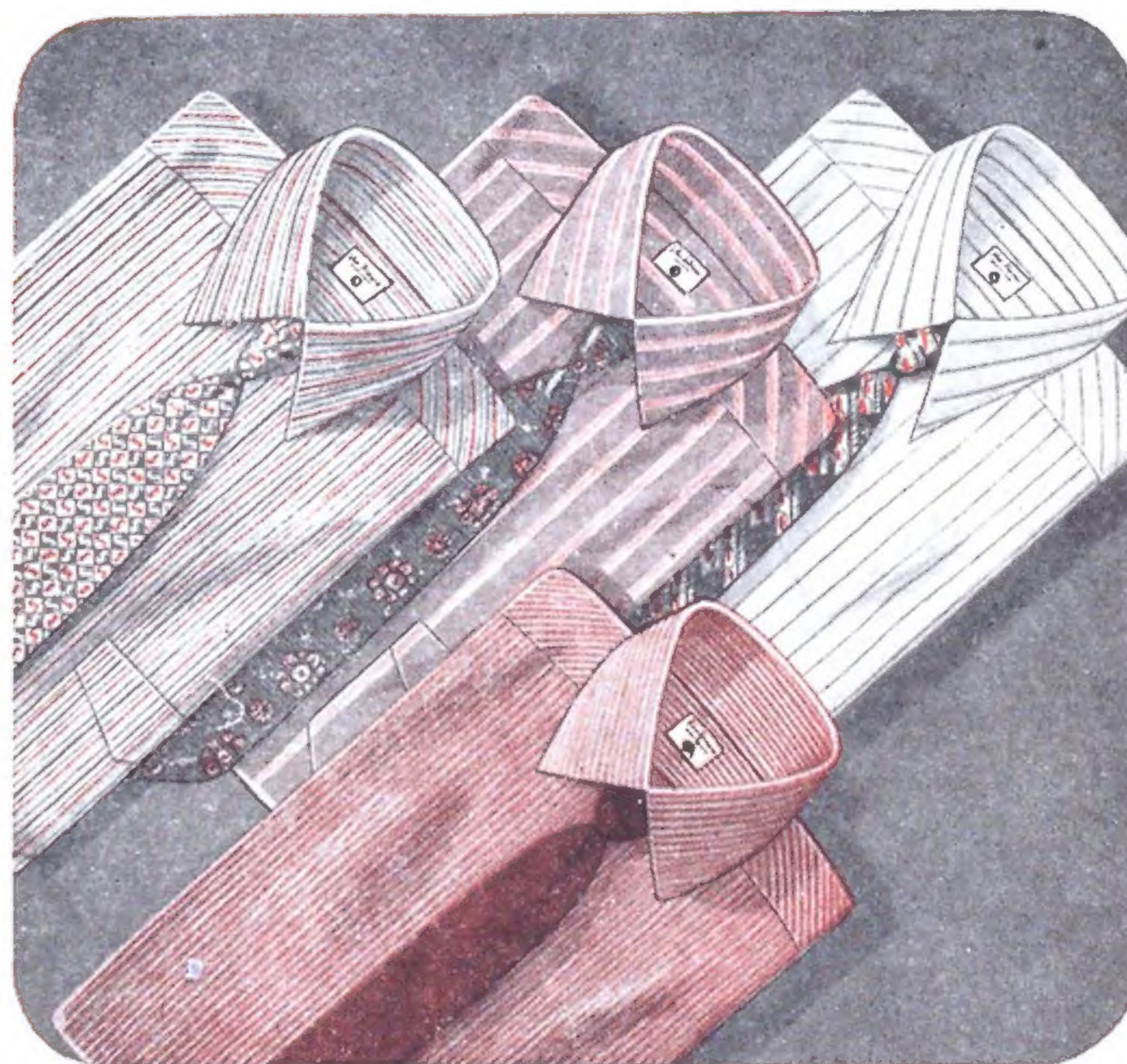


Stripes tell a story



IT'S NO TALL TALE to say that Van Heusen stripes tell the world you're a smart dresser! Whether they come in narrow stripes, corded stripes or high, wide and handsome stripes—this season's new patterns speak up for your style-savvy. Let us state, straight up and down—you strike the right note in Van Heusen collar styles. Every Van Heusen shirt is Sanforized. A new one free if it shrinks out of size. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.

 **Van Heusen**
shirts



Product of Lanman & Kemp Barclay & Co., Inc.

LOOK FOR THE SCOTSMAN WITH A LAVISH HAND

You'll find him on every Bancroft Sweater... your guide to smart knit-wear at thrifty prices. Every Bancroft Sweater, knitted of 100% Virgin Wool, has a superb "hand", the soft, silky to-the-touch feel that means quality knitwear.

For better sweaters at pocket-money prices, look for the colorful Scotsman on the Bancroft label. At your favorite men's shops and department stores. Write for fascinating booklet telling how we test better sweaters.



Vogue Knit of Phila., Inc.

KNITWEAR SPECIALISTS • 1316 ARCH ST., PHILA. 7, PA.

Avoid Loss!

MARK EVERYTHING WITH
CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
12 doz. \$3.30 9 doz. \$3.00
6 doz. \$2.40 3 doz. \$1.80
Ask your Dept. Store, or write us
CASH'S 497 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
6235 S. Gramercy Pl., L. Ang. 44, Cal.

Now You Can Be

TALLER

Than "She" is†



She'll look UP to you when you're taller. And you can be taller. Almost 2 inches TALLER the instant you step into a pair of these amazing height-increasing shoes. Confidently, too. For the heels are no higher. Write for FREE booklet.

ADLER
SHOES for MEN

AMERICA'S
LARGEST
DISTRIBUTORS
OF

ELEVATORS

HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"

†Copr. 1941 Adler Shoe Corp.

Adler Shoes for Men, (Dept. E-47) 249 W. 42 St., N.Y.

Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Talking Shop with Esquire



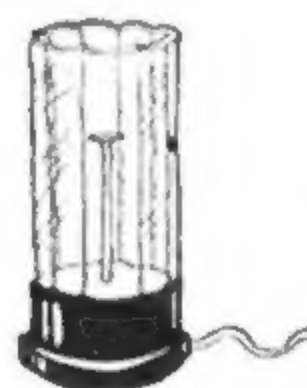
MOTHER'S DAY IN MAY . . . Sunday the 11th, to be exact . . . so jot it down, every mother's son of you, and do some thing about it. Flowers by wire, if you're miles away; candy, or one of those fancy subscriptions to a "fruit of the month" or "book of the month".



MOTHER . . . THE GIRL OF YOUR HEART. Tell her so, send her a box of three sky-blue silk hearts, edged with lace and filled with delicate Moonlight mist sachet. Or a pale blue basket overflowing with sachets, perfume, talc and bath soap. If Mom loves violets, see that she's supplied with an "April Violet" set of dusting powder, talc, bath crystals and sachet. If she loves the woods . . . then a set of Mountain Pine bath oil and two generous pine scented cakes of bath soap. For something really frivolous, a bottle of bubble bath . . . mint scented and called Ecume de Menthe (mint froth, to you). Packaged in a bowling pin shaped bottle, one tablespoon per tub will produce high peaks of snowy bubbles.



AN ELECTRIC BLENDER is Mother's idea of heaven. These marvelous food liquefiers are back again for the first time since before the war. The blender whips cream, purees fruits, meats and vegetables; prepares hors d'oeuvres spreads, cake and pie batters, salad dressings, etc. And in addition, it's a great bar helpmeet which reduces cracked ice to a frappé consistency, blends beverages expertly.



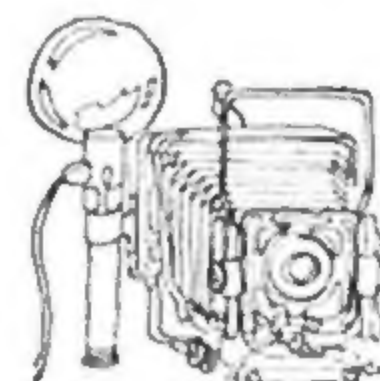
12 LB. RADIO PHONOGRAPH . . . so Mom can carry her music as she goes. This portable radio and phonograph combo is neatly encased in an overnight luggage case. Has an ingenious miracle eye tuning dial just 1 inch in diameter. The finest recordings, both 10" and 12" are faithfully reproduced. Great to take along on a summer vacation.



MIDGET CAMERA. Imagine a perfect little camera, so small, it fits into a standard size leather cigarette case! This little 8 oz. wonder brings 16mm convenience to still photography . . . and makes pictures easy to take because complicated adjustments are eliminated through built-in precision features. Midgie is created in satin chrome or satin colored gold finish . . . a streamlined honey. A new economy factory developing and printing plan goes as follows: included in the purchase price of the film, is the cost of developing and printing of 16mm negatives into enlargements 2½" x 3¼". Exposed film is mailed to the factory by the user, and high speed electronic enlargers make it possible to keep processing on a current daily basis.



"YOU'VE GOTTA BE FAST . . . and you've gotta be right" . . . as Phil Baker says. Press photographers will be interested in a new all-metal speed camera, fast in action and simple in operation. Compactly built, it is quickly and easily focused. A single knob rapidly moves the back and front of the camera in either direction, simultaneously. The 3½" x 10" bellows extension on the telescoping chassis, provides compactness and permits the use of many lenses. The front has rise, swing, tilt and shift, so that you may secure excellent overall focus. Camera has ample space for range-finder and flash equipment, takes standard holders and lens boards.



CONSTANT AGITATION! The new agitator is designed to permit constant agitation when developing and fixing film by the tank method. With constant agitation, it is possible to shorten the development time 15% to 20%, and obtain uniform results. Motion caused by the electric agitator is sufficient to keep the solution in motion during the entire developing and fixing period.



Ranger

murray & lanman's
Florida Water



"he-man" shave lotion
if you're a "he-man",
Murray & Lanman's
Florida Water is for you!
Soothing, after shave.
Peppy rub-down... keeps
you immaculate because
it's an effective deodorant.

popular \$1 size at
drug and dept. stores

Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc., N. Y. 5



MASTER-MADE ENGLISH IMPORTED

FINE Riding Saddlery

Write for name of nearest dealer

R. T. CRUMP COMPANY, INC.
MANUFACTURERS • IMPORTERS

1312 E. FRANKLIN ST., RICHMOND 13, VA.

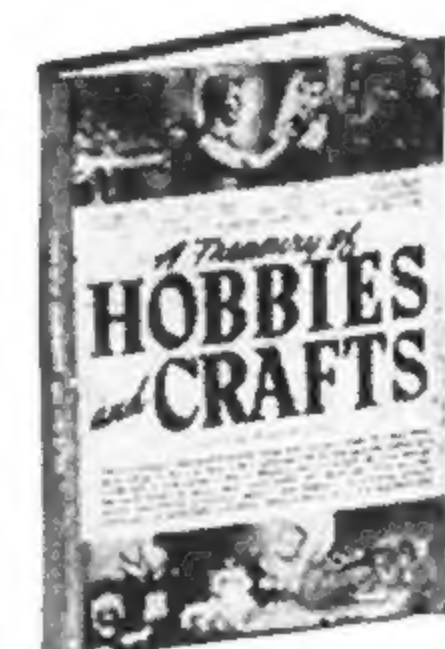
A Book That Tells You the Working Procedure of 14 Handicrafts and Includes Over 200 Make-It-Yourself Projects

A goldmine of fun and craft instructions for both the beginner hobbyist and the expert. Here are more things to make and do than have ever before been crammed into a single volume at this low price. From a simple ash-tray to a breakfast-table-and-bench set, over 200 projects are explained, with tools and equipment needed, simplified working drawings, pictures and step by step directions that make it easy to turn out finished handicrafts that everyone will admire.

Each craft and each project COMPLETELY EXPLAINED in this BRAND NEW book—"A TREASURY OF HOBBIES AND CRAFTS" edited by Michael Estrin. There is a unique enjoyment in making something with your own hands. If you have made it yourself, it will give you more pleasure than anything like it that you can buy. Send for this "Hobbyist Heaven" now. Just \$1.98 postpaid (or c.o.d. plus postage). Money back guarantee if not delighted.

This Book Will Show You How To Make:—

Costume Jewelry	Whittling
Book Ends	Metal Craft
Soap Sculpt.	Mod. Railrdg.
Leather Acc.	Magic
Albums	Stuffed Dolls
Letter Openers	Wooden Toys
Metal Vases	Rings
Min. Furn.	Earrings
Candy Dish	Pendants
Basketry	Trays
Photography	Wallets
Indoor Gard.	Dog Leashes
Plastic Craft	Book-Cases
Portrait Draw.	and many, more things



A CRAFTSMAN KIT OF OVER 100 DESIGNS

FREE
with this
Amazing
Offer

All Full-Size and easy to trace or copy. Ornaments, monograms, geometric, silhouette, fraternal, religious, floral, animal, border, and other decorative devices, forms and designs. For craftwork in Leather, Metal, Plastic, Wood, Textile, Cork, Paper, Glass, etc.

HOBBY BOOK MART, DEPT. H-80

150 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send me a copy of "A Treasury of Hobbies and Crafts".

If not delighted, I can return book and get my money back.

☐ I enclose \$1.98, send book postpaid.

☐ Send book c.o.d. for \$1.98 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Palace TOPEKA, KANSAS
Auerbach's CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY
Childs HOLYOKE, MASS.
Wyman BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Parker & Diemer NEW YORK CITY
Lord & Taylor NEW YORK CITY
Walk-Over Bootery Tampa 2, Florida
The U.C. Bootery CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Sholem's 111 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK CITY
Howland's BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
John The Shoeman, Inc. PROVIDENCE, R.I.
Benross NEW YORK CITY
Edward C. Paarlus YONKERS, NEW YORK
Brothers Boot Shop WORCESTER, MASS.
Har-ed Shoes BRONX, N.Y.
Ritter and Morrison 393 ST. LIBERTY AVE. ST. LOUIS, MO.
D. Lewis Shoe Stores Elmira and Binghamton, N.Y.
Albert Hyman FAR ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND
M. Schwartz & Co. Poughkeepsie, New York
Reamer BAYONNE, N.J.
Vanity BRONX, NEW YORK
Joseph's LA PORTE, INDIANA
Kahn's OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
W.E. Herley & Son SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA
Izen's CHICAGO, LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS
Gilbert's THE MODERN SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
Gordon's CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA
T.J. Pearman & Sons HAMILTON, BERMUDA
Benjamin JACKSON HEIGHTS, LONG ISLAND
Jack Altman CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Metz CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Gordon's TULSA, OKLAHOMA
Stiglitz DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Syd K. Kahn MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA
Fitch KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
Low Berkow's NEW YORK CITY
Barnock's TRENTON, NEW JERSEY
Muir's EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY
Devlin Shoe Den STOCKTON, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA
E. Haupt NEW YORK CITY
Fowler's BUFFALO, NEW YORK
The Killian Company CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
Snellenburg PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Jas. T. Mullin & Sons, Inc. Wilmington, Delaware
Prouse's BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
Berow & Monroe WATERTOWN, N.Y.
B. F. Van Sickle, Inc. MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.
Freeman Shoe Co. WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA
Gertz JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND
Frank Ruiz SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
Wetherhold & Metzger ALLENTOWN AND LEADING, PENNA.
Donaldson's MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
Kay & H BRONX, N.Y.
Phoenix Shoe Shop PHOENIX, ARIZ.
Bullock's LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Paul Dean KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE
The Hecht Co. WASHINGTON, D.C.
Block & Kohl Co. PEORIA, ILLINOIS
Samco's HENRIETTA, SOUTH CAROLINA

ETONIC
Arch Fitting Shoes

COAST TO COAST

FITTED BY THE FINEST STORES

ETONIC
 BOOTMAKERS SINCE 1876

A perfect picture
 of that unmistakable styling and finish of skilled
 craftsmanship . . . that brings men back again and
 again for pair after pair of Etonics.

Etonic National Advertising is *Style News Throughout
 The Year*
 In *Esquire*—The Magazine for Men
 And other National Consumer Magazines
 And in The Nation's leading Newspapers Coast to Coast

The Sound and the Fury

match vs. medal play

In the article entitled *Hagen Treatment* in the March, 1947, issue of Esquire, there is no hint that the so-called psychology mentioned was downright poor sportsmanship. The opportunity for such "psychology," crassly taken advantage of on every golf course, marks the difference between match play and medal play as a real test of golfing ability. It is a fact that practically all of the larger professional tournaments and the leading open golf championships are contested as medal play. Under these conditions, every man has a chance to do his best without being menaced by anyone's peculiar ideas of sportsmanship.

W. L. McATEE

Chicago, Ill.



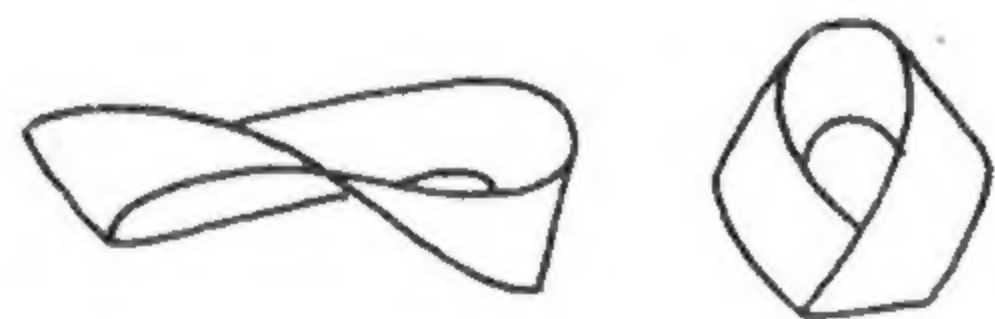
SOS to Gardner!

My friends think I am either absolutely nuts or have gone back to my second childhood. All my spare moments are devoted to taking a strip of paper, giving it a half twist and then pasting the ends together. But it doesn't come out right. Oh, no it doesn't. I cut it in half; I should have one strip, but no, I have two.

My little son, aged 28 months, brags that he makes prettier paper dolls than his daddy, and how right he is. I have become a recluse from friends, family, etc. If Martin Gardner is willing, please have him illustrate a Moebius strip in a future issue or else send me a drawing, photo or better yet, an actual Moebius strip. I'd like to be normal again.

LEONARD J. KAHN

Cleveland, O.



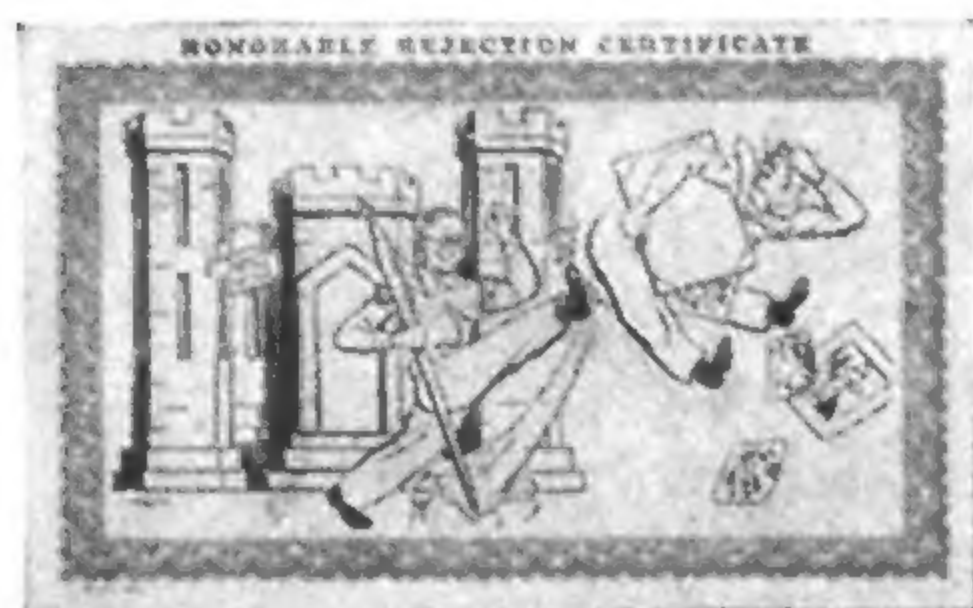
multilateral rescue

Enclosed are two drawings of the strip, from two different angles. The strip has only one side and one edge. Cutting it along the center, cutting once around the strip and back to the starting point produces a single large strip. But if you start the cutting a third of the way from the edge, the cutting will take you twice around the strip, yielding a large strip interlocked with the smaller one.

To paint one side of a Moebius strip you dunk it into the paint.

Topologically yours,
MARTIN GARDNER

Chicago, Ill.

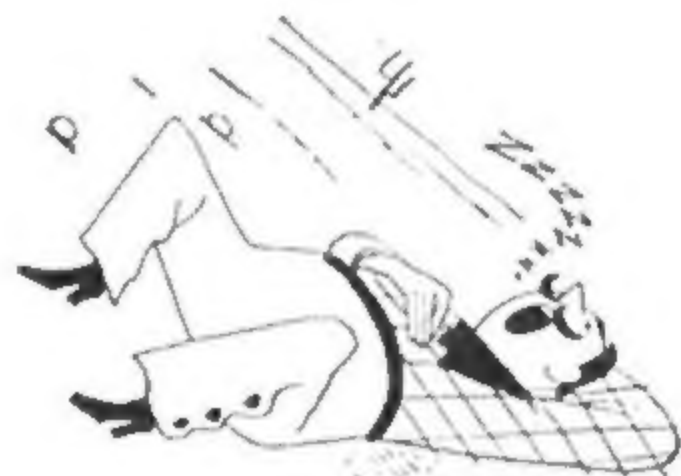


polite no

In your editorial, *Sentimental Journey*, you expressed a desire for a method of rejection which would reject a manuscript, not a man. I would like to

submit for your approval, and I hope your eventual use, an idea which we used when I was Associate Editor and Business Manager of the *Belvoir Castle*. The *Castle* was twice selected the world's finest camp newspaper.

ROBERT O. LUKOWSKY, II
Covington, Ky.



lone-star snorer

Sonata of Sound Sleepers should win an Oscar of some sort. But Graffis left out one. He certainly must have been talking about you city folks who do their snoring in cramped ten- and twelve-room penthouses and apartments. Pity their souls. Please ask him if he has ever been around a fire at roundup time. No equal. We have a foreman that can put on a contest with the very best. I at once tagged him the "Angelo Quail." The sound produced by this old-timer is a cross between a quail on the flush and a wall-eyed Brone after a mad Brahman steer when they both hit a hundred-and-ten-foot drop in a shale slide.

T. B. BORSE

San Angelo, Tex.

retreat, Miss Lewis!

It has been felt in Canada for some time that the U. S. A. is under the impression that it had, in the recent conflict, a monopoly on victory. I do not underrate the tremendous war effort exerted by the United States. But Ruth Lewis' letter in the March issue sickened me. She appears to gloat over the fact that the British Eighth Army was forced to retreat in North Africa. Of course we retreated. To stand was but to perish for no cause. To withdraw was to live and strike back at the enemy with renewed vigor which we did at Alamein. She speaks in her letter of running. Running also describes the American Army when the Japanese were hounding them to the shores of Australia. They would have been fools to stay in the islands to face annihilation, as we would have been fools to remain at Dunkirk.

WILLIAM CAMERON McLEOD
Edmonton, Alta., Canada



Windsor, play by play

In one of your issues last year, there appeared an article and instructions showing how to tie a so-called Windsor knot. I have tried everywhere to find this article, but have been unsuccessful. Being one of your regular subscribers, would it be possible to let me know in which issue this information appeared, or better still, could you give me a copy of the article and the illustrations.

DOROTHEA Z. DUNN

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers bothered by similar fashion problems are invited to address their queries to O. E. Schoeffler, our Fashion Editor, at 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

unconstant, careless man

Supplementing your analysis of women here is a dissertation on "Man," which a onetime ladylove sent me.

"Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes they are all made of the same material, only some are better disguised than others.

"Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

"If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death; if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

"If you join him in the gaities, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you urge temperance, he vows you are a snob and a "Nicey." If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern, advanced, independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are intellectual, he longs for a playmate."

BERNARD H. ECKSTEIN
Princeton, N. J.



hoist with his own petard

The interest shown in my article, *Fortunes in Souvenir Swords*, has been gratifying, but I am overwhelmed at the thought of answering all the correspondence which has accumulated on my desk. A detailed list of sword descriptions is being compiled for forwarding to sword collectors, universities and museums. Pending receipt of this data, however, readers are warned that a sale-clinching fabrication may accompany a purchased sword; a disinterested appraisal is obviously more reliable. Do not be discouraged if no one expresses immediate interest in your sword. The value of your sword can be expected to increase—not decrease—in value.

Sincerely yours,
WENDELL J. FURNAS

Honolulu, T. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant Furnas, who has a full-time job in the U. S. Navy, and whose leisure is devoted to house-hunting in Honolulu, hopes this blanket advice will help to answer the hundreds of letters he has received from readers ranging from Halifax to Malaya. He threatens to commit hara-kiri unless collectors desist from sending him their Japanese swords!



capsule art course

It's interesting to compare the Esquire Girl with the French and English approach to the form divine.

In *Le Rire*, for example, it's often the subject of iconoclastic, even cruel cartoons. Admittedly, there are similari-

ties between your long-legged, angular Annes and those illustrated in the English mags, *Men Only* and *London Opinion*. On the other hand, in the latter two—as in London's *Lilliput*—one invariably finds photographed nudes—unthinkable in Esquire!

Waxing patriotic, I sometimes feel that of the three attitudes—"Rabelaisian," "Fancy-Freeze-ian" and your own "Art-Tease-ian," the lively one is the least screwy.

ROBERT LEE

Essex, England



caustic railroader

The *Rescue of Old 97* in February Esquire prompts me to inquire why the train had no conductor. Apparently there was none or a student brakeman wouldn't have been allowed to take the hoboes along as company. The engineer and fireman jumped. What happened to the head brakeman? There should have been one.

All trains have been equipped with air brakes since before the "gasoline scooter" came into use, and there is an emergency valve in cabooses by which the air brakes of an entire train can be applied. Assuming that Herbert didn't know enough to use this emergency valve, the same effect would still be obtained by uncoupling the caboose from the rest of the train, which Charlie did later in the story.

The train which made the rescue attempt really did something unusual when it headed away on a right-angle spur line. Fred's remark: "Well, what do you know about that?" really covers that situation and is about the only rational line in the story.

M. W. KELLEY

Gooding, Idaho



writer's riposte

Mr. Kelley's letter shows that he has mistaken the purpose of my story, *The Rescue of Old 97*; it was intended to amuse, rather than to instruct.

Several years ago I did a story for Esquire in which an ape named Joe McWhiff was groomed to be a 154-game winner in pro baseball. Yet I did not receive a single letter from baseball experts pointing out the impossibility of a monkey getting anywhere as a big-league pitcher.

I myself knew the monkey was rather unlikely and understood also the improbability of a brakeman of Herbert's caliber being in sole charge of a freight train, or anything else, for that matter. But his trials and errors made the story.

KIMBALL McILROY

Toronto, Ont., Canada

beisbol by Dedini

To cartoonist Dedini my gratitude for a fine and funny interpretation of Mexican baseball. But is Dedini deliberate? A left-handed catcher? Could be, I suppose, but only in Mexico. And probably very good, too.

W. R. BEATTIE

Dallas, Tex.



Experienced Traveler

PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL on the country's de luxe trains will tell you this, if you haven't already discovered it for yourself...

It's a mighty cheery thing, when you're on a trip, to meet up with that experienced traveler, that very aristocratic friend, Four Roses.

For Four Roses is a whiskey with a most distinctive and *different* flavor...

with a mellow smoothness all its own.

We sincerely believe that the Four Roses you are buying today is the finest Four Roses we have ever bottled. And, to us, that means it is the finest whiskey on the market.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, and 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET



Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York





Pick these Style Winners

for Opening Day

Spring and Summer's smartest designs - handsome, authentic Jarman styles famous for friendliness of fit

Leading Styles of the Style Leaders



LEFT: Style 5505.
Jarman's newest Deluxe
grade sport pattern.

CENTER: Style 4553.
Hand-woven construction
for style and comfort.

RIGHT: Style 5532.
Two-tone hand-stitched
Deluxe grade "Leisual."

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

Symbol of "friendliness of fit," this distinctive shoe horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer. Ten inches in length, finished in gleaming 24-karat gold, with plastic handle and golden cord.



With a final tug at his mask, the "Ump" cups his hands and sings out: "Play ball." And you know the "Opener" is officially on... it's Spring... and time for your handsome, authentic Jarman sport shoes. And because Jarman designs leading styles for America's style leaders, you know you're *right in style* in your Jarman—at the ball park, the office, or on the avenue. Too, because of Jarman's care in selecting quality leathers and scientifically-constructed lasts, every pair of Jarman assures you the utmost in appearance, wearability and correctness of fit... a *friendliness of fit* with that all-important extra margin of comfort. So to be sure you, too, are sporting a leading style of the style leaders this Spring and Summer, stop in at your local Jarman dealer's store today.

How to take a load off your mind

Give your spirits a lift with a new lightweight hat! You'll look tops in the new Spring styles and colors. They've got a gay, lighter-than-air feeling that gives you the air of a good sport. Yes, lightweight and light-color are right for this season. And the *right* lightweight adds the final touch of good taste to your good looks and good spirits!

So be sure your new lightweight hat is *right* in shade, shape and style—for your coloring, face and personality. Step into your nearest *Recognized Hatter*, wherever you see the plaque shown below. There, expert fitters will put the *right* light hat on your head—and take a load off your mind!



This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter



right Brown hat with brown and tan suit is a tasteful blend.



right Grey off-the-face hat is widely approved for town clothes.



right Casual and sport clothes call for colorful sport hats.



wrong Brown hat shades are off the beam with blue suits.



wrong Grey off-the-face hat with casual suits or tweeds.



wrong Sport hats with business suits give you a mismatched look.

a light hat is the right touch...

*This Schenley whiskey, millions say
Brings Sunny Morning Taste your way*



COME ALONG FOR SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR

Join the parade to Schenley Reserve—if you want more than fine whiskey pleasure. For Schenley Reserve offers a *plus* . . . an *extra* dividend of delight in its far-famed Sunny Morning Flavor. Try Schenley Reserve—today!

PRE-WAR
QUALITY

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

for PIPE SMOKERS
A Practical Accessory

TAMPS YOUR PIPE AT THE FLICK OF A FINGER!

- Keeps Pipes Lit • No Flying Ashes
- Precision Made • No Dirty, Burned Fingers

\$1.50

TAMPING
A flick of the finger and the efficient tamping is in position.

SMOKING
No interference with draw—no flying ashes. Weighs less than 1/4 oz. Stem folds out of sight.

LOADING
Swings back freely for easy loading.

PAK-A-PIPE
For Father's Day—and Every Day

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Send \$1.50 to

AMPCO PRODUCTS CO.
11905 NORTH VOSE ST. • NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

She'll Treasure it Forever

Beautiator
The ELECTRICAL MANICURIST

Thousands of women enjoy healthier, lovelier nails with Beautiator. It shapes and buffs the nails, rolls back and removes cuticle, massages the fingers and hands... gives a perfect manicure in just 10 minutes.

If your Department Store cannot supply you, send cash or money order for \$29.75 to The Beautiator Corp., 8750 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland 4, Ohio. Literature on request.

For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war... now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish. Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work... 10" height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, midssole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Only \$9.87
plus postage
Not government surplus stock

CORCORAN, INC., STOUTTOWN, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for \$9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D. E-5

Name _____
Address _____
Size and width of Shoe _____

Talking Shop with Esquire



SOMETHING NEW IN NOTEPAPER.

A discerning gift for Mother. The new paper is very sheer, fabric-like fine linen. Single sheets are die-stamped in white and look as if the design were actually applied on the contrasting background. There's a cherry design on white paper, a white grape design on pale blue paper, and a strawberry on pale pink. Delicately done and in exquisite taste.



IF SHE SEWS A FINE SEAM . . .

a welcome Mother's day gift would be a set of sewing and embroidery scissors handsomely encased in top grain leather, lined with chamois. There is a pair of 6" sewing scissors, 5" scissors and two needle points. The scissors are made in a strikingly modern design, of the finest surgical steel, super-edged and finished in nickel chrome. Same people put out quality manicure and pedicure cases . . . flat, colored pigskin, filled with six shining surgical steel implements.



FOUNTAIN FOR THE TABLE.

If Mater entertains a lot, she'll be proud of a gift of a flower centerpiece made of Plexiglas. She puts her flowers in a flat crystal-clear, scalloped bowl while small streams of water spout upward from the petal-like center. As the water flows out of the centerpiece, it is collected in the bowl and re-circulated through the fountain. A small electric motor is completely concealed.



CHINESE TREASURES.

If she collects bibelots, why not a Chinese rosewood box inlaid with ivory-like flowers. Inside the box goes a Mongolian treasure horse of carved jetwood (the horse is an emblem of dependability and perseverance according to Chinese legend). Same shop also features the loved and familiar blue and white Chinese willow cantons, a pitcher



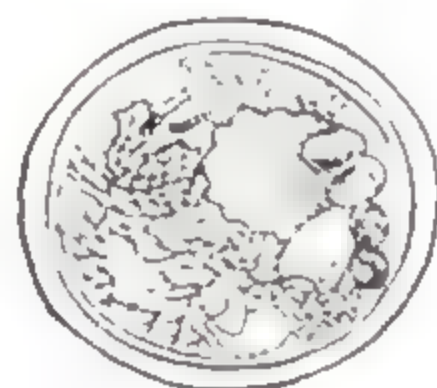
and plate set, complete with gold gilt metal plate stand.

FOR THE QUEEN OF YOUR HOME.

A lovely jewelled powder compact with a reproduction of crown jewels done in rhinestones and antique gold finish... the crown resting on a magenta jewel-tone background. Compact is boxed in a velvet jewel box. There's a handsome crown shaped rhinestone studded brooch to match the compact.



FLORA AND FAUNA. Here's a charming gift... sea life under glass. Sea horses, tiny crabs and star fish artistically arranged in a miniature sea garden, all under glass. The glass covering is of heavy, rounded,



magnifying glass, set on a wooden base of gilt, silver leaf or black lacquer. Size 3 1/2" in diameter, 1 3/4" high. Can be hung on the wall, or used as a paper weight.

FLIRTATIOUS FANS. Mother can remember the days when lovely ladies flirted outrageously, behind their fans.

Modern mothers carry their fans in the shape of powder compacts, actually shaped like an unfurled fan. Lovely one is in gold finished metal, with a lacey effect achieved through a white enameled design. Another compact has a jewelled laurel wreath, done in rhinestones superimposed on the cover of the case. There's a cigarette case to match.



AMERICANA HANDBOOKS.

Another unusual gift, small pocket sized books lavishly illustrated in color. A book on birds, color reproductions from James Audubon's priceless water colors; or a book on American wild flowers, an accurate guide to some of our wild flowers, beautifully done in color.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GENUINE
Hand Sewn

Moccasin GOLF SHOE
by Mosher

Golfers recognize these PLUS Features!

- ★ Old-time artisans do the hand-sewing . . . result: style and durability. ★ Full Moccasin construction . . . Blucher style.
- ★ Rich brown, fine quality, pliable soft leathers. ★ Replaceable spikes set in top grade sole leather. ★ All details in the New England tradition for quality shoe making.
- ★ No delays in shipping—we can fill your order NOW . . . money-back guarantee!

Direct-to-You . . . PREPAID
.. at This Exceptionally LOW PRICE!

\$9.85

MOSHER MOCCASIN CO., INC.

North Abington, Massachusetts — Dept. 2-H

Send me _____ pairs of Mosher Moccasin Golf Shoes! _____ C. O. D. _____ Check _____ M. O.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Size and width _____ (or copy all numbers in your favorite shoe)

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.

If You Get a Thrill

\$5 PLUS TAX

from a well-turned ankle or alluring feminine chassis, you'll appreciate the slender lines and perfect balance of this

GIFT PENCIL BY Cross

an achievement in distinctive quality and utility, in 1/10 12K Gold Filled.

At America's Finer Stores.

Made by
A. T. CROSS PENCIL COMPANY
Est. 1846 Providence, R. I.
America's Oldest Pencil Manufacturer

**a TIE?
NO! a
TIE HOLDER**

another sensational
Manleigh ORIGINAL



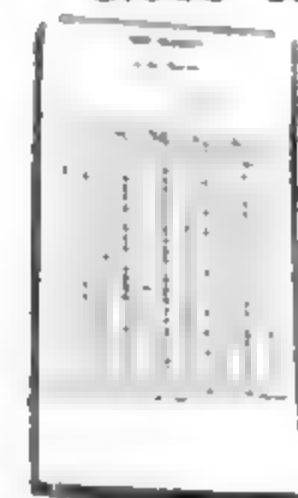
Sterling Silver \$3.50*
Gold Plated \$1.00*

Manleigh
JEWELRY NECESSITIES

of better stores everywhere

Patent applied for
MANLEIGH, INC. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FREE PLAYING CARDS WITH FREE "GIN RUMMY" SCORE PADS



YOUR NAME PRINTED on each sheet 5 1/2 x 11 200 sheets, \$2.25. 400 sheets, \$4.25 each sheet printed with name, packed in attractive box. Makes an ideal gift. The most popular and up-to-date Gin score sheet. We will give FREE with each order one deck of Gin playing cards—with a double order, two decks... Suggestions for printing... Play with the Wilsons—At the Vanderbilts—Mary and Bob or any other wording you wish.

Enclose Check or Money Order.
Shipped Postpaid within 10 days.

FIFTH AVENUE STATIONERS
10 West 45th Street, New York 19
For 25 Years Makers of Distinctive Personal Stationery
CATALOG MAILED FREE

BE TALLER

wear smart
custom made
Staturaid

Many styles
for dress,
business,
military,
sports



STATURAIID SHOES
Sold direct to you
by maker

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Joseph Burger, Manufacturer Dept. 145
2067 Third Ave. (nr 113 St.) N.Y. 29, N.Y.
Please send your catalog, "Rise to new heights"

Name _____
Address _____

Talking Shop with Esquire



"FILL HER UP TILL SHE WHISTLES."

We aren't referring to plying a femme with food, but to a little item which should be standard equipment on every car: a whistling tank fill signal that tells when the gasoline has reached the proper level within the tank. The little alarm is a boon to operators and attendants of filling stations, and a time and waste-saver for car owners as well. No fear of blow-backs or spills, no fear of stained fenders from overflow. No fire hazards, as all the gas goes in the tank, no splash-back on clothes or on the drive.



ANY SHOE'S A GOLF SHOE. Don't know why someone didn't think of this before... golf cleats which can be attached and detached in a jiffy to any pair of shoes. Nine cleats are attached to an all-metal, rust-proof plate which fits and locks on any shoe. A twist of the key, they're on, neatly adjusted to any shoe (size 7 to 12). Another twist, and off they come, just like putting on a pair of roller skates. Cleat plates are compact, easy to carry in pocket or golf bag.



AIR CURRENT RAIN JACKET. A newly patented plastic rain jacket for golf or general sports, has a nifty air-conditioned feature. There's a specially designed opening under the armpits of each sleeve which admits freely circulating fresh air inside the garment at all times. The back of the jacket and sleeve are made in a single piece to allow fullest arm and body movement. Seams are electronically sealed to prevent moisture from seeping in. Comes in sizes from small to extra large.



"FREE-FOR-ALL." For years, the ladies have been wearing frocks with what they call *raglan* sleeves... that is, absence of seams across the shoulders. Now, a leading sporting goods maker has designed a shirt for sportsmen on the raglan principle.



No pull, no seams, freedom of action. When the arms go up, the shirt tail stays in. No binding at any point. The idea will be carried over into many major league baseball uniforms during the year. Bowling authorities have tested it out and find it good... same goes for golfers, fly casters and even tennis champs. Smart looking, too, with an inverted pleat in the center back, big patch pockets and a neckline which permits wear with, or without a tie.

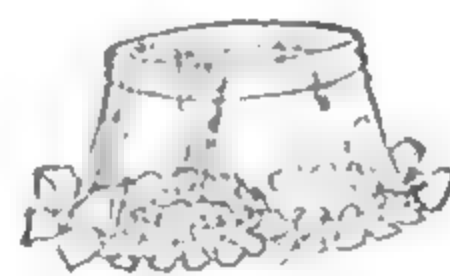
REEL LINE DRIER. Another innovation of interest to fishermen. The drier is convenient and simple to use, as it has a rubber covered spring clamp which snaps firmly onto the casting rod. The end of the wet line is taken from the tip of the rod and fastened to any one of the four reel arms of the drier. By turning the reel line drier clockwise, the line is wound onto the arms quickly and easily. The spring clamp permits finger tip tilting to distribute line evenly during winding operation. When not on the pole, the unit can be folded flat so as to fit in any tackle box.



GARDEN TOOL SHARPENER. Keep your tools razor sharp with one of the new sharpeners. Just a small gadget, with an aluminum die-cast, chrome-plated handle, with a tip made of carbide, cemented carbide, the hardest metal made by man. Only takes a second to sharpen any cutting edge made of steel.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. A manufacturer of ladies' lingerie opened a new all glass showroom. To celebrate this great event, he threw a "glass pants" party for the press. Show girls paraded around in costumes made entirely of spun glass. Miss Anna Tomic appeared in glass electronic pajamas. Beverages were served in plexiglasses shaped like glass panties... even the invitations were printed on glass.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Pipedom's Aristocrat



The Jobey Pipe

of Centuries
Old Imported
Briar and Centu-
ries Old Jobey Skill

PEER of pipes, flaw-
lessly crafted. Distin-
guished for the perfect
grain of its matchless briar,
the glowing depth of its superb plum finish,
the unique comfort of its handcut Jobey bit.
Exclusively processed to give you—with no
break-in—your most satisfying smoke.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED
IN YOUR FAVORITE SHAPE... \$5.00

JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR \$7.50
JOBEY NUT BRUYERE \$6.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C
Norwalk Pipe Co. 218 E. 26th St. N. Y. C.

FABRIC OF THE YEAR

Southdale
COVERT

Tailored into
an All-Season Coat

at Leading Stores
PRICED ABOUT
\$40

BY
Westberry
NEW YORK
CLEVELAND



MUSICAL TEA POT

Really something new... something different, is this enchanting musical tea pot. Designed to make your tea time more successful, it plays "Tea for Two" as you pick it up and while you serve. You'll receive many, many compliments from your delighted guests. Made of fine English pottery with an overall raised flower and leaf pattern, it comfortably holds a full quart. Your choice of four lovely shades: pink, yellow, green or blue. Genuine Swiss Thorens musical movement. The ideal gift. Give second color choice. **\$15.00 POSTPAID**

SUSAN JAY GIFTS, INC.
MUSICAL GIFTS OF DISTINCTION
302 East Fordham Road, Dept. M-3, New York 58, N.Y.
Send for Free Illustrated Catalog of Musical and Other Items

FORGETFUL?

A POCKET MEMORY SYSTEM. Perforated Coupons—each memo separate—tear out when attended to. Refills everywhere. Fine leathers. \$1 to 10. WRITE for Dealers' names. Catalog. Dept. W9

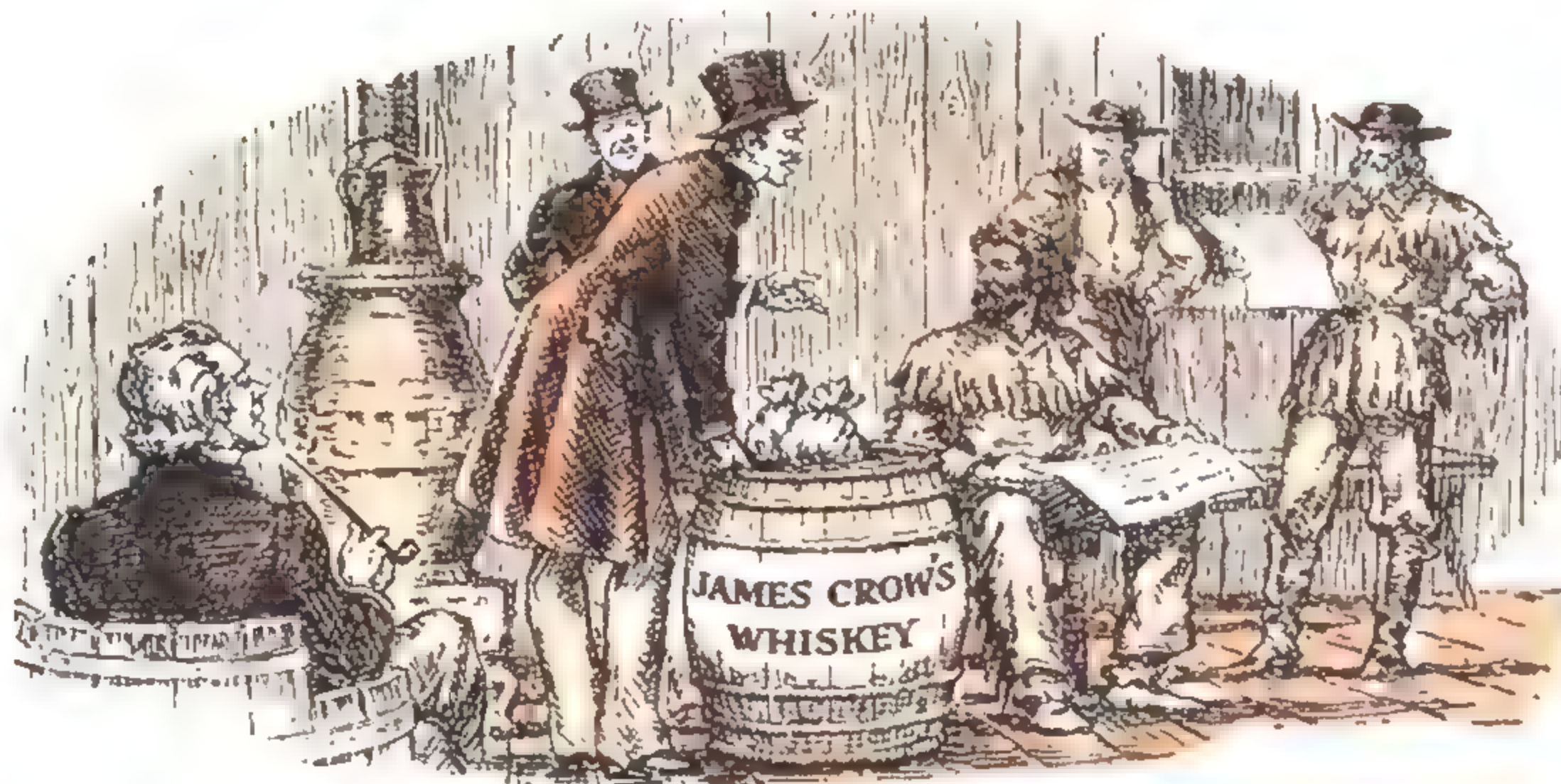
ROBINSON REMINDERS
Westfield, Mass.





Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW



"Money on the barrel-head"... and the barrel was often James Crow's Whiskey

When America's railroad builders bought their rights of way into the West, many a bargain was sealed with a round of Old Crow... then, as now, a whiskey to which "those in the know" paid high respect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



a PIPE? NO! a TIE HOLDER

another sensational
Manleigh ORIGINAL

Sterling
Silver
\$3.50*

Gold-Plated
\$1.00*

Manleigh

JEWELRY NECESSITIES

at better stores
everywhere

Patent applied for
MANLEIGH, INC.

*plus fed. tax
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Talking Shop with Esquire



SCISSORS WITH REPLACEABLE BLADES. You can now buy scissors with blades made of tool steel, a high carbon alloy designed specifically for wear. Should a blade break, it can be replaced at a cost scarcely more than for resharpening. First day the shears were put on the market, a large automobile manufacturer in Detroit purchased 1000 pairs for use in the upholstery shop.



PRESS YOUR PANTS WHILE YOU'RE IN 'EM. Suppose you are at the office, after lunch. During lunch hour, you were caught in a heavy shower... result, wrinkled, unpressed trousers. You quickly pull out your electric presser, run it blithely up and down and get a crease like the razor's edge. Light in weight, the presser should not scorch or shine clothing material, because handles and heat enclosure are molded of plastic, a slow conductor of heat generated by the heating element.

PEDIGREED BADGER. Gents of "the best is none too good" school, are usually pretty fussy about their shaving brushes. For them, we submit a deluxe brush of silken soft badger hair, set in a base of sparkling lucite topped with a collar of 23 karat gold! Not cheap, mind you, but plenty snazzy.



DRY SHAVER A LA SWISS. Strictly in the luxury class is a new dry shaver imported from Switzerland. Swiss engineers, with continental precision, and high grade Swedish steel, have fashioned a wafer-thin, direct-cut shearing blade



that insures a closer shave. They designed a curved head so that you automatically shave at the same angles used with conventional safety razors. And for smooth, clean, comfortable shaving, they placed a "skin tightener" bar in front of each of the cutting edges. The fast AC-DC motor gives thousands of cutting actions per minute.

GRADE A CREAM. Some chaps we know prefer to use a face cream as a before-shave whisker softener, or before and after sun or sunlamp exposures. The stuff really does a good job, and is nicely packaged in an unobtrusive grey jar. Same firm makes a face wash, a refreshing astringent for after shaving.



KEEP 'EM CLEAN. The Diamond Jim Brady era with its gold toothpicks is no more. Replacing the gold toothpick, is a small plastic device, shaped like a wishbone, and strung across the two ends, dental floss wound tightly. When one piece of floss is finished, you simply feed a new piece off a reel in the handle. Does a swell job of cleaning those 30 hidden spaces between the teeth. Refills of the floss can be inserted in the gadget.



"I DOOD IT." Radio's bad boy has designed an uproarious game for large party entertainment. It

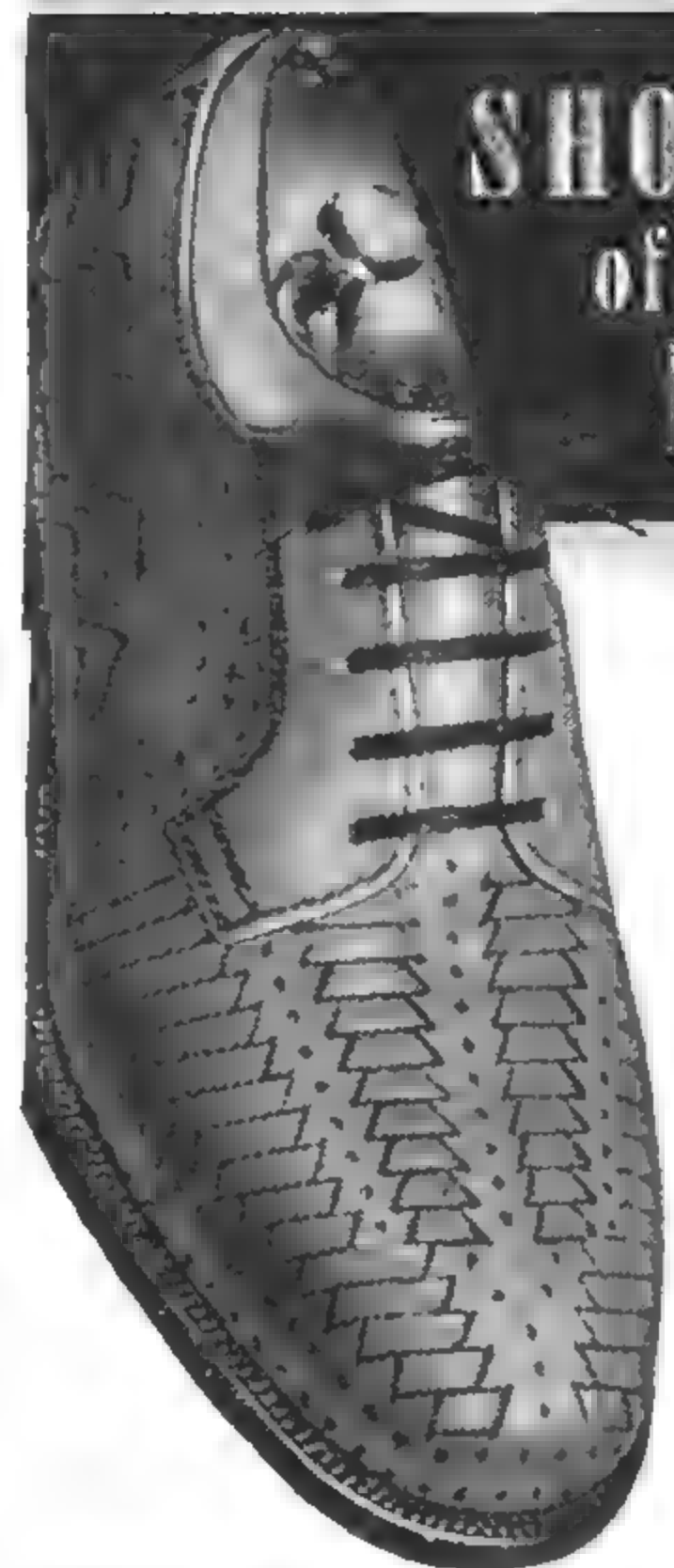


consists of a wooden box-like "trap", six brightly colored mice with long string tails, and a pair of dice. Dealer manipulates the "trap" and dice, the players control the mice, trying to trap 'em at an appropriate throw of the dice.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SHOE of the MONTH



Breeze through the summer in the ventilated comfort of the smartly styled CONCORD. Expertly crafted in hand wove saddle tan leather, with rubber heels and flexible leather sole. Equally delightful for street or sports wear.

ORDER BY MAIL — Immediate Delivery
Treat yourself to the airy comfort of these distinctively smart CONCORDS — quality-insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order model E-1 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available NOW in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. . . . **\$10.75**
Add 25c for mailing.

CONCORD SHOES, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Unique BAR GADGETS



The accommodating Waiter conceals a cork-screw that efficiently uncorks bottles. The Dog and Horse heads are handy bottle openers.

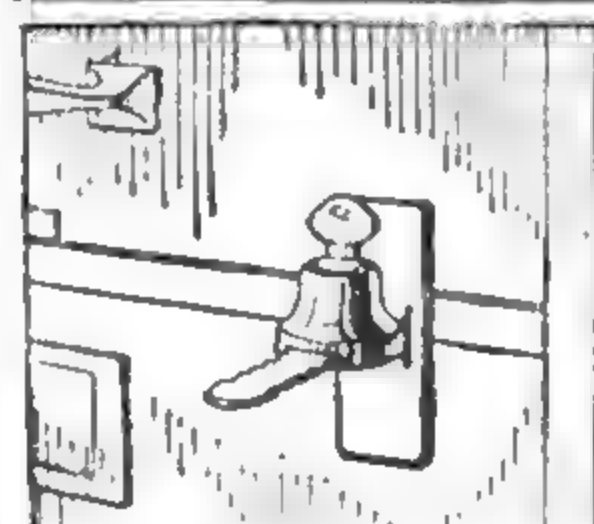
Made of Syrocco moulded wood, they make wonderful gifts for your favorite host, and for you, too!

Dog & Horse heads \$2.00 ea., postpaid. Waiter \$4.00 ea., postpaid.
No C.O.D.'s, please.

Crystalier Co.

485 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

NEW WONDER LOCK No Screws - No Nails - No Holes to Drill



Slips on instantly and locks securely. Designed to fit every type of door or window. Has 4 adjustable positions. Locks two drawers at one time. Will not scratch furniture or woodwork. Has beautiful rust-proof finish. Theft proof. Thousands in daily use by leading firms, department stores and U. S. Government agencies. Ideal for home, office, factory or hotel use. Splendid for locking work benches or store rooms. (Also made for glass or wood sliding show case doors.) Priced only \$2.50 each. Send check or money order today. Full satisfaction or money back guaranteed. (When ordering 2 or more specify if keys are wanted alike).

WONDER LOCK 53 W. JACKSON BLVD. CHICAGO 4, ILL.

Flossy

50¢ to \$5.00

Essential New Plastic Device For Beauty and a sweeter breath

With just a bite cleans the 30 spaces BETWEEN TEETH where brushing can't, — food collects and ferments.

Lasts a lifetime. Easily refilled for 25c, a \$2 family pkg. for \$1.00 postpaid. Sample 50c stamps. Dept. Esq. 547

FLOSSY DENTAL MFGS., 223 S. Wabash • Chicago 4, Ill.

FROM 102 TO 82!

In a Month or Two PLAY BETTER GOLF

The greatest golf instruction book of all time! The average golfer has acquired bad golf habits which can be stopped easily. Totally different method. Illustrated. Only \$2.00 postpaid. Residents of Ohio add 6% tax. Sold in N. Y. at A. G. Spalding Bros., Inc. Send for book today!

GOLF SECRETS • Dept. E5 • Springfield, O.



NO! I WANT A SIMON SWEATER

SIMON BROS. & KIRSH, PHILA., PA.



A Better Shear by GABE

NO OTHER SHEAR MAKES
CLEANING SO EASY, SO SURE

A NATURAL
in the kitchen for
fish or poultry

FISH SCALER • SERRATED CUTTING EDGE • NUT CRACKER • SCREW CAP OPENER • BOTTLE OPENER • SCREW DRIVER • HAMMER • PLIER • HOOK EXTRACTOR

Ingenious design gives
1 shear the service of 9
separate tools.

DANIEL'S FISHERMAN

U. S. Pat. Pending

Send Check or Money
Order (no C. O. D.'s)

HOT DROP-FORGED
STEEL. EVERY PAIR
GUARANTEED

Prepaid **\$3.95**

if your dealer can't supply
you send direct to:

SELLING AGENTS

GABE MFG. CORP.
322 BROADWAY
N. Y. 7, N. Y.



Individually Yours

You can suit every suit in your wardrobe... whatever its pattern, fabric, or color... with these custom-made, individualized Initial Elastic Braces and Garters by Hickok. Three rich, solid colors, with your own contrasting initial... with or without edge stripe. Braces, with fine leather ends and Hickok's exclusive ActionBAK... \$2.50. Garters... \$1.

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY • WALLET • GARTERS

INITIAL ELASTIC
by

HICKOK

Quality Style Leadership

It's the
KENTUCKY DERBY...



It's the
JOLLY ROUNDER

It's the **DOBBS**



A new, soft suede hat, light as your favorite jockey
... another classic by Dobbs for town and country wear. Pick the
Jolly Rounder and pick a winner. Parlay lightweight comfort into the
style and character of your regular felt. Wear it with the brim up or
turned down. "It's the Dobbs". . . \$15.00.

Available at fine stores everywhere



Other fine Dobbs hats—\$10. to \$40.

FINER QUALITY COSTS LESS IN THE LONG RUN

Florsheim Shoes



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The Aristocrat of Bonds



KENTUCKY TAVERN is not just another bourbon... it's a Kentucky tradition. Made by Glenmore, an old one-family distillery for three generations, KENTUCKY TAVERN is the personal whiskey of those everywhere who take pride in the quality of their hospitality.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

COPYRIGHT 1947 G. D. CO

Very truly yours



Forstner
INITIAL KEY CHAIN

Just the thing for auto, luggage or personal keys. Any two initials inserted into genuine leather tag, in black or red morocco, also natural pigskin.

\$2.50 at Leading Stores. Federal Tax Not Included.

Forstner Chain Corporation, Irvington, N. J.

Cigars
FOR PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN

For a generation men of affairs have relied upon Sherman for their imported and domestic brands of cigars by mail.

Every purchase guaranteed
Special trial package of 5 mild Havana cigars \$1.40
We pay all postage

Write for Complete Price List

Nat Sherman Co.
"The House of Fine Cigars"
1400-A Broadway, New York 18 \$13 for 50

AMAZING NEW TEXTBOOK OF THE TURF

PLACES BETTING ON A BUSINESS BASIS

WHICH HORSE? Don't rely on tips or guesswork. "WINNERS" by Dowd, Esquire feature writer, proving mathematical formula that shows Flat-Race profits. Pin \$1 to this ad for your copy of "WINNERS" - Act now. supply is limited.

POSTPAID

WEHMAN BROS., 712 B'WAY, DEPT. E-5, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

"Let's Play CRIBBAGE"
The Nation's favorite - most fascinating of all card games.

The New BROOKS Cribbage Board

Makes this grand game easier - faster - more exciting.

• EXCLUSIVE FEATURES •

- One continuous Track - No "1st and 2nd Around"
- "Race" Side by side - Adds Zest to the Game

DE LUXE MODEL \$3
POLISHED MAPLE with Plastic Pegs

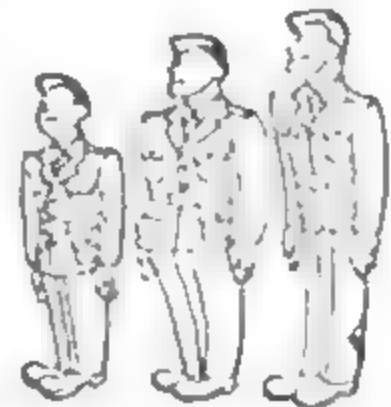
At your local Dealer or Write
GLANSON CO., 535 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

Talking Shop with Esquire

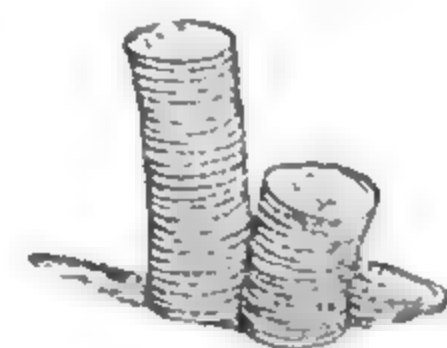


"THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES."

A lot of chaps we've been talking to lately have decided to make the army their career. After batting around in the marts of trade, to no avail, they've determined to get under Uncle Sugar's wing. A soldier's life in peacetime is much like that of a civilian worker. He works at a trade, has regular hours, and is usually stationed for long periods at permanent posts.



NEW PAY SCALES can't be overlooked. It is estimated that with hidden pay for free items, the average private has a "take home" pay that equals or exceeds that of the average civilian worker. Then the retirement program permits a man to retire with one half pay for over 20 years service; or three quarters pay for over 30 years.



BRAINS AS WELL AS BRAWN. The peacetime regular army is placing heavy emphasis on book learning, practical training, correspondence courses, self study courses and on-the-job training in industrial and scientific endeavor.



AND THOSE ACTRESS TECHNICIANS! The special service division offers a group of civilian actress technicians, in reality a group of pretty and talented girls, variety entertainers, singers, dancers. The gals are sent out to assist soldiers in producing their own shows. Not only this, but these beauties also take the feminine parts in the productions!



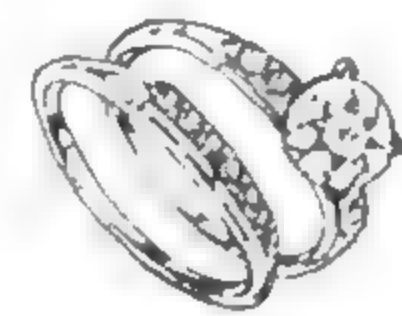
CINCH THE DEAL WITH A DIAMOND. Every year around this time, we remind young men whose fancy turns to love, that the best way to put the "Sold" sign on the elusive female is via a diamond. Love is blind, but you should know what you're doing when you're dealing with genuine ice. Find out what sort of mounting she wants. Yellow gold, which came back into popularity during the war, is still the favorite, but she may prefer white gold or platinum.



DEAL ONLY WITH A REPUTABLE JEWELER. And remember the 4 C guide, color, carat, clarity and cut. In color, white or blue white is tops. Carat refers to weight (the larger of two stones is not necessarily the more valuable). To judge the clarity, or absence of imperfections in the gem, an expert opinion is needed. Cut refers to the shape of the stone. The round, or brilliant, is the leader because it is adaptable to almost any diamond. The ordinary brilliant is polished with 58 facets. The multi-facet brilliant has 98 facets, 40 of which are cut around the "equator" of the stone... making for additional sparkle and preventing chipping.



REGISTERED DIAMONDS. One way of assuring yourself that you're getting what you pay for, is to buy one of the "registered" diamonds, look for the name inside the ring, and the nationally established price on the tag. A certificate of guarantee and registration goes with each ring. Prices range from \$300 to \$3000.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BEST for ALL Fountain Pens!

SANFORD'S Penit INK

Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's - the world's most famous name in inks.

LAND BIGGER CATCHES

ILLUMINATED Fly Sensation!

Luminous plastic head of Glo-Fly spins freely. Has fluorescent plume proved most attractive to Bass, Trout, Crappies, Bluegills and Panfish.

ORDER TODAY! 3c each, postpaid... 3 for \$1... or \$3.50 per dozen. Double your money back if not completely satisfied.

SCIENTIFIC LURE CO., 3405 E. CLARK, CHICAGO 13

LINGUAPHONE
IS YOUR PASSPORT TO THE WORLD

In your own home you can now learn to speak

SPANISH
PORTUGUESE
FRENCH • RUSSIAN
GERMAN • ITALIAN

Or any of 23 other languages by the World Famous

LINGUAPHONE
Conversational METHOD

You simply listen to the cultured voices of native teachers. You repeat what you hear, guided by what you see in the text and pictures... you answer and ask questions... and in an amazingly short time you're conversing in the new language.

Educators and language teachers regard Linguaphone as a notable advance in modernizing and simplifying the study of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone sets are in use in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to fluent speaking.

Available to Veterans under G I BILL OF RIGHTS

SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Without cost or obligation we shall be glad to send you the illustrated Linguaphone Book on effective language mastery.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA BUILDING, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.

Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.

Name

Address..... City.....

Language Interested.....

State if G I.....

HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

A travel companion that shows directions anywhere, any time.

Write for Circular:
At your dealer's. Price \$3.95.

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-62, Warren, Ohio

Nimrod PIPELITER

\$3.50 AT YOUR DEALER

The ONLY DOWN-DRAFT CHIMNEY ACTION LIGHTER MADE. DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PIPE SMOKERS.

Windproof - lightweight - large flame. A perfect lighter for pipes, cigarettes or cigars too. Unconditionally guaranteed. If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$3.50 direct to us. Include your dealer's name.

WARD-NIMROD COMPANY
Dept. 28-J, 2968 Jessamine St., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

ARE YOU AN EREMIT?



Are you the "gink" whose only ink is the briny drink...are you the "Joe" whose ink must flow 3 years or so?

If you are, then a
PEERLESS



is NOT for you... because PEERLESS P38s are unbeatable... but only when you use ordinary ink and "fill the quill" whenever necessary.

\$875

PLUS FID. TAX
GIFT PACKED • ASS'T. COLORS

GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

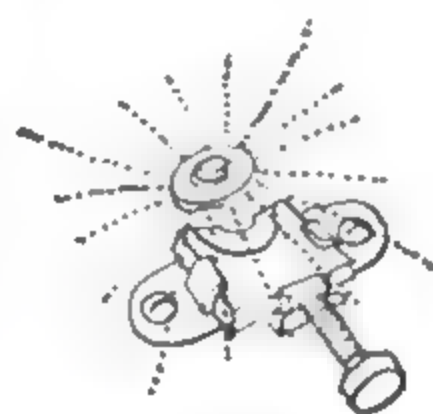
See your dealer or write direct!
PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN AND PENCIL CO.
14 WEST 17th STREET • NEW YORK 11, N. Y.



Talking Shop with Esquire



ON THE SQUARE. Country squires or city slickers who are overcome by inertia when it comes



to keeping the lawn watered, will welcome one of the new adjustable sprinklers which carry on efficiently without human aid. The new model is designed to provide for sprinkling in square patterns, saturating lawns uniformly with a mist-like spray of water to the equivalent of approximately one inch of rainfall every 90 minutes (no whirling parts). Under normal city pressure, it sprinkles lawns in a square area 30x30 feet, or, by means of its unique adjustable feature, will sprinkle a rectangle half the area of the square. The half-way sprinkle feature permits watering of narrow lawn areas such as between sidewalks and driveways etc.

two penlight batteries and a standard bulb.

LIGHTS CIGARS AND CIGARETTES. Here's a lighter which operates on a different principle. Its partic-



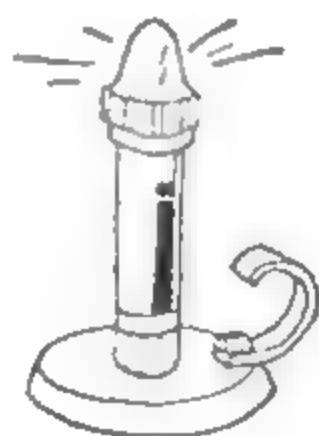
ular feature is a flip-out tube containing the wick, which brings the flame out and away from the lighter where it is needed for lighting pipes. It can also be used as the conventional lighter when the flame tube is in retracted position. To extend the flame-tube, lighter is inverted so that the tube falls down by gravity. To retract the tube, simply press the plunger again, and tube falls back into place.

AGGRESSIVELY MASCULINE and exceedingly handsome... that's the way we'd describe these new streamlined initial rings. They're 14 kt. gold, set with three heavy, cutout block initials. Or, you can have two initials flanking your fraternal order, discharge emblem, military or naval branch, school emblem. The initials are wrought in a contrasting color gold to give added emphasis to the design. Smartest when worn on your "pinkie" finger.



Ranger

LUCITE TORCH-LIGHTS. A new interpretation of the pocket torch. These are made with flame red or clear lucite barrels which emit a radiant glow, yet cast a beam like any ordinary flashlight. There's a candle torch (with base and handle like a regular candle holder) which is ideal as a nightlight; another with a top handle, a perfect emergency and safety light. The new torches are featherweight, and come complete with



GREAT NEWS for PIPE SMOKERS

Are you satisfied with standardized blends of tobaccos? Send for our free booklet explaining how to get a perfect mixture made by our master blender to your individual taste.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC PIPES

PRIVATE BLENDS

475 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK 17



It's like stepping into a brand new world. A world of business and social success. For no dream is out of reach when you're Taller. And you can be more than 1½ inches TALLER the instant you step into a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing Shoes. Enjoy the thrill that comes from being Taller today.

ELEVATORS

TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.



STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E5-47
Brockton 68, Mass.
Send Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"

World Famous
FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC.
Sig. Klein Est. 1865
52 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Sports Apparel
SIZES FROM 48 TO 70

SLACKS-SPORT &
BASQUE SHIRTS-
SWIM TRUNKS-
BEACH ROBES-
LIGHT WEIGHT JACKETS

SEND FOR "HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL"



**8-Glass
PLACE-CARD
BEVERAGE
SET**



These beautiful 10-ounce sparkling crystal glasses can be personalized with an ordinary pencil! Names easily wash off so they can be used over and over. Ideal for cocktail parties — you'll always know "which glass is whose". The Mr. and Mrs. are permanently engraved and are for the host and hostess. Set of 8 in gift box only \$3.00 postpaid.

Send check or money order

mayfair Gifts

99-168 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, New York

CHILL YOUR
DRINK —
DON'T
DILUTE IT



**SHATTERPROOF
PLASTIC ICE CUBES**

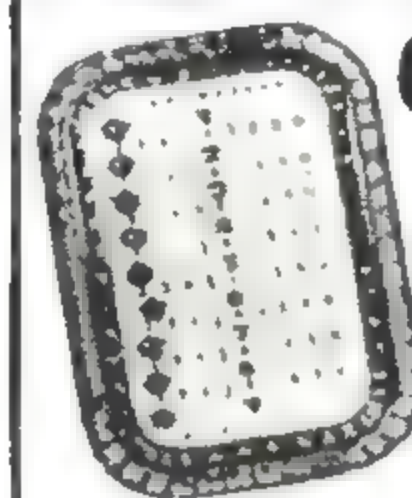
Drop "NICE-CUBES" in your drink... keep highballs, cocktails, soft drinks, fruit juices, wine, beer, etc., cold without dilution. Ice-like plastic "NICE-CUBES", with mineralized water permanently sealed in, freeze solid in refrigerator... tasteless — odorless... easy to remove, no ice-tray mess.

Use again and again — LAST FOREVER. Box of 8 Rainbow Assorted Colors or Crystal Clear: \$2.95 delivered in U. S. A.

PERSONALIZED "NICE-CUBES"
2 or 3 INITIALS (Clear Cubes Only)
\$1.00 extra per set

"NICE-CUBES"

8648 MELROSE AVENUE, Dept. E,
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA



GOLFERS AMAZING NEW SCOREKEEPER

STROKMASTER — Tallies 18 holes and totals. Made of durable plastic... waterproof. \$1.50. With pigskin case \$2.50.

POSTAGE PAID
SEND CHECK OR M.O. NO C.O.D.'S
DOROTHY WEAVER
QUAKERTOWN, PA.

Gihon

**CLUB SEPARATOR
GOLF BAG**



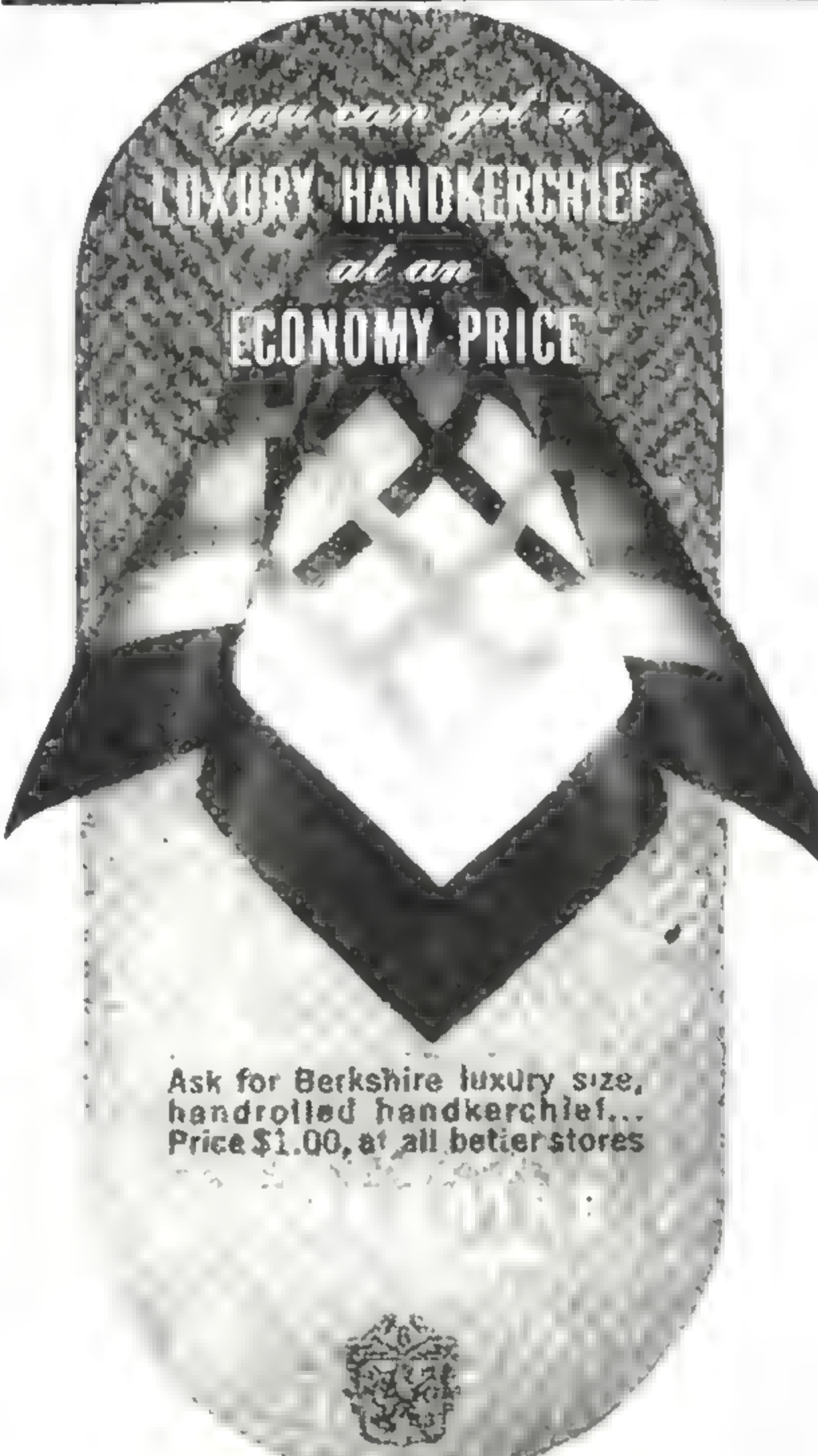
This smart golf bag is conveniently divided into three individual club compartments. Lightweight, sturdy, good-looking bag made of heavy duck reinforced with fine leather.

Order from your Golf Pro, Dealer or Direct.

Price \$35.00

H. D. GIHON, INC.
Trenton 9, N. J.

you can get a
LUXURY HANDKERCHIEF
at an
ECONOMY PRICE



Ask for Berkshire luxury size, handrolled handkerchief... Price \$1.00, at all better stores

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Van Merritt

THE ONLY BEER IN AMERICA WITH THIS 500 Year Old Tradition

In the ancient town of Dordrecht in war-torn Holland, still stands a building that was already a thriving concern in 1433, fifty-nine years before Columbus discovered America. That building, Holland's oldest known industry, is the de Sleutel Brewery. Its beer, still brewed according to a secret, family formula, has been famous for over 500 years.

In America, by exclusive permission, that famous de Sleutel formula is the basis of Van Merritt... one of the world's great beers. Only Van Merritt knows it and may use it. Through its artful genius, choice hops, barley malt and grits are blended with pure Wisconsin artesian well water. Then comes aging far longer than ordinary beers receive, and bottling under much stricter controls. The result... a beer so satisfying in flavor and body, so completely delicious... folks gladly pay the little extra it costs to make it. Try Van Merritt today. You can taste the difference.



© 1947, BBC

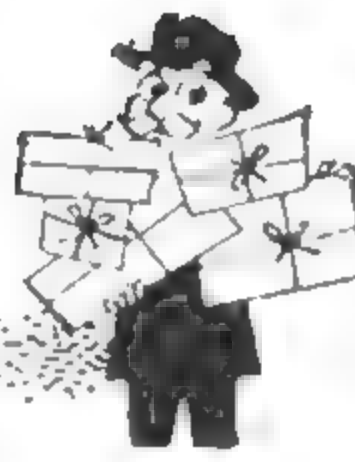
Brewed and Bottled by
BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY, Burlington, Wisconsin



THE FINEST SILVERPLATE for *Smart Tables*

Authentic replica of an Old English joint fork. Beautiful design... in perfect taste for fowl, roasts and ham. Ideal gift for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, business associates, golf and bowling prizes. At leading jewelers and gift departments. Gerity-Michigan Die Casting Co., Adrian, Michigan.

Talking Shop with Esquire



TIPS FOR TOTS. Nothing like war years to beget an inordinate number of offspring. Towns are topsy-turvy with young fry in the tender age group of one to five. And manufacturers are out-doing themselves



in catering to the needs of our new citizens. To wit: a new product which is a combination baby stroller and car seat. Stroller has a baby-sized steering wheel, simulated dash board, clutch and brake pedals. A shopping basket may be attached to the handles for Mama's convenience on her daily trips to the super markets. When used as a car-seat, His Majesty is safely and comfortably seated in his own stroller which fits a-top the regular car seat. The device is built of stainless steel and aluminum, has a leather waist belt to hold the youngster securely. Handle is adjustable to the height of the mother, or to the height of the car seat.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE OUT. You can buy charming luminous plastic lamp shades that glow in the dark when all lights are out. Shades are decorated with suitable nursery designs that kiddies love. You can also enliven the nursery by creating a colorful painted mural or designs on furniture. All you need are five basic, non-run colors, 18" x 24" size stencils and some stencil brushes. Kids are delighted with clown, dog, elephant, horse or giraffe patterns. Even closets for children take on interest when equipped with



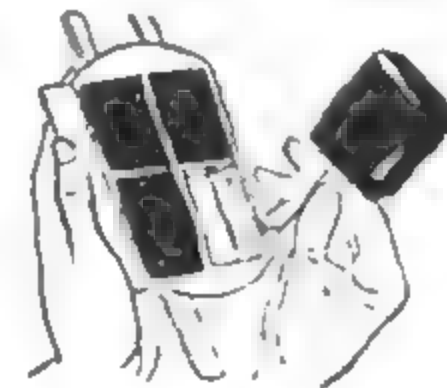
a set of clothes hangers in designs of giraffes, swans, fish, storks, etc. Hangers are made of masonite and decorated with sanitary paints. Cute as punch.

HAIL HARVEY. The invisible rabbit of Frank Fay fame now comes into very tangible form as a kiddy toy.



Harvey is made of white plush, complete with ears sticking through the top of a pork-pie felt hat. Stands 30" high, and is prepared to submit to unlimited cuddling.

HOME MADE LOLLIPOPS. Get one of the new plastic, flexible molds, fill with fruit juice, chocolate milk, soft drinks, gelatine dessert... insert 4 plastic sticks through slots in the ends, slide into your freezing unit, and presto... delicious frozen confections on a stick. Great fun for the kids, and pops cost only a few pennies each.



STERILIZED BABY TOYS... actually subjected to sterilizing ultra-violet rays during packing.



Toys are then heat sealed in a sterile cellophane container. Germ-proof items are made of Plexiglas, and combine circles and cubes with jingle bells attached.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

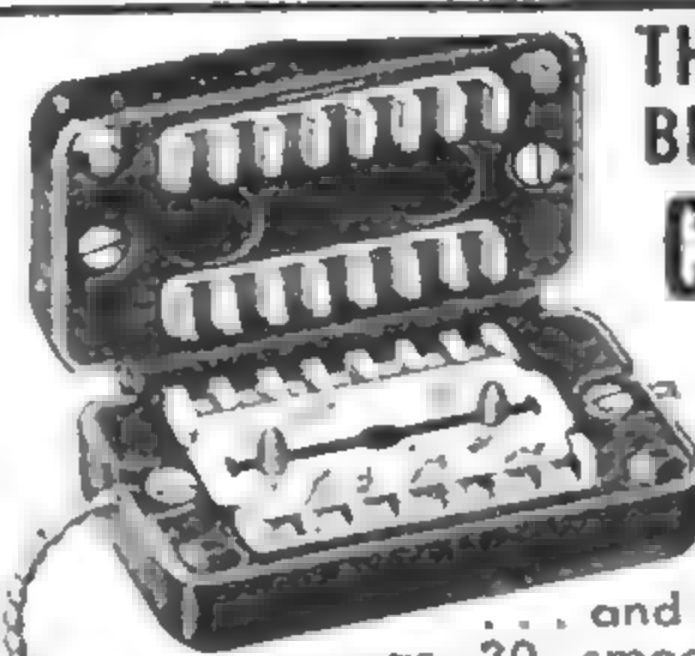


For Campin' or Trampin' or Livin' in ease... They're Authentically styled and sure to please! Made of rich, brown genuine "Longhorn Leather."

Sizes... 6 to 12
Widths... B. C. D.
FLAGG BROS.
ORDER TODAY... \$6.95



P.O. BOX 1334
NASHVILLE, TENN.
CASH
DEPT.
NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE



**THE MAGIC
BLACK BOX THAT
CONDITIONS
Double-edge
BLADES**

\$1.95 POSTPAID

... and gives you as many as 30 smoother shaves from one ordinary blade! Just 10 seconds of gentle stroking before each shave makes your blade as easy on your face as a kiss. No face-burning soreness, no painful nicks. Removes microscopic jagged teeth present on even new blades due to mass production. Enclose check or money order. 5-day money-back guarantee. No C.O.D. BLADE MASTER, Inc., 315 E. 91 St., Dept. E, New York 28, N. Y.



**GIVE YOUR TROUSERS
THE PROPER**

Lift

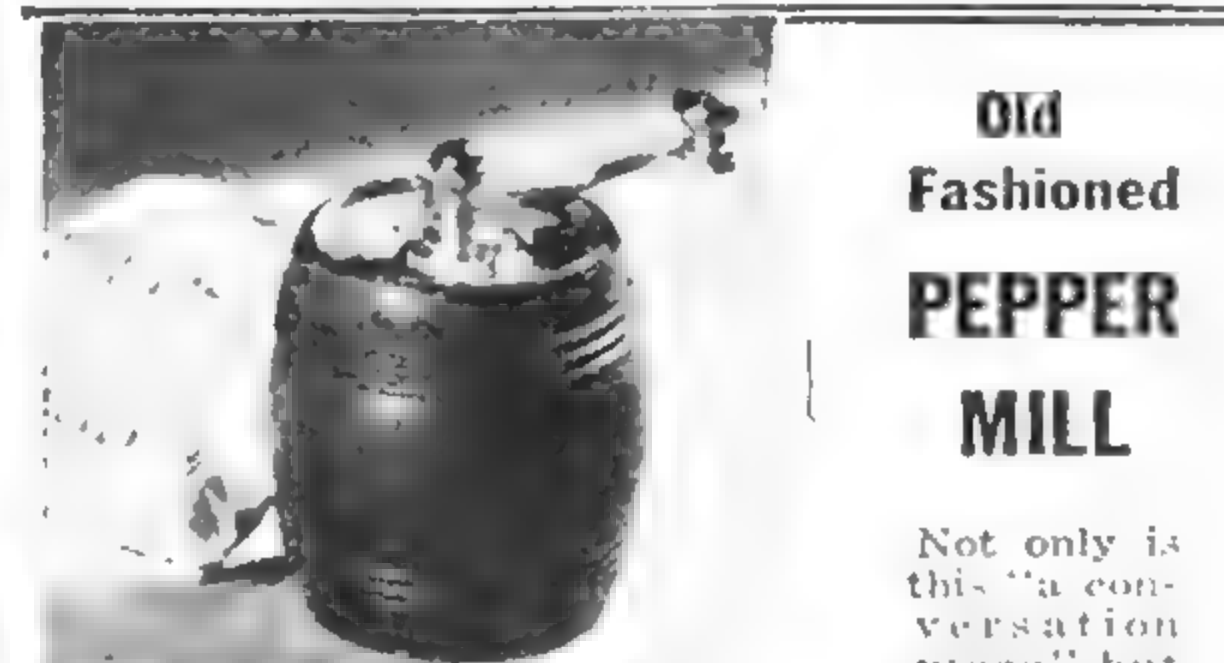
BELTS · BRACES

At Better Men's Shops
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE, INC. • NEW YORK



BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing*... vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp*. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for complete information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 3792 Field Bldg., Chicago



Old
Fashioned
**PEPPER
MILL**

Not only is this "a conversation piece" but a dandy for freshly grinding the seasonings that add so much zest to favorite sauces. Your "amateur chef" will prize it. Comes in mahogany, maple and walnut.

\$4.25 postpaid
(Bag of pepper corns included)
No C. O. D.'s please

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-57
541 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

THE NEW *Royal*

A pipesmoker's dream! A cigarette lighter in normal position—flame flips out for pipes. Fully guaranteed. Order direct \$3.75 postpaid. Check or M.O. No COD's. **Pipe & Cigarette Lighter**

LAYCO PRODUCTS
41 MILL ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Complement Your Game with *Miracle*

PLASTIKARDS
TRADE MARK

Superb All-Plastic
Playing Cards
That Stay Fresh!



Washable! Fray-Proof! Stain-Proof!
REAL ECONOMY

Will outlast 150-200 ordinary decks

MIRACLE PLASTIKARDS, the preferred playing cards, wear longer... remain crisp, snappy, glossy, distinctively new looking. Two colorful decks, contrasting designs, in beautiful cases. Ideal gifts. Sold at leading stores everywhere.

Style 850 (above). In natural color Wood Grain (illus.) or Rainbow designs. Exquisite Cloisonne-design plastic case... \$8.50
Style 900. Life-like, multiple color Bird and Dog designs in handsome Lucite case... \$10.00
Style 700. Lovely Miniature Cameo or Whirlpool designs in smart, mottled finish plastic case... \$7.00

If your dealer can't supply you, write to

**Miracle
MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
Dept. 117 36 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.



Which of these Block Jackets will look best on you?

Are you a Civil Engineer, college man or crime doctor? If you like to be first with what's new, latch on to the Block "Del Monte" (above). It's a high stepping cardigan measured for real comfort. Right up there in the 1947 Spring style picture.

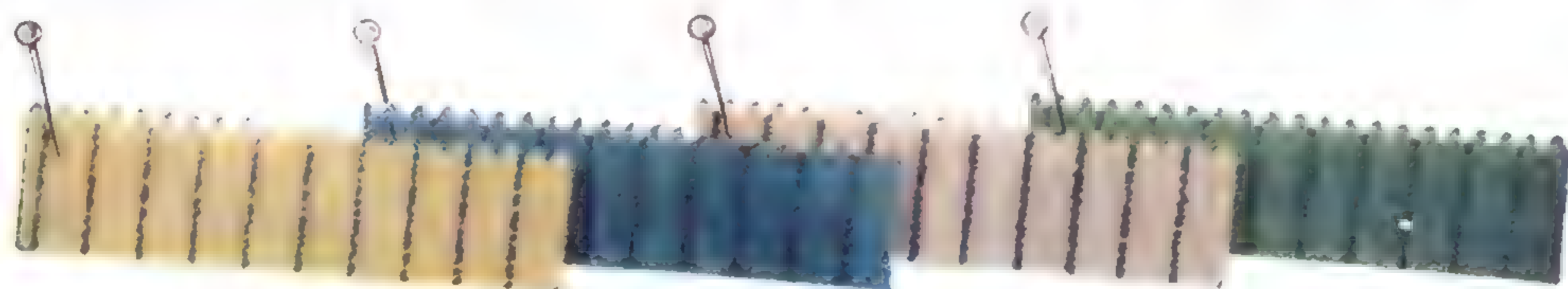
Are you a Banker, broker or bill collector? Or just a plain Joe who likes his sportswear smart but a trifle conservative? The Block "Sky Line" (above) is a two-tone job with built in comfort and refined good looks. Just right for a man like you.

Want to know the truth? Just toss a coin. Both of these Block made-in-California jackets have what it takes to put you on top of the world.

BLOCK

Sportswear

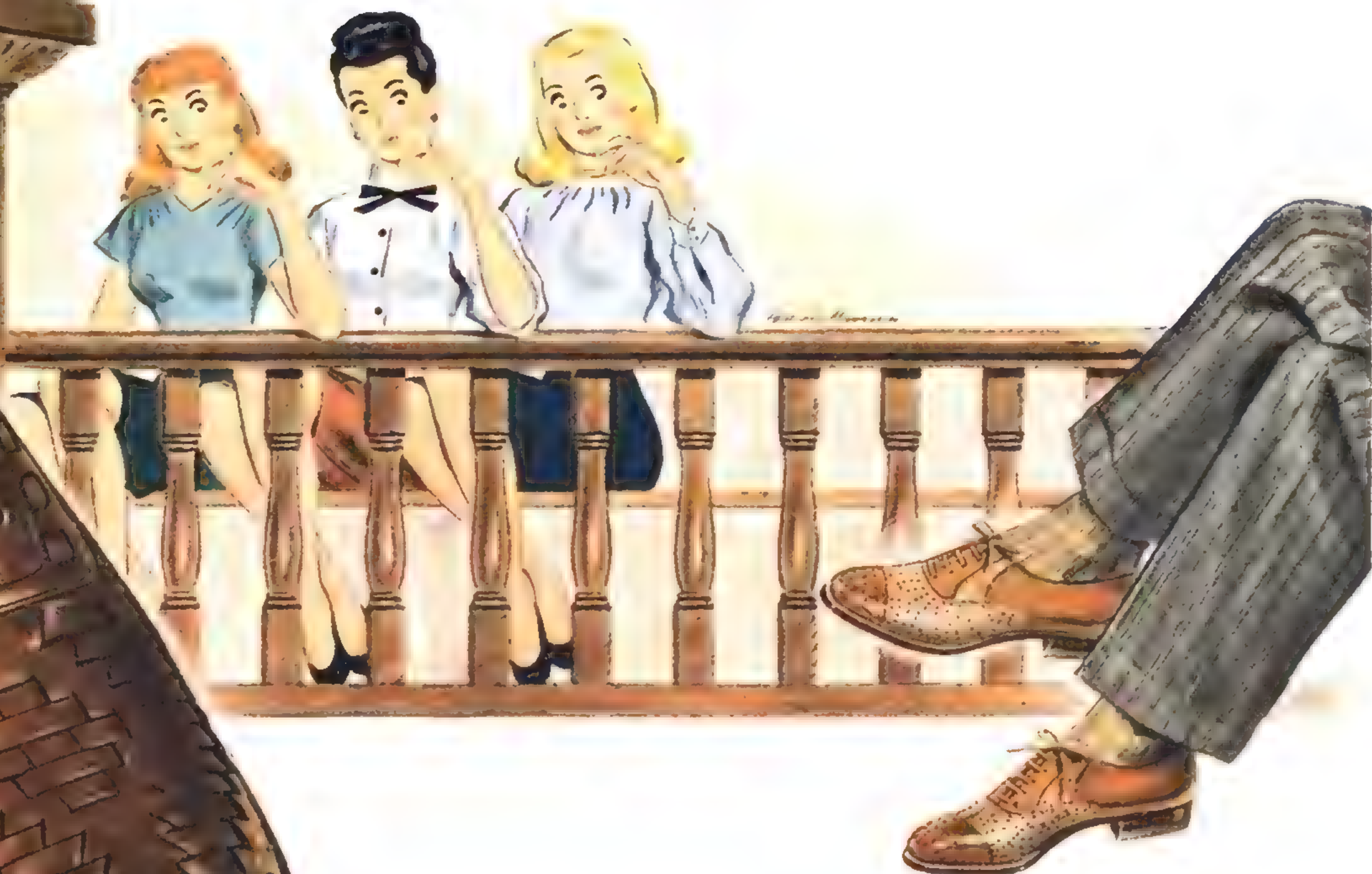
1563 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 3
608 SOUTH HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES 14
261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16



*Umm-Hmmm
He Wears City Clubs,
Too!*



EL VAGABUNDO



City Club

Verdict of the Best Dressed Circle



City Club Shoes mark you as a member of the Best Dressed Circle. Right in style, right for fit, finest in quality, moderate in price. Go City Club—confident . . . comfortable . . . correct.



SHEFFIELD

Also CLASTON SHOES at lower prices

City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

Ask your shoe dealer or write

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKER, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



smooth lines For quality supreme, latest styling
and intrinsic value look for the Trumpeter label.
It's your assurance of clothes that are as modern as tomorrow . . .
it's your symbol of fine craftsmanship—traditionally
famous in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes for sixty years.



THE TRUMPETER LABEL
SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
... A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



This is a negative

...as negative as the idea many people *used* to have that bottled Martinis *couldn't* be the best Martinis. But that was before they met Hiram Walker's Dry Martini.



Here's the picture

Now the fussiest Martini fans are learning that Hiram Walker makes a Dry Martini even the experts envy. Because we use—

1. Our own fine gin—Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin*—made with the best *imported botanicals*.
2. Our own dry vermouth—a vermouth made *especially* for Hiram Walker's ready-to-serve Dry Martinis.



It's a daisy-fresh idea

of new Martini enjoyment. A *grand* Martini in quick-as-a-wink form—no muss, no mixing. 18 to a bottle—each one so delicious that even Dry Martini experts are admitting, "Beats my best."

Hiram Walker's
dry martini

READY-TO-SERVE

Just stir
with ice



*90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

66 proof

VERFLEX

expanding watch bands



Two of a Kind — That Win Hands Down!

Smooth to look at . . . smooth to wear . . . no sharp corners to catch clothing, chafe wrists or pull wrist hair.

VERFLEX EXPANDING BRACELETS are riveted stronger, last longer.

See VERFLEX bracelets on leading jewelry counters everywhere.



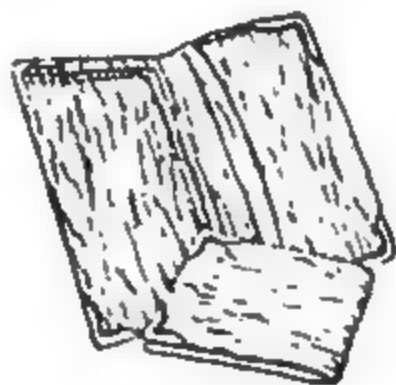
355-365 DEXTER ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Talking Shop with Esquire

WONDER LOCK. If you're the type of guy who is constantly losing the key to your desk, closet or locker, better get yourself a wonder lock. This little device locks anything, requires no holes or tools to install. It consists of a ratchet holder clamp, a slotted metal rectangle, a lock and two keys. You simply clamp the ratchet holder onto the inside of a drawer, close the drawer, slip the slotted piece over the ratchet and then fit the lock on. Lock cannot be pulled out because of the angle of the teeth of the ratchet.



SHARKSKIN, CALIFORNIA STYLE. If you are looking for a billfold that's different, ask for shark-skin with an exclusive zebra-wood-like grain, pliable, highly polished and really handsome. There are billfolds, and side pocket cases to match in this prized leather.



DOES YOUR OPPONENT HAVE N.F.? N.F. stands for "nervous fingers" in gin rummy. It is the disease whose symptoms are lifting and looking at two cards at once, or spreading the discards for a better peep. A new plastic dealing contrivance puts an end to such subterfuge. It deals one card at a time, and the pull-drawer provides storage space for a deck of cards, as well as a convenient tray for discards. Also prevents cards from blowing away during outdoor playing.



5-IN-1 THERMOMETER registers accurately from 40 degrees below zero to 120 Fah. Can be used indoors, outdoors, in a refrigerator, deep freeze, or what have you.



LUSTROUS LIPS. You've seen that nailpolish dames wear . . . all shining and shimmering in an unearthly fashion on the ends of their digits? Now there's a lipstick to match . . . luscious and lustrous. Lips now smile provocatively in such satiny sheens as blush pink, firewood, burgundy, etc. Crass would be the chap to disturb such a production.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL CLUB



SLACKS SPORTSWEAR

FINEST QUALITY SINCE 1876

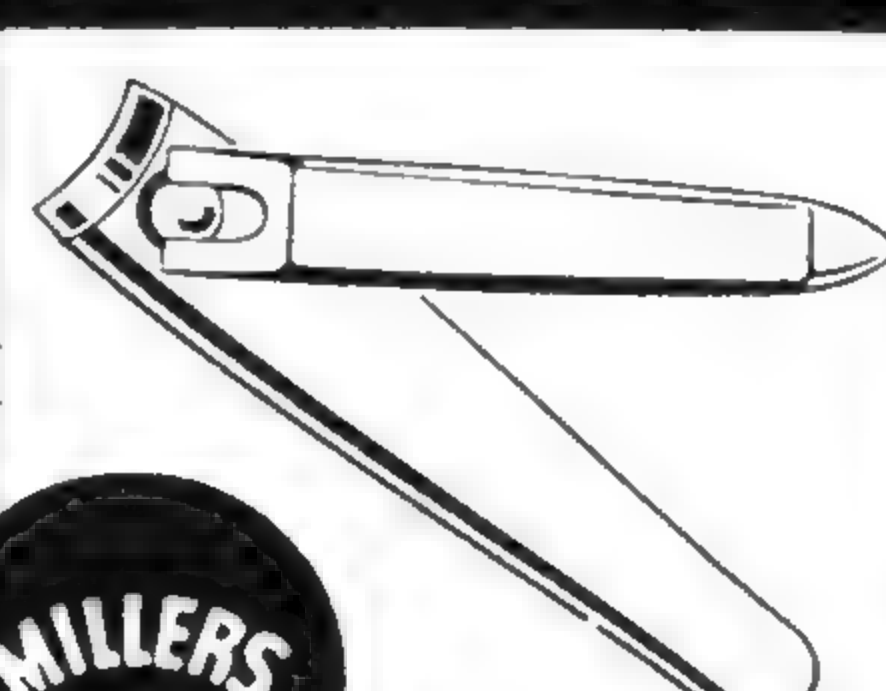


SOL W. KATZ & CO., INC. 1218 ARCH ST. PHILA. 7, PA.
N. Y. OFFICE: 375 FIFTH AVE.

ONLY HAND MADE

Nail Clips

CAN BE PERFECT



MILLERS FORGE

ALL MILLERS FORGE NAIL CLIPS ARE HAND MADE

Now Available! See Your Dealer

3000 GOLF LESSONS for \$7.95



This portable driving range, endorsed by pros, is indispensable to beginner or expert. Swing away indoors or out — no damage to carpet or lawn. Captive ball snaps back to teed position — no chasing. Keep in form. Cut your score. Thrills galore. Imagine — a 250 yd. drive in your living room! Unbelievable? Try it on our 5-day money back guarantee. Swell Father's Day gift.

\$7.95
No COD's.
Express collect

MASTERCRAFT PRODUCTS
27 Haymarket Sq. Boston 14, Mass.

The Finest CHIPPEWA



Henri says —
"April, she is for romance . . . oui!"

Any man with a feeling for the out-of-doors in spring, will have an almost instinctive love for Chippewa 100% woolsens.

Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wis.
From raw wool to finished garments under one roof

WOOLENS

SHIRTS • STAGS • PARKAS • COATS • PANTS

OWN A HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE



... and make the entire country YOUR vacation land

Enjoy the most thrilling vacation of your life this year — on a Harley-Davidson. It brings most of the country's historic places, natural wonders and famous fun spots within easy range. Go whenever you get the urge — stop where and when you choose — with no timetables to follow. What's more, motorcycling turns every evening, holiday or weekend into extra "vacation-time" — as you zoom along with other fun-loving riders on pleasure jaunts and club runs — or take in race meets, hillclimbs and other thrill-packed motorcycling events. See your Harley-Davidson dealer NOW — and mail coupon today!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Motorcycles

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.
Please send me at once free copy of 24-page "ENTHUSIAST" Magazine, filled with thrilling motorcycle action pictures and stories.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____

Havana Cigars

Try a box of fine CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS. Best quality long filler, direct from manufacturer.

LONGFELLOWS—5 1/4" long, box of 50—\$7.00
PERFECTOS—5" long, box of 25—\$3.50

C.O.D. OR CHECK
SUAREZ & CRESPO
55 Fulton Street • New York 7, N. Y.



BAR STOOL

for your home

Smart, new swing-line design to add that atomic note to your rumpus room or home bar. Sturdy mirror-finish triple-chrome one-piece frame. Stable when you lean w-a-y over for a refill. Comfortable foot rest. Gay, fully-upholstered washable leather-like seat, 13" square, 30" from floor. Choice of Red or Ivory. Fully guaranteed. Each, delivered \$12.95

At better stores or send check or money order to

PYRAMID CORPORATION

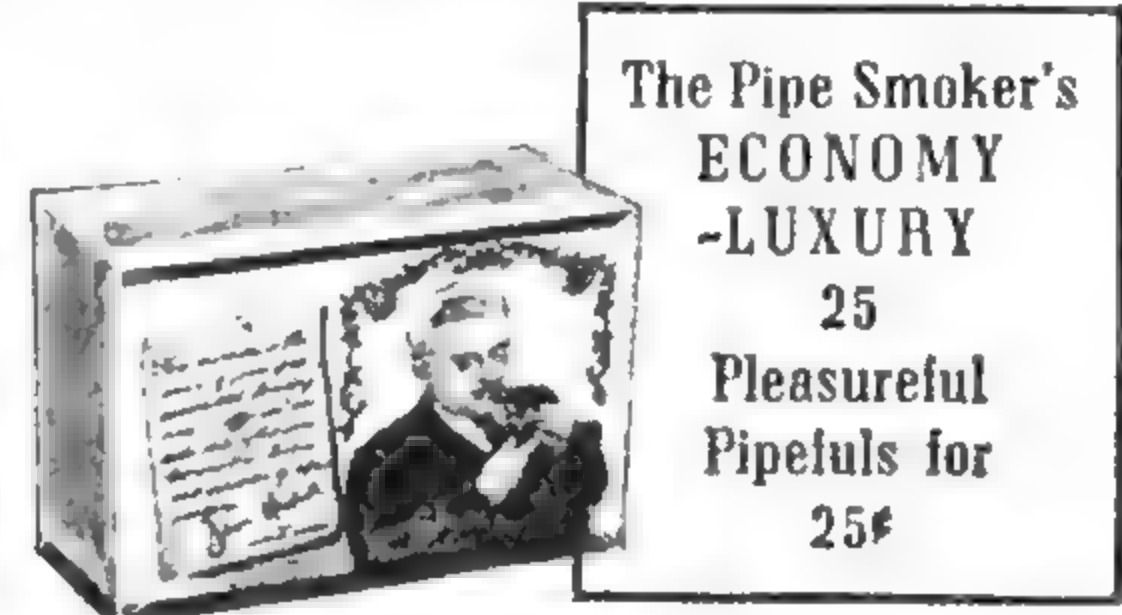
7445 South Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

That's putting it **MILDLY!**

Wouldn't have met my Waterloo if I'd thought it over with a pipeful of—

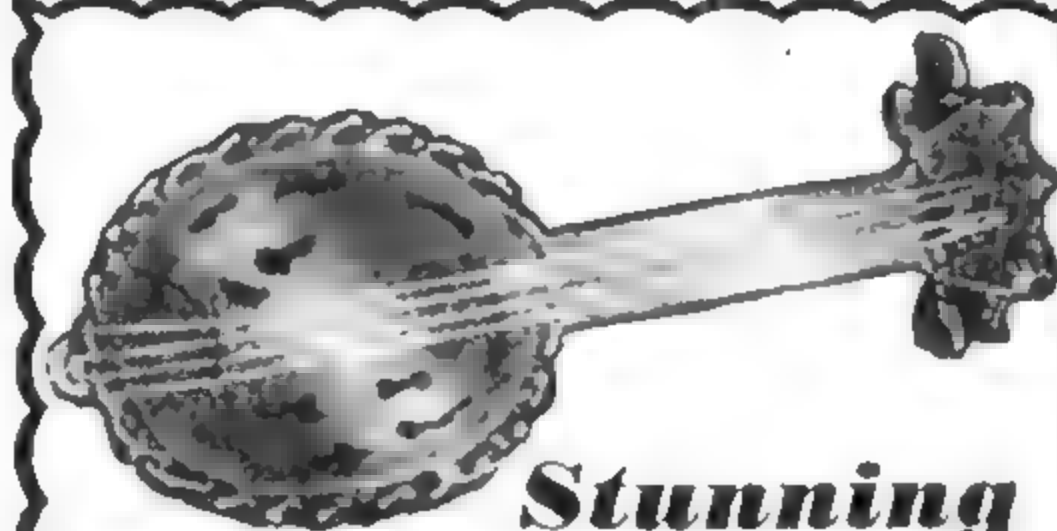
Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

The Pipeline to Perfection!
The Emperor of Tobaccos. A triumph of blending, coolness and satisfaction.



GET IT TODAY!

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Dept. F16, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York



Stunning Lapel Pin

FOR A FAVORED LADY

This miniature Chinese mandolin, about 2" long, is of pure sterling silver with tiny silver strings and silver keys. The sounding board is of carved white jade. With earrings of fascinating oriental designs (not shown) in white jade to complement the pin, \$30.00 postpaid, tax inc.

CHINESE TREASURE CENTER

441 Madison Ave. • N. Y. C. 22 • 4 fl. • Dep't E5
4 beautifully illustrated brochures \$1.50

TWO ENTERTAINING ALBUMS

GARRY MOORE

Jimmy Durante's Boy! In his original monologues, including Hugh, the Blue Gnu, Little Red Riding Hood! 3-10" records. DA 444 \$3.15

NAUGHTY 90's

With Beatrice Kay in more of the tear jerkers of the era: Waiting at the Church: My Mother was a Lady, I Don't Care! 4-10" records. C 14 \$2.89

Shipped anywhere Express Collect
(Prices Subject to Change)

Write for FREE Illustrated Entertaining
Record List and Gift Catalog

RABSONS 111 West 52nd Street
Dep. 30, New York 19
So. African-American Mail Co., P. O. Box 260
Pt. Elizabeth

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC



Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages, 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for \$5.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.

MARK GOLF BALLS

• New... improved! "Ballmark" comes complete with your name set in metal type. Stamps name indelibly INTO golf balls; quick and easy. Avoid mix-ups, stolen balls. Lost balls returned to you. Buy for your golfer friends... original, different, welcomed! Extra ink supply included.

At stores, mail order houses, pro shops, or send \$2 with name (Ohio residents add 6¢ sales tax)

HOLIDAY PRODUCTS CO., DAYTON 1, OHIO

Painting the Town with Esquire



SHADES of Texas Guinan! Premises once hers, at 310 West 58th, where she greeted incomers with, "Hello, sucker!" and permitted them to buy synthetic champagne at 30 bucks a bottle, are now the scene of innocent gaiety and good eats to the tune of Acropolis Casino. To help you guess it's Greek, the room is muraled with colorful Hellenic folkshindigs, and nifty nymph Delia Cordova, leading her rumba crew, sings Greek songs—learned from records, the smart girl—between maraca numbers. (Her stance marks spot where sang, piano-perched, the late Helen Morgan when this was the Simplon Club.) A shot of *onzo*, Greek liquor with anisette flavor, primes you for hors d'oeuvres which include an imported roe specialty called *lakerda*, eggplant in oil, and stuffed grape-leaves. For the main course there's barbecued baby lamb and loin of lamb, either of which is of a tenderness that is really something. Other options are broiled squab, roast or broiled chicken, and sautéed lamb livers. If you've no cargo space left for honey pastry, you can at least sample the excellent Turkish coffee before your Greek brandy. And, naturally, you've shown proper reverence for the great god Bacchus by libations of his red wine of the Isle of Samos which Lord Byron copiously admired. We can't rave over the highly resined white wine called Retsina, which tastes like home to anybody from Athens, but we were interested to meet it. Certainly we go for the Mavrodaphne, dark sweet dessert wine, sipped while listening to the songs of dark sweet Angela Lykiardopoulou—"Athena" for short—starred here. America is the fourth continent that she has emoted on magnetically, assisted by her guitar.

INFESTED, as ever, with celebs of the footlight, flicker, mike, and typewriter-punching worlds, the Hotel Algonquin, affectionately known as the Algonk, now serves after-theatre suppers in its Oak Room, manager John Martin having suspicioned that his flock might feel hungry after taking in shows and performing

in them. How right he was is proven by the crowd that rallies nightly, almost like lunchtime... Gourmets' gourmet frustrated: "Not a single new recipe in it!" sighs downtown restaurateur-booklover J. D. Massoletti, examining \$400 copy (only 13 others in existence) of earliest known cookbook he bought at auction. Published 1480, it's in Latin, with title meaning "Of Honest Voluptuousness", which shows that those old cooks were on the right track.

LAW & ORDER at the Crest Room (56 East 56): Frank Law is host, and maître Jerry Frappel takes your Order... Hen fruit are in agony of expectancy wondering what sort of omelette Mme. Romaine de Lyon (133 East 56th) will make them into today. Unable to decide which omelette is the omelette, this skilled skillettress constructs 225 different kinds... Hamburger Heaven's chief cook and plate polisher has confessed! Says he's weary of being addressed as "Burgermaster."

AN ODDITY on the oasis circuit, which some thought was too impractical a proposition to take root but which has thrived and blossomed, is the Salle des Champagnes, 135 MacDougal St.—idea of one Bob Goodman, who nowanights is proudly exhibiting the new Bar, where sipping is done to Hammond organ music. Main rooms are galleries of modern oil paintings (for sale) which you contemplate, unless the lady with you is too engrossing, as you loll in lounge chair or sofa case, with a glass of bubbly at hand, and listen to piano concertizing. You can get by with a champagne cocktail, but why skimp?... Up Tarrytown way, o'erlording Tappan Zee, rise the turrets of Tappan Hill, ertswhile private estate, now dining castle de luxe, operated by John Swope and serving continental and native-style nourishment far, far superior to the ordinary, with fireplaces proffering their glow on chilly evenings. By the time you depart you feel as expansive, as grandiose as the Hudson.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

"He won his point the moment he lit that pipeful of London Dock Tobacco!"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE
40¢
\$3.00 PER POUND

London Dock
AROMATIC
SHOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

*The world's
most famous
Quality
Dry Gin*

**BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN**

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF



Careful! Don't waste a Drop—
that's *Old Smuggler*
BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple...and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland. 86 proof.

FROM SCOTLAND FOR 69 YEARS...Blended Scotch Whisky

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

EVER SEE AN OLD FASHIONED



HANG ITS HEAD IN SHAME?

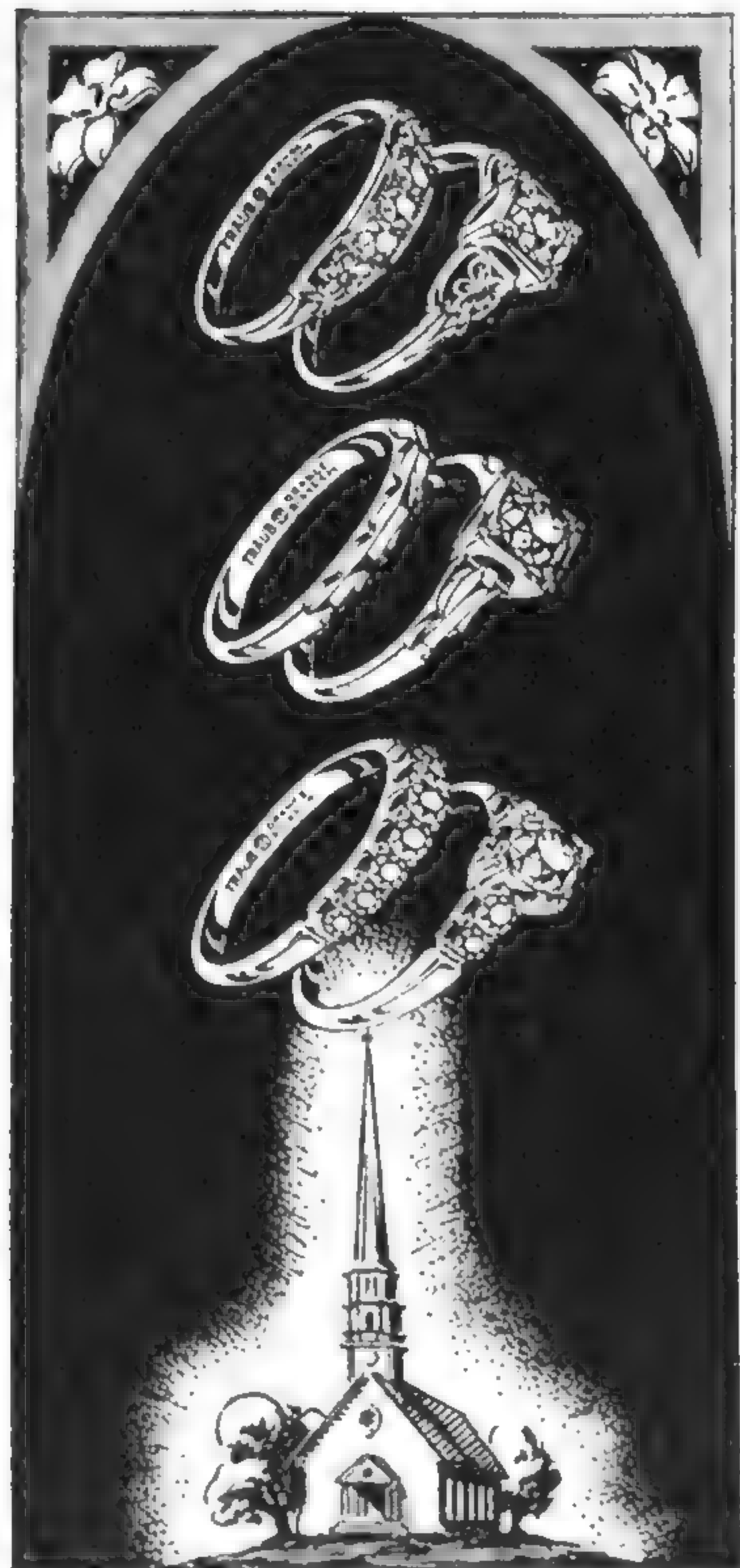
The Code of the Old Fashioneds is steeped in tradition. Shame on the Old Fashioned that dares see the light of day without Angostura aromatic bitters.

True Old Fashioneds are the proud aristocrats of tang, zest and enjoyment. They bespeak the perfect blending of ingredients and subtle aromatic flavor imparted by Angostura.

FREE! Professional Mixing Guide. Gives recipe for a perfect Old Fashioned—and for more than 250 other drinks. Write to Angostura Wuppermann Corp., 304 E. 45th St., New York 17, New York.

ANGOSTURA
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AROMATIC BITTERS

"It's What You Put In—
To Make The Flavor Come Out"



Write for illustrated folder.

GENUINE
Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS
by Traub



Painting the Town with Esquire



SOME want noise and nonsense with their evening nutrition. Some crave calm. Some, glamour-greedy, are goggle-eyed for notables and gloatables. Some are out to splurge and be salaamed to. Some ponder the chances of playing plutocrat on peanuts. Some desire to shake the hip. Some would sooner sit and stow sirloin, with a good cigar for dessert. Some seek seafood. Some itch to go exotic and sample strange dishes and fear-some-named drinks. To please everybody, this town would have to have spots for every conceivable taste—which is exactly what those demon hunchmen, New York's bonifaces, have come up with.

BILLY the Oysterman may lament the passing of the "R" months (we hear he's preparing to take up clams in a serious way), but not bouncing Billy Rose, whose *Venus on the Half-Shell* at his Diamond Horseshoe is seasonal any season. Besides assorted pulchritude, this show has the deadpandemonium of one Jackie Gleason and the zealous lunacies of bogus musician Herman Hyde. Noble Sissle's and Syd Strange's orchestras turn out tunes. "Tables" Davis hoists two tables, piled with occasional chairs, with his teeth. Our tusks, mere amateurs, are content to put the bite on Diamond Horseshoe roast beef.

WITH TULIPS and hyacinths abloom around it, the Promenade Café in Rockefeller Plaza is a right place for catching up on snorticulture . . . Titans of industry and finance confidently invest in vittles at the perfection-rife Restaurant Robert, 33 West 55th. Host Robert, their pal, is a palate pilot who'd perish sooner than give a bank president a bum steer.

STYLIZED VIEWS of Old New York, etched by artist Mareau on Plexi-glass and set in white-framed shadowboxes, accent the attractiveness of the new Lounge of the Hotel Sheraton—a soft-lit, modernist room done in burgundy, with banquettes around the walls, enfolding a paddock of small, square tables. Waitresses, shapely, operating as ele-

ments of the decoration, wear long flowing skirts of burgundy marquisette which is more opaque than mosquito netting. To keep your mind off matters that don't concern you, there's mood music by Hammond organist Bud Taylor who occasionally lends a hand to a nearby piano as well; his version of *Tico-Tico* sounds jet-propelled. Opposite, a grand has the treat of being played mighty pretty by Georgia peach Lynne James. This room's thinker-upper, Sheraton manager Gilbert Johnson, has a jackpot on his hands.

THE TREASURED custom of bringing on the girls with a song so humdrum it won't distract you from looking, has been shattered at Broadway's plush-lush Vanity Fair, where dazzling beauties—we mean dazzling—burst upon your gaze to the words and music of *My Young and Foolish Heart*, effectively sung by Bob Kennedy. You just gotta listen, much as you begrudge to. And same with the Pineapple ditty, tropical rhythmed, that crops up in the middle of things. The Vanity Fair's management (Joe Howard to you), which gets its fresh green vegetables and fresh-slain poultry from its hothouses and hen-houses at Vanity Fair Farm, Northport, Long Island, got its revue songs from the ace team of arranger Ted Murray and Charles "Old Lamplighter" Tobias. Bagged on the hoof, nimble tapster Hal LeRoy, who sits down and adds drumstick ticklements to his footwork, is likewise a valuable edition and a personable one. Earnestly futile Bob Williams has a dog act to end all dog acts. Slim, sly Jan Murray cracks quips. Boyd Raeburn (Esquire Award winner) and his 21-man-and-1-woman orchestra background the proceedings and play for dancing, spelled by Monchito's rumba rustlers. As for the show's star, Gertrude Niesen—Lohengrin's girl friend—her vocal and wiggle gifts, her torching, her devastating demureness, we'll buy any song she's selling, with or without the clever Hal Otis Trio (fiddle, bull edition of same, and guitar) that squires a clump of her numbers.

PRE-WAR QUALITY
Famous through the
years
Graves
SUPERIOR
Distilled
Dry
Gin



90 Proof 100% grain products neutral spirits, made from choice American grain

C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

"Coolers"
for all
Occasions



JAMAICA "CUPS"

Jamaica Rums blend perfectly with all fresh or processed fruit juices in delightfully different punches and "cups". Mix to your taste with ginger ale or soda, ice well, and find out what real refreshment means.

Right ONLY WHEN
MADE WITH GENUINE
JAMAICA
THE QUALITY OF
RUMS

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD. KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.



FOMER
QUALITY

KEYLITE
KEY RING AND FLASHLIGHT

Penna. Dutch motif in genuine leather. Handy, attractive, durable. **\$1.25**

FOMER
QUALITY

Write for name of nearest dealer

F. O. MERZ & CO.
104-6 N. 63rd Street
Philadelphia 39, Pa.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.



Textron Boxer Style Shorts in cotton, \$1.50; in rayon, \$2.00

Count on Textron for perfect precision

There are shorts and there are *Textron Shorts*. And what a difference! *Textron Shorts* are tailored with Textron's unique precision—from fiber to finish! *Textron Shorts* have the famous "parachute" seat . . . twice as many stitches, fuller seams! Finest Sanforized cottons or long-life rayons, sizes 30 to 44. See Textron's handsome collection of shorts, \$1.50 and \$2. Pajamas, \$5.50 to \$10, at leading stores throughout the country. **TEXTRON, INC.**, Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TEXTRON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BLOUSES • LINGERIE • MENSWEAR
HOME FASHIONS • HOSTESS COATS



Textron cotton
or rayon
Pajamas in sizes
A to D, \$7.00

WINTHROP

In-'n-Outers

NEW LEISURE SHOE
FOR MEN

*...for hammock lazin'
or garden raisin'...*

You'll reap a bumper crop of style and comfort in Winthrop In-'n-Outers. You'll find their flexible, light-weight construction and cushion-cork platform soles the final word in human "floating power", whether you take your leisure participatin' or just spectatin'.

WINTHROP SHOES

Always First with All That's New

Also regular dress styles
for men and boys

Winthrop Shoe Co. Div:
International Shoe Company
St. Louis, Mo.





...testimonial to the power of a kiss and to his Plateau suit. For never before has a suit of normal weight offered such "weightless" comfort! The radiant, silk-like worsted fabric has been *prelaxed* in the looming by Pacific Mills. All tension is removed, all weight

evenly spread. Plateau is exclusively mated with the Balanced Tailoring of Timely Clothes... to bring you a new conception of comfort in immaculate attire. Available in limited but growing quantities at leading stores. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, New York.

Plateau suits in popular models, rich solid color tones, \$58; harmonizing Plateau slacks \$18.75. For further information address Timely Clothes, Inc., Rochester 2, New York; or Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Retail Service Bureau, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10.

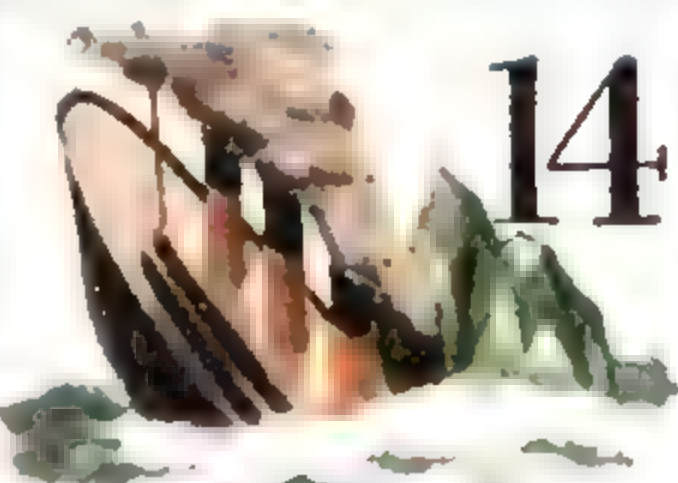


The suit with the weightless feel

LOOK TO THE *Fabric* FIRST—BUY PACIFIC



KINSEY'S APRIL CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		 1 <i>April Fool's Day ... and that's no joke!</i>	2 <i>First motion picture theatre opens, 1902.</i>	 3 <i>Pony Express begins operation, 1860.</i>	4 <i>Oh, to sip Manhattans now that April's here!</i>	5 <i>Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614.</i>
 6 <i>Easter Sunday. See you at the parade!</i>	7 <i>First big television demonstration, 1927.</i>				 11 <i>April showers bring May flowers!</i>	12 <i>Franklin D. Roosevelt dies, 1945.</i>
13 <i>Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.</i>	 14 <i>S.S. "Titanic" hits iceberg and sinks, 1912.</i>	15 <i>A. Lincoln dies from assassin's bullet, 1865.</i>		17 <i>First Daylight Saving Bill introduced, 1917.</i>	18 <i>Paul Revere starts famous ride, 1775.</i>	 19 <i>First American guns in World War I, 1917.</i>
20 <i>Aren't all these facts fascinating?</i>	 21 <i>In the Spring, a young man's fancy ...</i>	22 <i>If you're born today, your sign is Taurus.</i>		24 <i>Any day's a good day to enjoy Kinsey!</i>	 25 <i>Marconi, inventor of wireless, born, 1874.</i>	26 <i>A Kinsey Manhattan is smooth as satin!</i>
 27 <i>Ulysses S. Grant born, 1822.</i>	28 <i>Tempus fugit! (Gee ... Latin!)</i>	29			 THIS SPRING, PLANT KINSEY ON YOUR TABLE	

April is a month sublime—
It's Kinsey-made Manhattan time!

April showers bring May flowers... and if you'd like a few bouquets, just bring your guests Manhattans made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:



2 parts delicious Kinsey ... 1 part sweet Vermouth ... 1 dash bitters. Stir well with cracked ice ... strain into cocktail glass ... add cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink, make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. People who *know* say it offers something special in smoothness and flavor. So try Kinsey ... tonight!



Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp. Linfield, Pa.



Since 1892



The Aristocrat
of all
Box Chocolates

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Candies since 1876



Gen. U.S. Distr. van Munching & Co., Inc.
53 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire



SPRINGTIME'S queen, Sophie Tucker, the some-of-these-daisy, is de-jinxing April 13th by breezing onto the quarter-deck of Lou Walters' Latin Quarter with a load of warblewares and 25 new gowns created for her by Florence Lustig at \$350 and up—probably the costliest wardrobe ever ordered for a night club engagement. Damsels of the ensemble somehow get along with less coverage without a whimper from the ringside.

FILET of Sole Marguery, Veal Scallopine in Sherry Sauce, and such, are luncheon trove at the Coq Rouge, 65 East 56th, where any dish is served fastidiously and tastes like gullet's good fortune . . . Cross-continent commuter Monte Proser, with the Samba Sirened Copacabana at one end of his beat and filmdom at the other, will have his new club in Hollywood ready any minute now. Main room will offer floor show similar to Copa's; other room will be Casa Miranda with the Bon Voyage head-gearred Brazilienne herself presiding . . . Super-fodder and choice wines are the praiseworthy preoccupations of Charles and Constance Stearns of the Bird & Bottle, authentic Colonial inn, Route 9, Garrison, N. Y., 56 miles north of Manhattan. Better phone first (Garrison 342), as a lose-out would be an epicurean tragedy.

QUITE a path is being beaten through the 52nd Street woods to the door of better mouse-trappers Leon & Eddie . . . Holland Dutch hutspot hits spot as prepared by Rotterdam chef Geelhuis of the Gregorian Grill, 42 West 35th. It consists of slices of boiled beef draped over a mixture of mashed potatoes, carrots, etc., with special seasonings, and calls loudly for beer. On the recommendation of host Jack Jacobson, former assistant chief steward of the liner *Vendam*, the brew is lip-smacky Amstel beer from Amsterdam, just the right follow-up for the Dutch gin that chummed with the Holland-style herring salad (entire fish). Most of the specialties,

however, at this hearty eatery are American. Because of its location and larder, it's jammed at lunch time, but evenings you can be leisurely with no coveters of your table glaring at you for not gulping.

IT DOESN'T TAKE a windlass to warp us into the Whaler Bar, Moby Dick department of Midston House, Madison Ave. & 38th where Murray Hill mariners spin yarns to their mermaids . . . If at the colorful French *boite* called Bal Tabarin, 225 West 46th, you've run into hospitality which had all the cheer marks of genuineness, there was good reason for that impression. The Hourclé boys, Johnny and Laurent, have the boniface urge in their blood, inherited from their pater Romain, who ran a hotel in Buenos Aires and during World War I acted as personal chef to General Mangin. When the General tendered a Victory dinner to the chiefs of the combined Allied Staff—Foch, Haig, Pershing—père Romain prepared it. Laurent, wearing the uniform of his Uncle Sam but treading in his dad's footsteps, cheffed the dinner the late General Patton gave to the military leaders of the other United Nations.

AH, MEN, how salubrious are the Daiquiris at the Amen Corner of the Fifth Ave. Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 9th St. . . . Versailles, where bon vivants bivouac around bonfires of crêpes Suzette and cherries Jubilee, has Carl Brisson charm-stuffing 'em. Bob Grant and his orchestra swap rhythm honors with Panchito's rumbaists while the Champagne tide rises . . . The Waldorf-Astoria's Men's Bar is a B & B hive . . . Maurice Evans upon the terrace of Hamlet's castle hasn't half the drama of patrons emerging from Jack & Charlie's "21". Even if they've only stopped in to buy a beer at the bar, they act as though the taxi they're waiting for should rightfully be a gold coach. No wonder this establishment's customers are persons of prestige and power. Look at the head of esteem its amenities gives them to go on!

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

LAIRD'S

the Brandy with
a Background
Since 1780



LAIRD & CO.,
Scobeyville, N. J.

86.4 Proof



When you think
of formal bows
think of
Sherman

Choose either the ready-tied
Diaper or the tie-a-youself
Four shapes to suit every type
of face. At all fine stores

SHERMAN BOWS

222 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Take a sip from Maryland!

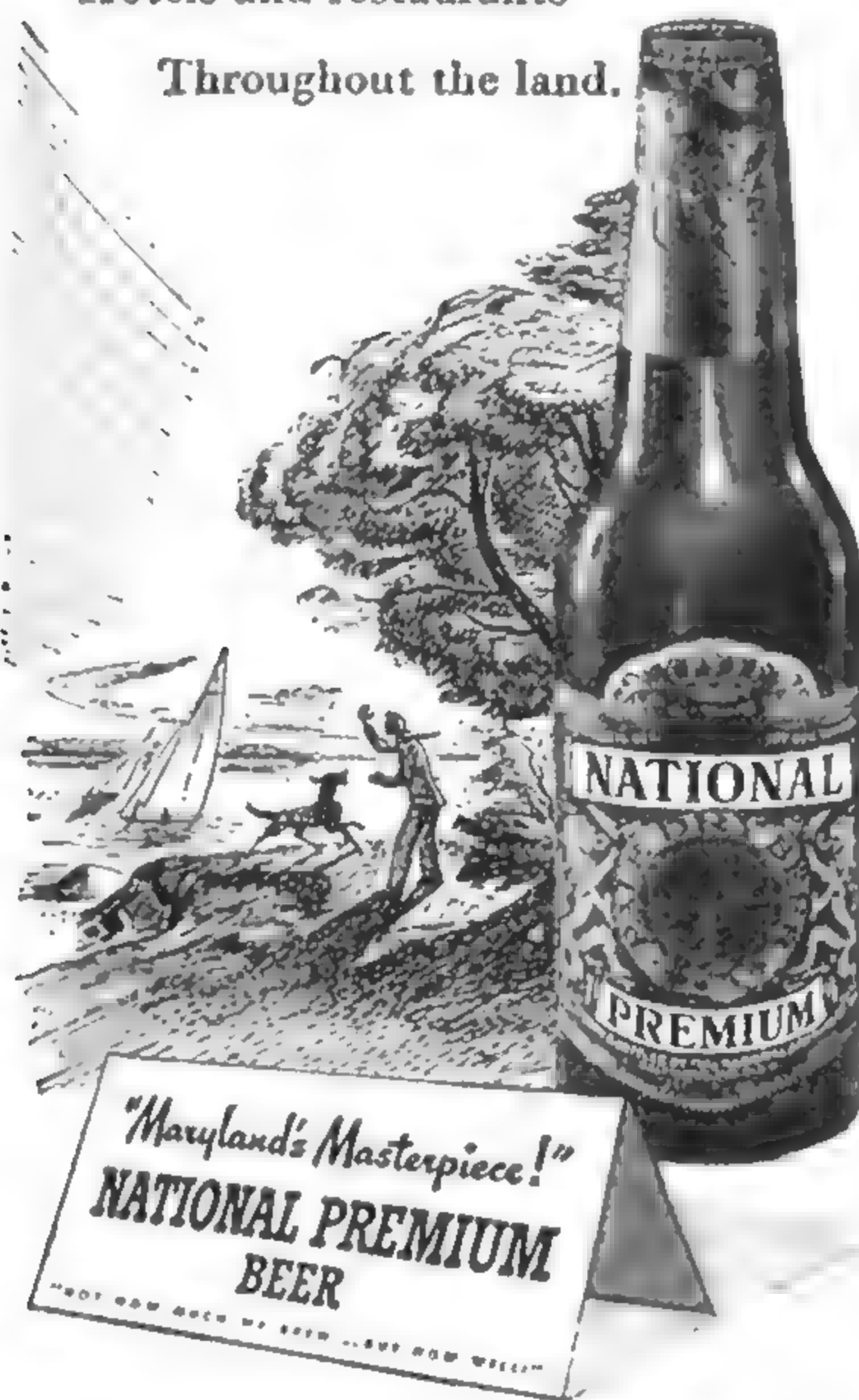
All we ask you to do is to try

This pale, dry, Maryland beer.

It's yours at the fine clubs,

Hotels and restaurants

Throughout the land.



BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

Olsen & Johnson
In their screamlined revue "JERKZ-BEZERK"
with **BEATRICE KAY**
staged by **JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON**
Shows Nightly 8:30-12 Sats. 8-10-12:30
NICKY BLAIR'S CARNIVAL
HOTEL CAPITOL 51st at 8th

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

OPEN MAY 1st
The White Turkey Inn
DANBURY, CONN.
U. S. Route #7
Also visit the three White Turkey Restaurants in New York City.
DELICIOUS FOOD • COCKTAILS • OPEN SUNDAYS

Sea Fare
1033-1st Ave. 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place Greenwich Village

Painting the Town with Esquire



THAT IMPOSING iron-horse stable, the Pennsylvania Station, is emitting a lot of arrivers already steak-lined on account of sirloin being fanfared fang-fare on dining cars of the Pennsy's de luxe streakers. What with swell ready-mixed cocktails (famed brand) and other pet medicines, those crack conveyances really set a sharp training table for prospective town-doers.

THREE-ALARM French lyrical luminary Lucienne "Parlez-moi d'Amour" Boyer has been knocking 'em over as entire show at Café Society Uptown. "Downtown" affiliate (actually, Barney Josephson's original base of operations) has its own true Josh White, back from concert travels with a fresh batch of ballads. Gene Cedrick leads a far from cool band . . . Dinner is taken time over at La Cava (128 West 52nd), both in the kitchen and at table. Outside, people are rushing to the Roxy, Radio City Music Hall, and other theatres, but here reigns relaxation and its partner gustatory enjoyment. Hors d'oeuvre layout is extensive, onion soup and petit marmite give out invitations, steaks are thick and juicy, hashed browned potatoes are neither half raw inside nor scorched on top, salad à la Frank (headwaiter) is a bowl triumph, desserts sweet-toothsome, and flicker flamed Café Diable duly devilish. From nine on there's music for listening, not dancing; Joan Powers, pianiste, doing original arrangements of tunes asked for; Charles Montalbano Trio of violin, piano, and cello, doing the operatic-romantic in smooth style. Montalbano used to have a pianist by the name of George Gershwin.

ARCHITECTS dreaming up tomorrow's structures tug their heads out of the clouds and join building materialists in putting on the noontime feed-bag at the Hob-Nob, 108 East 41st—small-

ish, tidy spot with bar, alcoves, etc., and an overflow room downstairs accommodating special parties in the evenings. As might be expected of a place that lives primarily off of feeding same faces right along (but harbors no prejudice against new ones), menu offerings are dishes that host Al Fernandez has kept book on. No culinary jumps off the deep end. No hummingbird's livers sluiced with 80-year old brandy. Just good, forthright meats, chicken, and fish. And "homemade" muffins, cheese cake, and pies that, baked by an old Spanish pastry cook, are something to hob-nob about . . . Doodle analyst Robert Baird at the 1-2-3 Club (123 East 54th) reads your character from your pencil revelations while host-pianist Roger Stearns plays Broadway's latest, and maître Joseph supervises service suavities . . . Even if entry involved leaping over a moat, wolves for solid eats would get to the Chateau—42 East 50th—which was Chateau Moderne until redone and new owned.

FAITHFUL to their zillions of fans, including 48,437 personal acquaintances, Ole Olsen & Chic Johnson at the Carnival omit no O & J gag that audiences love to split sides at. Result is a continuous bursting of attendance records at this place. But besides their personal roles as comedians, these twain are showmen extraordinary. The revue they have put together, containing the astonishing Salici puppets, contagious Beatrice Kay and her raucous renditions of old-time songs, and other effective performers—not to mention show girls galore and a corps of stooges—would be good entertainment even if (perish the thought!) O & J weren't in it. With them active all the way through it, the whole Carnival is flooded with tidal waves of good nature.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

REVUE 9-12
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL 4-1414

EDDIE DAVIS
GAY GIRL DELICIOUS
SHOW DINNER
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 N. Y. • 211 ROYAL POINCIANA WAY
BALM BEACH

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

Without Question . . . high quality Ronrico makes the smoothest cocktails, the best highballs.

©1946 Reg. T.M.

Ronrico Rums 86, 90, and 151 Proof
Ronrico Corporation, San Juan, Puerto Rico
U. S. Rep. Import Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

HOUSE OF MURPHY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

IT'S MY LIFE • I LIVE IT • I LOVE IT • CRITICISM BE DAMNED • HOUSE OF MURPHY

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Bal Tabarin
"Gay Paris in New York"
"CAN-CAN" DANCERS
Shows 7:30-11:30-1:30 • 2 Orchs.
Do Less DINNER \$1.25 — NO COVER —
French 6-10 Min. etc. 50c.
225 W. 46th ST. • CI 6-0949

NEW YORK'S DISTINGUISHED
CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS

RESTYLED
REDESIGNED
Persailles
151 E. 50th — PL 8-0310

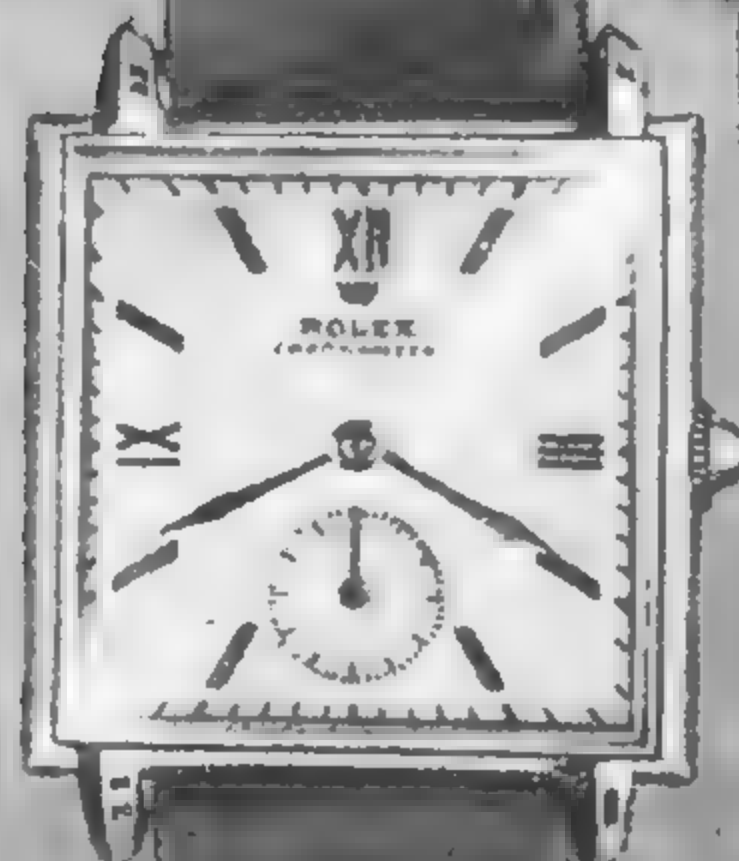
FEATURING
EVELYN KNIGHT
at DINNER and SUPPER

World's Most
GALAMOROUS
★ NEW ★
NIGHT CLUB

SHOWS 8:30-12
SAT. 8, 10, 12:30
Res. CI 7-7380

Vanity Fair
Broadway at 49th St., New York

Eternally Modern



Rolex Balance Staff with thin pivots... provides closer tolerances in the jeweled bearings.

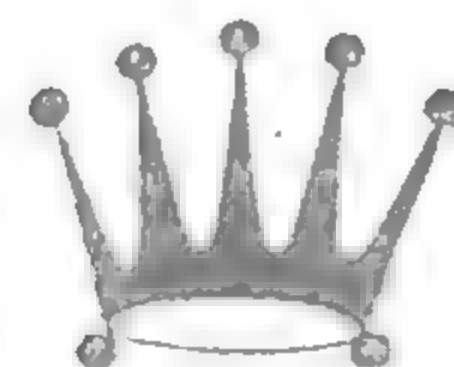
Rolex Micromatic Screw for precision timing... eliminates inaccurate hand-setting method.

Rolex Oversize Balance Wheel for more sensitive balance... keeps split second accuracy.

Styled for an era...not the passing fancy, a watch by Rolex quickens your pride and compliments your taste.

As guardian of your precious time, it has built an enviable record for accuracy, for each precision part adds its own incomparable element to the chronometer efficiency of this fine jeweled masterpiece...\$227.50 F.T.I.

"Rolex Keeps Better Time".



ROLEX

Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

Rolex Watch Company, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

JOE DE MERS, who shares a studio in Beverly Hills with Fritz Willis, says wonderingly that ever since his initial entry in Esquire's Gallery, some eight months ago, reporters, club women and sociology students writing their masters' theses frequently buttonhole him to ask such soul-searching questions as: "How do bobby-soxers compare with flappers as the future mothers of America?" and "Do you think that girls, as such, are here to stay?" De Mers usually replies with the bromidic dodge that one picture is worth ten thousand words. His latest tribute to the fair is on page 51. FRITZ WILLIS writes that he has at last found the perfect source of models for his Esquire Girls—the ballet schools. Aside from being beautifully proportioned, these future ballerinas have developed a sense of pantomime which makes them wonderfully adept at posing. Incidentally, Mr. Willis, like many another apartment dweller, has discovered there is no more significant prose in all literature than the fine print on a lease. His landlord came calling the other evening to state unequivocally that Willis must either part with his three cocker pups, or find a new dwelling. Naturally, Fritz chose the latter course. Apartment owners in or near Los Angeles receptive toward reasonably housebroken cockers are urged to correspond. TOM HALL's January entry in the Esquire Gallery, a lady of the gaslight era entitled *Soubrette*, caused some of our younger, collegiate readers to mourn that they were born, like Miniver Cheevy, out of season. Thus kind Mr. Hall was moved to fashion a minx of the moment (see page 88), today's swoon, tomorrow's prom queen. Hall is a Chicagoan with an enviable design for living. When he isn't drawing swank Cinderellas for *Cosmopolitan*, the *Post*, or *American Magazine*, he's watching the Cubs in summer, the Blackhawks in winter. EUCLID SHOOK, another two-timer in our pictorial pages, is a Tennessean recently arrived in Westport, Connecticut, by way of Chicago. He and his pretty wife are indefatigable collectors; their favorite trophies are histories of the War Between the States, slanted, Shook explains, to show that the South actually won.



Joe De Mers



Fritz Willis and his crickets



HARRY E. ELMELARK's *Comics Are a Funny Business* is based upon his experience in the feature syndicate business. He says: "Six months of each year I spend peddling my syndicate's brain-children to editors throughout the country. It is no coincidence that with the first snows I head my car for Miami, thence west to California. Back in New York with the early thaws, I dream up new feature ideas, write occasional promotion pieces."

KEITH MONROE (*The Fiercest Foot Race*, page 102) says: "When I was in high school I launched a publicity agency to ballyhoo school activities for ten per cent of the gate receipts. After graduation a classmate and I plotted another coup: we founded a weekly newspaper. My share of the profits gave me a running start through Stanford. Later I became a copy writer. After a brief rap in the huckster marts I turned to public relations work for an aircraft company. When the company decided its relations were public enough, I became a free-lance writer . . . Oh, yes, I was once a prize fighter."

JOSEPH HELLER (*Bookies, Beware!* page 98) is a student at New York University. A bombardier with the Twelfth Air Force during the war, he says: "I flew sixty missions, accumulated the usual fruit salad, and ran like hell from the Army when the point system went into effect." His first published story appeared in *Story* magazine.

GEORGE SLOCOMBE escaped with his wife from France after Pétain's capitulation in 1940 and returned four years later as war correspondent. He accompanied General de Gaulle on his triumphal entry into Paris on Liberation day and since has been writing

articles and fiction for American and British publications besides doing a Paris column for the New York *Herald-Tribune*. A story he contributed to Esquire some time ago, *The Indian Ocean Sits and Smiles*, had a curious sequel. The story, partly based on fact, was about an Indian tried and condemned to death, though innocent, for murder in a religious riot. A reader of Esquire sent the story to the British High Court judge who tried the appeal. The case was reopened, the prisoner was pardoned and set free.

ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE's piece about Ben Stahl is the first of a series which this eminent art critic will contribute to Esquire. Anyone who has heard him lecture will agree that Godsoe is possessed with the same infectious enthusiasm for life in general and art in particular which he so well understands in Stahl. Godsoe is a rare kind of critic—he approves of art in the same hearty and forthright fashion in which Calvin Coolidge's minister disapproved of sin. The result of his positive outlook is that artists become unusually articulate in his presence. Thus when Godsoe writes a commentary on a painting he conveys with unusual accuracy whatever concept and emotion the artist intends, as well as his own opinion, as a critic, of the finished canvas. Godsoe has traveled extensively, and is as familiar with the art galleries of Europe as those on 57th Street in New York. He was a dealer at one time and dismisses his discoveries by saying: "Most of the men I exploited in my dealer days are 57th Street luminaries now." He is director of the arts department of the venerable rare-book house of Dauber and Pine.



Robert Ulrich Godsoe



J. Edgar Grove

J. EDGAR GROVE confesses to having been expelled from college an unheard-of number of times. "After brief rounds as editor of a summer-resort weekly, room clerk in several hotels, and just plain vagrant, I left college and got married," he says, "bold acts which the past four years have not given me sufficient time to regret. I have sold material, mostly humorous, to a dozen magazines. I have a bungalow in Connecticut, a wife who laughs at my stories, and a dog who bites people."

EDWARD D. RADIN is the author of a recently published collection of true crime stories called *Twelve Against the Law*. An ex-reporter, Radin claims membership in Mystery Writers of America, whose slogan is "Crime Does Not Pay—Enough."

HECTOR BOLITHO is a New Zealander whose search for historical material has taken him all over the globe. For years he has played father confessor to young British writers who admire both his literary style and his personal discretion. Trustworthiness is Bolitho's forte. The English royal family, feeling snug under his cautious pen, adopted him as their unofficial biographer; he has spent so much time in Windsor castle that, according to his friends, he has absorbed something of the Windsor manner. Now in America, he plans to write some of the things omitted from his earlier works; many of the people involved have died, and truth, he feels, might be even more interesting than discretion.

CYRIL C. TWEED (*And the Cup Ran Over*, page 48) was born in Burton-upon-Trent in the Midlands of England twenty-five years ago. When his father was thrown out of work by a general strike, the family moved to London, and the boy's parents encouraged him "to gain the blessings of knowledge that had been denied them." After he left school, Tweed joined the Royal Navy, but a severe injury resulted in six months' hospitalization and a medical discharge. During convalescence he began to write—first poems, song lyrics, then short stories. His plans include a play and a novel.



Cyril C. Tweed



Wooden Indians, traditional symbols of early American craftsmanship, were often carved from the broken masts of early American Clipper Ships.



American Originals

American originality has produced for your enjoyment the first basic improvement in gin-making in more than 300 years. It is Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, produced by an *exclusive* Seagram process.

You can *see* the difference. This inimitable gin has the distinguishing color of fine vintage champagne... a *natural* result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it.

You can *taste* the difference in the mellow flavor that rivals the finest spirits of every land.

Look for it on your dealer's shelf as it stands out from all the colorless gins. And remember that with it you can truly make the "dry-est Martini in the world".



Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY



When available, our time-honored "ancient" bottle will replace the present "victory" bottle.

B.V.D. puts the ACTION in Sport Shirts



Shooting for style, comfort,
freedom-of-action?

B.V.D. blends all three in the
smart all-purpose Ruggers shirt
—and the casual Hollywood
Rogue shirt.

(AT TOP) Ruggers shirt is right for
action-wear and town-wear . . .

because the double-purpose
collar is good-looking and
correct with or without a tie.

(AT EXTREME LEFT) The Rogue shirt has
an air of easy-going informality...
no buttons, no bother, just slip it
over your head and
enjoy its roomy, comfortable feel.

B.V.D.
BRAND

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"



It's a Kuppenheimer

The go-getter who just flew into the picture has certainly "arrived" as far as appearance is concerned. There's freedom of action, a high degree of comfort, a meticulous attention to detail that inevitably distinguishes Kuppenheimer Clothes and the men who wear them. Regrettably limited in supply, those available are the finest in Kuppenheimer's seventy years of continuously improved quality.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—

Eight PM by the clock—

Propitious Moment for a Perfect Meeting!

The time is ripe for flavor

that's Pre-eminently Mellow . . .

The stage is set for smoothness

to match your Party Mood . . .

The right time, the right place,

the right whiskey . . . what a cue!

(Enter your best friends—and you.)

FOLLOW YOUR STARS WITH PM!
Send only 10¢ for "Propitious Moments for '47"! 128 full pages and 12 full months of horoscope and forecast by a famous astrologer. Write NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., P.O. Box 166, Dept. E-5, Wall Street Station, N. Y. C.



IF IT ISN'T

PM

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Slightly Bewildered Gallico

Our own Adam Smith discourses on the dwindling dollar and milady's clothes

by PAUL GALLICO



FAULKNER

THIS department was kept so busy in college trying to pass something called Intermediate Algebra, a feat incidentally it never officially succeeded in accomplishing, that it had no time for courses in Economics, something it regretted until recently, when after an intensive study of the newspapers over a period of years, it became clear to me that I have known about and understood Economics all along, so much so that I am herewith opening the Gallico Home School of Finance and Economics to pass along to you what I have learned.

For instance, the brilliance of our handling of the value of the postwar dollar is something I feel we should all share, the brilliance, not the dollar, there being very little substance left to the once-virile buck. How this devaluation of a once-healthy currency was accomplished in the face of many obstacles is the subject of the first of my lectures, which follows herewith and in which we will follow step by step until we reach the attainment of what appears to be our national goal; namely, low wages and high prices and plenty of nothing for everybody.

Just about the time the war ended, people had a lot of dollars or bucks in their jeans. True, it was not as robust a dollar as it had been fifteen or twenty years ago, but that fits in with one of the first Gallico Economic axioms which is that money is never as good as it was, and the trick is to get rid of it quickly before it gets any worse.

Well, anyway, people in the United States had these bucks by the carloads. They got them in wages, or bonuses, or through working overtime in factories, or overseas in crap games, or through base pay piling up while daddy was busy urging the little brown men to step off cliffs or seal themselves in caves and light hand grenades in honor of the Emperor. People acquired bucks swapping cigarette butts for Leica cameras, or Mickey Mouse watches for Russian sabres, from the Heinie and the Rooshan; they got them in the stock market and the black market. Never at one time did our citizenry have so many of them. As you will remember, it was a pretty good buck, and five of them laid end to end would get you a faint glimmer of recognition from almost any head-waiter in town.

Now it is a part of the Gallico Theory of Finance and Economics that whenever there are large amounts of bucks reposing in the wallets, sugar bowls, safe-deposit vaults or bank accounts of our citizenry there is another group of Americanos which at once becomes restless and edgy and begins to lose sleep and pines until it manages to transfer those surplus bucks from whoever has got them, to their own persons.

This is a quite legitimate pursuit and has animated this country for centuries and the practitioners are likewise respected citizens, financiers, manufacturers, retail-

ers, jobbers, middlemen, salesmen, merchants, engaged in something known as trade. Many of them have had college educations and studied Economics in books and therefore are prepared to meet the emergency of the Too Large Amount of Bucks in the Wrong Hands.

Now, at the end of the war, this gang, I mean group, found themselves faced with a problem, the bucks in the hands of the people on the one hand, and themselves with a shortage of goods on the other. The people were champing at the bit to buy and the merchants were eager to help them, but hadn't enough goods to get all the bucks at one time. What to do?

Well, of course the answer is so simple, as taught in the Gallico Home Analysis of American Finance and Economics, that one hardly understands why anybody has to go to school and read books to hit upon it. It is so obvious. You just *raise prices*. Pretty?

Well, to do this they had to get the assistance of some nitwit Congressmen and Senators, but since we have practically an unlimited supply of these indispensable aids to our economy, this posed no problem and so that is what they did. With the prices of everything raised, all these spare bucks soon found their way from the pockets of the citizens who had acquired them originally in the various ways outlined, into the pockets of the storekeepers and the jobbers and the manufacturers, the industrialists and the financiers.

But somehow, somewhere along the line during this transaction there happened what in the Gallico Theory is called the Fluctuating Imponderable, or the Hypothesis of the Diminishing Buck. Having got these dollars away from these people and into their own jeans, this mob, I mean group, upon examining them, discovered that these were not the same bucks they had been when the other guys had them. What had been a pretty fair-looking, crisp and upstand-

ing dollar was now a soiled, dirty crumpled bill with the general feel, smell and purchasing power of a South American peso.

Naturally the boys set up an indignancy of "We wuz robbed!" Those dollars they had got for their shoddy goods were inflated, a sell and a fraud. Why *they* couldn't buy as much with them as the people who had them originally. A pretty state of affairs when the populace is caught red-handed conspiring to cheat learned and honest financiers and industrialists. Handing them a phony buck . . .

What to do now? Lower prices and restore virility to the anemic dollar? Not at all. It's much simpler, the way we do it. You lower wages, thus bringing prosperity to the country. You call in B Jones or P Smith and say, "Look here, old chap, we've got a whole lot of dollars that won't buy anything, which means that we are having a depression, so you'll just have to take a cut in salary. You'll really be (Continued on page 149)



DEDINI

And the Cup Ran Over

As Taffy and his mates were lowered into the sea he pictured his tidy home, saying this was no way to keep the Sabbath holy

by CYRIL C. TWEED



"SECOND part of port watch fall in the flight deck." The bosun's hard grating voice ground through the stagnant air of the cruiser's mess deck. From all the twenty tables in the Fo'c'sle Division came muttered curses from the men attempting to eat their midday meal. Taffy Evans threw his fork on the table in disgust.

"That bloody plane it is," he cursed musically. "Right in the middle of the only good meal we get a week. Have they no respect for a man's inner organs? And on Sunday too. Sacrilege it is. At home in the Valley Sunday is God's day, but in the Navy it seems that every day is possessed of the devil himself."

"All right, Taffy, don't make an eisteddfod out of it," said Fred Lodge, filling his mouth with mashed potatoes. "This is the fourth time this morning we've been called out for that bastard plane—send it out, bring it in, send it out and now bring the bloody thing in again." He picked the meat off his plate and stuck his cap on his head. "Come on, bring your meat or a handful of peas—we can eat 'em going along."

Taffy put his cap carefully on his head. "'Tis a Welshman I am—not a cannibal."

"All right leave it—but if I know the half-starved perishers on the starboard watch it won't be here when you get back."

The bosun came in again. "Come on, you gluttonous Jacks—what do you think you're on—a bob round the lighthouse trip—up on the flight deck on the double."

Taffy grabbed his meat in one hand and some mash in the other and ran down the gangway with Fred. A few seconds later they scurried through a hatch at the stern of the ship onto the deck where the catapult was ready to receive the seaplane. The crane further aft was swung to starboard and the hook was lowered over the side of the ship as the seaplane drew alongside, quivering uncertainly as its floats cut through the choppy sea.

Orders were rapped out and the men of the port watch stood ready holding the guy ropes to pull the plane inboard and keep it steady when the crane lowered it onto the catapult.

Taffy and Fred were on the forward guy, chewing the meat from their neglected dinners as they looked over the side to watch the

hooking-up operation. The observer had clambered out of the rear cockpit and gingerly climbed onto the top wing of the bobbing and jolting plane. Very carefully he brought himself up to a kneeling position and stretched his arms aloft to grasp the descending hook to fix it to the eye bolt in the center of the wing.

Fred spat a bit of gristle overboard. "Look at him, Taffy. He looks like a bloody Arab begging alms for the Love of Allah."

"If he doesn't shut his mouth, swallow the hook he will."

Suddenly the observer made a lunge at the hook, missed—and fell off the wing of the plane into the water.

"Blimy," said Fred, "he's fell in the hoggin."

Taffy grabbed a life belt and threw it to the observer who was being swiftly carried away in the wake of the ship. He grabbed it desperately and clung to it as he began to drift downstream.

"Throw the man a life belt," ordered the first lieutenant from the crane deck.

"Shut up," said Fred quietly, "if we had waited for you he'd have been in the locker with Davy Jones." Aloud he called, "He's got one, sir."

The first lieutenant put his megaphone to his mouth and called to the chief bosun's mate. "Man the number-one cutter and pick up the observer; and call out the first part of starboard to bring the plane in."

"Aye, aye, sir. Boat's crew fall in opposite the number-one cutter."

Taffy and Fred secured their guys and ran forward to their boat station.

"Not satisfied with spoiling our dinner," panted Taffy, "an afternoon's row we get."

They joined the rest of the crew opposite the cutter, where they were mustered by the coxswain and ordered into the boat. Fred put the plug in and the crew divided themselves among the falls.

"Start the falls," ordered the coxswain.

The falls were eased and the boat was lowered under control.

"Lower away."

They lowered more rapidly until the boat was suspended a few inches above the crest of the wave.

"Light to."

The hands on deck let go the falls, the crew in the boat unhooked and it hit the sea. They shoved off, the fenders were taken in and the oars were shipped in the rowlocks.

"Pull away together," ordered the coxswain.

The crew plied their oars and the boat went off in search of the observer who was now out of sight, compelling them to obey the signals given from the ship.

Taffy, sweating under the heat of the tropical sun, still felt embittered at losing his Sunday dinner.

"Back in the Valley, Fred bach," he said, "my Branwen will be at chapel with my little Mena. I hope that praying she is for the sins her husband commits this day. What would the minister think if he knew that rowing on a Sunday I am?"

"Never mind about the minister. What would that 'Brylcreem boy' who's being baptized out there think if he knew we weren't rowing?"

"It's right you are," said Taffy, "row we must."

The rest was silence. The looms moved in perfect unison and the boat went steadily ahead as the blades cut into the surly ocean. Taffy was often moved by the vastness of these surroundings, but standing on the deck of the cruiser was different from being in a small boat. Now the emptiness was magnified a thousand times. On all sides the ocean swept far away to meet the edge of the sky. The



"Well, I didn't exactly come straight home"

horizon appeared to be the joints of a huge globe with himself in the center. He thought of the observer helpless in the sea. Nothing firm to grip, nothing solid to stand on, nothing real to touch. That was what it was. Nothing. Mighty, tremendous, magnificent. Nothing. Just a gigantic ring of silence. It could make a man feel powerful, it could make him feel insignificant; it could make him courageous, it could make him afraid.

Taffy began to think that there could be nothing beyond or outside all this, that this was the universe. Surely there were no green valleys and white-capped mountains. No villages, farms or people. Surely there was no sound or music. Only silence. No voices singing in the chapel, no sheep bleating in a fold, no cows plodding down the lane. Was that all a dream he had a long time ago? Was this everything—and yet nothing?

"Can't you see him yet, cox?" Fred's anxious voice shattered Taffy's reverie. "He must have damned near drifted back to the equator."

"He's just off the port bow. A few more strokes should do it. Heave ho, me hearties."

A few minutes later they reached the observer.

"Ship oars," ordered the coxswain, "or you'll chop his bloody head off."

Some willing hands quickly pulled the observer from the grip of the sea and he fell exhausted between the thwarts of the boat.

"Thanks, chaps," he gasped.

"All part of the service," said Fred, "anyway we like the exercise."

Sometime later they arrived back at the ship and prepared for hoisting. The coxswain called up to the chief bosun's mate. "All ready in the boat, sir."

The orders for hoisting were given.

"Haul taut singly!"

The men each took a fall and hauled taut.

"Marry!"

The falls were brought together and the hands waited for the next command.

"Hoist away."

The boat rose from the water and was slowly drawn to the davit head.

Then it happened! The foremost davit suddenly tore itself from the deck of the ship, swung over the side and crashed into the cutter, which swooped down perpendicular with the ship's side, being suspended from the other davit.

With the sudden jar of the boat, Fred's foot became wedged on one of the thwarts and a second later he was hanging head downward as the rest of the crew fell in the sea. He saw the davit smash into Taffy's body, chopping off both his legs and he hit the sea in three pieces. Fred closed his eyes; his stomach heaved, throwing its contents out of his mouth, down his inverted face into the hungry waves below. He felt himself pulled aboard. Back on deck he stood against the side to recover.

Meanwhile the men in the water fought helplessly against the tide. The first lieutenant gave them a puzzled stare, unable to believe what had happened. A voice from the sea reached him.

"Do something, goddam it. Throw something over."

His face flushed with anger and hurt pride, he rapped an order for boxes and life belts to be thrown to the men overboard who grabbed them gratefully as they were carried away in the wake of the ship.

The coxswain swimming near Taffy helped him on to a plank of wood that drifted beside them, and clinging to it himself he prevented the legless man from falling off and drowning.

After a few moments Taffy regained consciousness, tried to sit up and nearly toppled over but for the coxswain's restraining arm gently pushing him flat again.

"Easy boy, easy Taffy, lie down. They'll be coming to pick us up in a minute."

"Who's that?" whispered Taffy. "Is that you Fred?"

"No, it's the cox—Fred's all right. You'll be with him shortly."

"God, cox, my legs hurt. They hurt like hell. What's happened to them?"

The coxswain looked at the bloodstained plank where Taffy's

legs should have been and said: "They got cut open a bit by the boat. It's the salt water getting in them. A week in sick bay and you'll be as right as rain."

"Let me look at them." Taffy struggled to rise.

The coxswain swiftly laid him on his back again.

"No, son, take it easy or you'll tip the plank over. Have a nap. Didn't you used to have a nap at home on Sunday in the old arm-chair by the fire? Well have one now because it will be the only one you'll get in this man's Navy." He laughed hoarsely and mirthlessly.

Taffy looked into the sky which seemed to be descending to envelop him; and the swell of the tide seemed to be pushing him toward this armless, wingless yet grasping mirage. He closed his eyes to shut it out. He thought of home and the fireside, the cat in the hearth and his legs on the mantelpiece. His legs. By God, they hurt now. He made himself think of something else. He thought of his wife... his daughter—he would be seeing her for the first time. She would be nearly two years old now. His cup was full. He had something to go back to. Go back? Yes, he'd got to go back. What the hell was he doing on the damned plank? Where was the ship?

Taffy opened his eyes. "Cox! Cox! Where are they? Why don't they come for us?"

"Easy Taffy, easy. They're coming now."

When Fred regained his strength he asked the chief bosun's mate if he could go out with the other boat to pick the men up.

"All right, Lodge, fall in with the crew."

"Thanks, chief," said Fred.

The boat was quickly lowered and Fred took the stroke oar, setting up a powerful pace. All he could think about was Taffy. He had to get to Taffy. As they rescued each man from the deep he asked if the Welshman had been seen. The last one picked up reported having seen him drift downstream, with the coxswain unable to fight the tide. Fred feathered his oars and rowed harder than he had ever done in his life. Only when he heard the voice off the starboard bow did his tense expression soften slightly. It was the coxswain.

"Row! You deck lice—row! There's a man injured here."

As he drew near, Fred called across to Taffy.

"Taffy. It's me, Fred. How do you feel?"

"Hello, Fred. It's about time you came. My legs hurt like hell."

Fred choked back a sob. "Don't worry, shipmate. They'll soon be better. Next week we'll be ashore in Cape Town having the time of our life. Into the boat now."

The coxswain tried to lift Taffy up, and the others reached out to get him. A sheet was put around his body to shield him from the truth. As they helped him aboard the sheet caught on a rowlock and fell across the gunwale. Taffy's eyes filled with horror.

"My legs!" he screamed. "Where are my legs?"

The coxswain pulled the sheet into the boat after him and swiftly threw it over Taffy. Fred sat beside him. "Steady sailor," he said, "your legs are there—didn't you just say they hurt?"

This calmed Taffy and he closed his eyes while Fred made him as comfortable as possible.

The coxswain spoke softly to Fred. "All his pelvic bones seem to be broken," he said. "I don't think he'll even hang out until we get back to the ship."

"He's in a bad way," replied Fred, his voice filled with emotion. "I wish to God I could do something."

"I think we had better stay here with him—let someone else take your oar."

Fred gave his oar up to another member of the crew and together with the coxswain sat by Taffy who lay at the bottom of the boat.

Suddenly Taffy felt the pain surge over his body until it engulfed him, and then set him free. Now there was no pain. He could not feel the tossing of the boat, nor the rolling of the waves. He could not see the clouds pass through the sky; nor hear the murmur of the men. He could not feel his messmate's hand on his face, or the coxswain draw the sheet over his head. ##



"Hi ya, Prof, I hear you guys have been dickerin' for more dough"

An intimate reminiscence on Ernie Pyle, who fled blindly from personal fears to become the hero and the victim of war

Pictures of Ernie

by A. J. LIEBLING



THE photograph that impressed me most in *An Ernie Pyle Album*, by Lee G. Miller (William Sloane Associates, \$3) is the one at the bottom of page 128 that shows the late correspondent talking to an Air Force lieutenant colonel on Saipan early in 1945. The two men are standing on a veranda and the officer is pointing out into an unpictured distance with his left hand. The caption says, "Here he is, with Lieutenant Colonel John H. Griffith of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, commanding officer of the 875th, who was lost later in a night incendiary attack on Japan. Ernie had met Griffith in 1942 aboard the transport *Rangitiki* on the way from England to Africa." I was used to the idea of Ernie being dead, but I hadn't known that Griffith was. This sort of chance encounter with a photograph makes you not want to wonder about fellows you used to know.

In England Griff had had the kind of bad luck that is good luck, twice. He had gone there in the Spring of 1942 as a major commanding a squadron of A-20s, the light Douglas bombers that the R.A.F. had started using before we entered the war, calling them Bostons. Griff's squadron had come by ship. Just before he sailed he learned that the squadron's planes had been crated up and sent to Russia by mistake. "There had been a lot of wear and tear on the engines anyway," he told me when I met him for the first time, in the officers' lounge of an R.A.F. station called Swanton Morley, in eastern England, "because the planes had been flown back and forth across the United States so many times while they were deciding whether to send us to the Aleutian Islands or over here." By the time he arrived at Bristol, he and a lot of other flyers were down with yellow jaundice, anyway, so the planes would have been of no use to them. The jaundice, the result of yellow-fever shots, kept Griff out of the first American air operation against German-occupied territory, on the Fourth of July. A number of the unjaundiced A-20 men whose planes had gone to Russia were posted to British fields to live with the R.A.F. and learn by precept, observation and practice. Six crews of these Americans flew from Swanton Morley on the Fourth, in Bostons. Two of the six crews were lost and the rest got back with difficulty and full of holes, so perhaps it was lucky for Griff that he missed it, but he did not feel that way when I saw him. By that time, in August, I think, some virgin A-20s had arrived for his squadron and he looked like a white man again and was flying them out of Swanton Morley, learning British techniques.

The second fortunate attack of bad luck he had, which I learned about from him later, was that he let some of the boys in his squadron use a couple of jeeps that he had to go joy-riding in, and they got in trouble. His superiors took what they had just learned to call a "dim view" of his free-and-easy way of running his command, so he had been relieved of it and assigned to the staff of the Twelfth Air Force, which was to operate in the Mediterranean. This depressed him worse than the jaundice. I met him again on the *Rangitiki*, which was a mixed-pickle ship loaded with Air Force ground personnel, doctors, nurses, medical troops, infantry replacements, and war correspondents of the unhurried variety. He was twenty-eight then and had been in the Army since 1936. With his bottom in a

chair and the chair on the floor of some rear-echelon headquarters, he thought he would be passed over completely, and kids who had never seen a plane until 1941 would get all the glory that should be his. But subsequently, when the squadron he commanded got pushed out into the fringe of the desert where, flying off a camel pasture, it was rapidly shot to pieces, I thought that he was well out of it.

After we landed I used to see Griff only occasionally. Twelfth Air Force set up a Bomber Command at Constantine, nearer the Tunisian targets than Algiers, but still a couple of hundred miles from the front, and Griff was posted there. Telergma, the airport of Constantine, was where you changed planes traveling between Algiers and advanced airfields like Youks-les-Bains and Thelepte, and once I met Griff there, looking for a chance to get in his monthly flying time on any kind of a ship. On another occasion I was grounded at Constantine overnight and had dinner with him. His office was in the municipal art museum, hidden among the Roman antiquities, and he was extremely irritated by his earthbound fate. But after the African campaign was over, when I remembered all the good boys I had broken bread with who had been killed there, it used to please me to think that Griff anyhow had survived. He must have considered it great good luck to be promoted to lieutenant colonel and assigned to command a squadron of B-29s, tremendous great planes compared to the ground-skimming A-20s. But the improvement in his fortunes killed him.

Ernie Pyle and I were among the correspondents on the *Rangitiki*. Rangitikei, in case you care, is the name of a river on the North Island of New Zealand, and the ship before the war had plied between New Zealand and Britain carrying frozen meat and boiled passengers. The spot-news boys had got out to Africa ahead of us. The invasion began on November 8, and we didn't sail from Newport Haven in Wales until the next day. We had already heard from the British Broadcasting Company that fighting at Algiers had ended, but resistance was continuing at Casablanca and Oran, so far as we knew. Ollie Stewart, of the Baltimore *Afro-American*, was one of my cabin mates, and every night before we turned in I used to ask him: "Ollie, where do you hope we land?" "Someplace where

resistance has ceased," he used to say earnestly, and we would shake hands on it. Ernie felt about the same. I had met him once or twice in London, and had been impressed, like everybody else, by the circumstance that he looked so much like his picture at the head of his column and talked so much like he wrote. On the ship I learned too that he was really very kind. Before meeting him I had decided, from the extreme kindness of his stuff, that he must be a hypocritical skinflint. He was always driving around the United States in an automobile in those early columns, you remember, and finding exemplary people in wretched hamlets in the interior. He looked very frail and promptly got the flu.

After we got ashore at Oran, where resistance *had* ceased, fortunately, Ernie got another variety of bad cold which he called, rather proudly, "desert flu." We lived at the Grand Hotel, not very grandiose, and for awhile were roommates. He found North Africa (Continued on page 164)



"During the war it was information, General—now it's you I want!"



Pastoral by JOE DE MERS

Nothing thrills this dilettante gardener like the song of robins—unless it's the poignant note of the telephone bell. How diverting to leave one's town house for a day in the country—provided it's a short drive back to the madding crowd. Has she been missed? Have the boys in the Oak Room at the Plaza ploughed her under in their

phone books to make room for the blonde at the Stork, who, even in this urban locale, has been growing on them? She'll find the answer in the old game of petal-pulling, which according to French rules goes: "He loves me—a little—much—passionately—not at all—he loves me." In or out of town, our money's on this Esquire Girl.



Challenge **by FRITZ WILLIS**

To fence, the dictionary informs, is to spar, to vie, to engage. Here, then, is a Fritz Willis Esquire Girl making the most complimentary gesture in beauty's repertoire—challenging the smitten male to an engagement. On the surface, all the young lady desires is a contest of foils, but who's to say what the outcome will be?

Her masculine opponent is happily doomed, regardless of score. Should he outpoint her, he will nevertheless lose something of far greater importance than a fencing match—his heart. Even a D'Artagnan or a Count of Monte-Cristo could not handle a rapier so skillfully as to avoid that inevitable fate. And who would want to?



ACKERMAN

All theorizing aside, the real secret of effective hunting is to dispatch the animal by hitting him in a vital zone

Killing Power

by CHARLES B. ROTH

ONE of the unsolved mysteries in any sportsman's life revolves about the following riddle: why is it that at times a single small bullet can kill a heavy animal, while at others an animal no larger than a cottontail rabbit can absorb "its weight in lead" and still keep going?

I know a Wyoming guide who once killed a 700-pound grizzly bear with a single shot from a .25 caliber automatic pistol—one of those little handbag guns with a two-inch barrel, useful mostly for making a noise. One shot to the brain dropped the grizzly immediately. Another friend of mine, an old hillbilly, never used anything but a .22 special to hunt deer. He never had one get away.

On the other hand, I saw an expert rifleman shoot the lower part off the head of a jack rabbit with a .45-70, and we had to trail the rabbit half a mile before we could dispatch him. And an old railroad detective I know was once in a fracas in which he received a .45-90 slug right through the neck. He didn't know anything had happened until the fight was all over, and he found himself bleeding. He didn't feel the impact. Yet the .45-90 has been known to stop an elephant in its tracks. What is this slender thread of life that can be severed on some occasions with a breath, and at others is so strong a cannon shot cannot break it?

There are two schools of thought on the subject of killing power. There is the small-bore, high-velocity school, which believes that a light projectile traveling at terrific speed will do more damage to nerve centers and tissues, and hence will kill quicker than the older, heavier, slower bullet. In the other school are the large-bore, heavy-bullet advocates who contend that a heavy bullet, moving with comparative slowness, will do more damage and kill quicker than the lighter, faster bullet. And since both can present about the same amount of evidence in the form of actual animals slain and case histories of the effect of their favorite calibers, the school to which a man happens to belong is largely a matter of personal preference.

All modern rifles are high-velocity rifles, shooting a light projectile behind a heavy powder charge and developing terrific speed. The .220 Swift, the fastest rifle on record, has a muzzle velocity of 4140 feet (roughly 4/5 of a mile) per second. That is practically at the rate of 3900 miles per hour.

The Swift is a popular rifle among experienced and successful American hunters. It uses a 46-grain bullet. Yet these marksmen use this little toy bullet, which weighs only 6 grains more than the bullet in an ordinary .22 long rifle, to hunt such heavy game as elk, moose, bear, caribou. They report satisfying results.

The slower-moving bullets of yesteryear still do good service. I know a number of hunters who use the old .45-70, with its 405-grain bullet, almost ten times as heavy as the 46-grain bullet of the Swift. The .45-70 bullet goes only 1320 feet a second—a third as fast as the Swift. But these hunters argue that once you hit an animal with that 405-grain slug, you anchor him. I talked not long ago to an English sportsman who had just returned from Africa. More as an oddity than anything else, he took along a model 1886 Winchester .50-100-450. This gun is known as a "freight train" because the 450-grain bullet moves so slowly. The

caliber has been obsolete for many years. But this Englishman actually discovered that it was the best killer on lions and tigers of any gun he had. He tried the modern high-speed guns. They killed all right, but when he shot a lion with the old .50-100-450, the lion stopped right there.

Personally I believe in the heavy bores, because I have seen more kills made quicker and cleaner with heavy bullets than with light. If it were merely a question of killing, I suppose that the light bullet would do just as good a job as a heavier bullet. But as I see the question of killing power, the ideal toward which every sportsman should move is the gun which will bring about what the old-time hide hunters on the western plains called "dropping kills"—kills made so swiftly and so cleanly that the animal is dead before it drops. It doesn't stagger around, run 100 yards, fall down, get up, run again; it drops down, stone dead, the minute the bullet penetrates a vital part.

We have had a number of rifles in this country that seem to have just the right balance to develop the maximum of efficiency or killing power. I suppose that the greatest killer ever made in America was the old Sharps Buffalo—obsolete now for more than half a century. Its technical description was .45-120-550, meaning that the caliber was .45; that it shot 120 grains of black powder; that the weight of the bullet was 550 grains. That 550-grain bullet was about as big around as a man's finger and almost an inch in length. It was a slug—a terrific killer. Col. Frank H. Mayer, last of the old-time buffalo hunters, has told me of shooting heavy buffalo with it at ranges from 300 to 500 yards, and never having had to take a second shot. When the animals were hit with one of those heavy slugs, they went down as though poleaxed, and down they stayed.

For all the controversy, however, the fact is that a good hunter can get his game with any rifle he chooses, provided he knows where to hit. And the region where the animal is struck is, in the last analysis, more important than the projectile the hunter happens to be using.

Undoubtedly the best spot for a shot is the brain, because when the missile passes through the brain substance it almost inevitably causes death. There have been cases reported of animals that moved after having the brain penetrated, but it doesn't happen very often. When a mammal drops instantly, and all movement ceases, it is safe to assume that the brain or cervical portion of the spinal cord has been struck. This is not true of birds or reptiles, however, because the spinal cord in birds and snakes has a much more extensive function, as compared with the brain, than in mammalia.

On the western plains the wild-horse hunters, known as mustangers, developed a technique known as "creasing." They merely shot close to the head of the animal, so close as to cause a mild concussion. The horse would drop as if shot through the brain, but it would not be harmed permanently, only stunned. Then the hunter would rush up, tie the feet of the helpless animal and, when it recovered consciousness, break it in the regular fashion.

I have known of animals which have ac- (Continued on page 161)



"Superman, eh, Pop?"

Valentine for Page One

Writing the sob story in his usual slick style, Burns set the journalism students an example of hard-boiled imperturbability

by JOSEPH E. SHANER



THE tall journalism student rubbed his chin. The small one grinned uncertainly. "The city editor told us we could learn more from you in ten minutes than from the whole city staff in six weeks," the tall one said. "That is, provided as he said, you don't eat us alive."

Burns sighed, gaping balefully at them. "Just as I start work on a story, I must teach journalism, too," he said. He shook his head despondently. "About you are reporters, trained seals, specialists, ex-war correspondents and self-styled experts on any subject either of you can name. Each is at his betrothed pastime of cutting out paper dolls or projecting dreams against the ceiling. But Solomon sends you to the rewrite desk!"

"We don't want to harass you," the smaller youth said. "Could we just look on? Maybe we could pick up some pointers that way?"

Burns sighed again. "Sit down," he said disgruntledly. The two snatched chairs and sat down, crumpling their overcoats on their laps. "You want to know how rewrite works?" Burns asked.

"Oh, no," the tall boy said, "we're seniors. We learned all that—" "Seniors!" ejaculated Burns. "You tell me then!"

The tall boy shifted uneasily. He glanced at his companion.

"All right," said Burns. "It's like this. Since you know that leg-men get the stories and the rewrite man writes them, I'll pretend you're not in kindergarten. Your lesson for today is Imperturbability. From the Book of Job, Chapter 1, Verse 1, entitled, 'Never be impatient nor let a story get you.'"

"Cheek," both boys said.

"Notes for this story," Burns said, showing them his hieroglyphics. "A boy, killed by a truck. Had a valentine in his hand."

"Oh, that's too bad," said the tall boy.

"What's bad about it? It's got the earmarks of a good story."

"I mean it's sad," the boy replied apologetically.

"Nothing is sad," said Burns. "On this desk you have no time to be sad, or glad, or excited. It'd rattle you. You'd botch the job."

"If your own father beat your mother and threw her out of the house at night in the snow, could you write the story?" Burns asked, glinting from one student to the other. "A good man could sit still

and write it, and then go home and square accounts with the old man. But he'd only be good. To be perfect, he'd have to write the story with complete objectivity, unexcited and cool, and take sides with neither his father nor mother."

"I catch what you mean," the smaller student said.

"You must be capable of emotionless, merciless objectivity. You must be calm, come what may. You may work a big fire at edition time. Six or eight men overload you with details over the phone, and the city desk yells for the story; the copy desk yells; the make-up man and the managing editor yell."

"They can lose their heads, but you can't. The managing editor may bite his desk in half. The city editor, hopped up on coffee and pills, stands over you, jabbering for you to rush, rush, rush. You've no time to jump up and smash every bone in his head. You just write it, and fast."

"We see," the tall boy said, speaking for both.

"All right then, how would you go about this story?"

"Right in the lead," the tall boy said, "I'd say, quote, While delivering a valentine today, John Doe was killed and so on."

"For that you capture the undying privilege of sitting in a newspaper office," Burns said. The student smiled confidently. "In classified advertising or as a clerk in the circulation department?" Burns added. "Who's he delivering the valentine to?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I," Burns glanced at the clock. "Twenty-five minutes to deadline for the Final Edition. Lots of time. I sent the reporter who phoned from the hospital to the boy's home. He'll call in any minute. Maybe he'll find who the valentine was intended for and maybe not. Meanwhile, I'll work some angles. Amuse yourselves..."

"We'll watch and listen," the tall boy said.

Burns pulled a black notebook from his desk. "School telephone numbers," he explained. "They're not in the regular phone book." He ran his finger down the page, put the earphones on and put through a call. "Someone may still be at the school," he said.

Burns talked first to a secretary, snarled at her until he had the principal, and snarled again until he got the boy's teacher. He questioned her in detail and scrawled on a pad of copy paper. When he hung up, he said, "They don't know who it was for. He seemed to like the little girl who lived next door. The class had its Valentine's Day party right after lunch."

Burns leafed through the phone book. He made six calls before he turned to them with a faint smile of triumph. "The valentine was for his mother," Burns said. The tall student said, "Oh, gee!" Burns gazed blankly at him. "I dug up the store where he bought the card." The phone rang and Burns scribbled some more. "Our man just talked with the mother," he said. "The story falls together nicely now."

Burns lighted a cigarette and exhaled through his nose. "Sit still," he said, "and I'll shoot you an extra carbon as I go along."

"How about it, Burns?" the city editor shouted.

"Take your time. Have I stuck an edition yet?"

Burns bent over the machine. After he wrote a paragraph he studied it intently. "Smells," he said, ripping out the paper. He puffed again on the cigarette, then ground it into a twisted mass in the tin, butt-filled ash tray. He resumed and in a few minutes called, "Copy!" Burns tossed a carbon to the students. It said:

Ronald Taylor, 7, clamped his wool-lined winter hat over his curly red hair, stood on tiptoe to kiss his mother's cheek and then bounded out the door of the Taylor home at 4518 Grandview Terrace this morn-



"What? Only \$350,000 for my story—with the cost of living going up as it is?"

ing, with a whoop, toward school. Ronald leaped the last two steps, but stopped suddenly when he remembered what day it was. He ran back up the porch steps and knocked. "What now?" asked Mrs. Taylor. "What did you forget?"

"I need a quarter," Ronald said.

The boys looked at one another after reading the unorthodox lead. The lines were growing on the second take. "Copy!" Burns called again. He tossed them another carbon:

"That's a lot of money, isn't it?" Mrs. Taylor asked. Ronald did not answer. He waited for the second question: "What's it for?" his mother asked.

"It's Valentine's Day."

Mrs. Taylor thought of the number of valentines a small boy could buy for twenty-five cents. She smiled. "You must have a lot of girls," she said. Ronald flushed and averted his eyes, then looked up at his mother again with the sure look of a child who knows he won't be denied.

Burns wrote as though no one else were in the room. He did not look at them as he mechanically shoved them the next carbon:

"You win," said Mrs. Taylor. She took two nickels, a dime and five pennies from her change purse and gave it to Ronald. While his mother supervised, he knotted the change in a corner of his handkerchief and jammed it into his pants pocket. Then he kissed his mother again and ran down the steps, down Grandview Terrace to Colchester Avenue, across the busy intersection of Colchester and Queen Anne to Grade School No. 67.

Miss Leah Smith, Ronald's teacher in Grade 2, had a trying morning. Ronald and his thirty-three classmates bubbled and chattered ceaselessly, eagerly anticipating the St. Valentine's Day party scheduled for the final hour of school. At 1 o'clock this afternoon when Miss Smith announced the party was to start, the youngsters clapped their hands. The boys whistled. Girls shrieked.

"Hey, Tolstoi!" yelled the slot man from the copy desk. "What happens in this masterpiece? How can we put a head on this?" Burns peered past the students at the slot man. "So he gets killed by a truck," Burns said evenly. He turned to the students. "These copy butchers," he said, "these fugitive professors of English who should be in tank-town colleges; they yowl, too. If you don't put who, what, when, where and how in the first sentence and one of them must think to hook his headline, they'll try to impale you on a paste brush, and they'll gnash their teeth and clack their scissors at you. Let them shake to their deaths with Nervous Nelly fidgets. Get on with your story."

That is what Burns did. He pulled another carbon from the typewriter and handed it to them, then wrote on while they read:

Miss Smith had prepared a large cardboard box, trimmed with white bunting, with a large heart and numerous small hearts pasted on it. The box was brought from the cloak-room and placed up front. One by one the pupils walked, some laughing and some red-faced, to the heart-adorned box and dropped in their cards. Every eye shone.

But Ronald Taylor did not go up to the box. Instead, he sat and watched. The two nickels, the dime and the five pennies were still snug in the handkerchief in his pants pocket.

Then came the delivery of letters. Agnes Merriweather, who lives next door to Ronald, had the honor of being postmistress because she had won five gold stars, the maximum, for classwork during the last week. As she called the names, the youngsters came up and carried their valentines back to their desks. She called Ronald's name a dozen times, her own even oftener. She piled her cards on the teacher's desk, and when all valentines had been delivered she returned with hers to her desk.

The next take was brief. It was in their hands by the time they'd finished the previous one:

Then Miss Smith announced: "You may open them now," and amid screaming and laughter, the pupils of Grade 2, School No. 67, found out how they stood with one another. Miss Smith found out, too, and she was pleased. She received 33. She did not notice someone had held out. But

Agnes Merriweather did. Agnes rushed through all her cards but did not find the one she sought. Agnes looked over at Ronald. She had sent him one.

The keys padded snack, snack against the copy paper. Burns detachedly lighted another cigarette, drawing once and putting it down immediately to resume on the typewriter. He could have been writing an advance on a club meeting. The next take said:

At 2 o'clock, school let out. Usually Ronald and Agnes walked the five blocks home together. Today, Ronald didn't wait for her, but broke away from the effusive children as they came down the school's front steps.

Ronald ran to the stationery store and gift shoppe operated by George Bookhammer, at Queen Anne near Colchester. The supply of valentines for small purses had dwindled. Less than a dozen lay on the table. Ronald studied them and then said to Mr. Bookhammer, "I want something better; I want the best." "Someone special, I should say," Mr. Bookhammer said. "How much are you willing to pay?"

"Twenty-five cents," Ronald said.

The copy boy was standing by for the next take. "It's getting too long," the city editor called. "Close it up." Burns flipped another take from the machine. He did not look at the city editor. The take read:

Mr. Bookhammer stepped over to the high-priced cards. There was a nifty one, with frilly masses of old-fashioned lace, and a pretty girl, and a large, silver-flecked heart in the inset. Price fifty cents. "Who's the card for?" Mr. Bookhammer asked. "My mother," Ronald said. "This one comes at exactly a quarter," Mr. Bookhammer said. Ronald liked it. He paid, shouted, "Thanks!" and flew skippety-hop out the door.

Ronald was in a hurry to get home. He didn't wait for the traffic light at Colchester and Queen Anne, and darted into the street, police said. A van operated by T. J. Tammamro struck him and drove his body up against a traffic pylon. Mr. Tammamro said Ronald appeared so suddenly he could not fully halt the truck.

A municipal ambulance rushed Ronald to St. Mary's Hospital. While nurses removed his clothing preparatory to taking him into the operating room, Ronald Taylor died. In his right hand he still clutched the valentine.

"That's it," said Burns, leaning back in his chair. "Thirty."

The tall boy's eyes welled up. "I could almost cry," he said. "It's a swell story."

"Oh, the customers'll bawl their heads off going home tonight," Burns commented. "Boo, hoo!"

Burns rubbed his forehead as though he were tired. "Go over and see what sort of a head they put on it," he said. The boys strode over and watched. The copyreader soon counted off a two-column head he liked: "Mother's Valentine—A Broken Heart."

"That's a sweet head," the slot man said. "Mark it Page 1." The slot man beheld Burns, who had walked wearily over back of the

city editor. "Nice story," he said softly. Burns did not reply. "Cafeteria," Burns said to the city editor. The city editor nodded. The journalism students, marveling, stared as Burns sauntered across the newsroom and out the door.

Burns shuffled into the cafeteria, got a cup of coffee and went over to the window. Trolleys clanged and rattled far below; lights gleamed in the offices of tall buildings, yellow in the cold, early harvest of February gloom. Burns pursed his lips half-bitterly at the saint-hood of imperturbability he knew he had impressed forever on the two students. It would become legend at the university just as it was legend in every newsroom he'd ever worked in. Under crisis, no matter what the story, Burns was immovable; Burns was rock.

He sipped the coffee, beginning to feel the tragic crush of what he'd written, small bare fact upon small bare fact, an undelivered valentine. The coffee went down hard. Burns looked about in the hushed, almost empty cafeteria, turned again to the window and the blackness and bit hard on the inside of his mouth, but at last it came as he knew it would come, as it always came after he'd written something too big for himself, too big for anyone no matter how long and hard they courted the newsman's never attainable, hard-boiled goal of complete, cold calm, and Burns wept. ‡



"Aren't you locking the barn after the horse is stolen?"

For every strip that succeeds, forty fail,
and even the experts can't always tell why

Comics Are a Funny Business

by HARRY E. ELMELARK



WHEN Ham Fisher offered to McNaught Syndicate the battered sheaf of roughly drawn, untitled sketches that were to become *Joe Palooka*, neither the syndicate nor the artist held out much hope for the cartoon's success. In fact, Charlie McAdam, McNaught's manager, was so unimpressed that Fisher ended up by going on the road and peddling the strip himself. That was in 1929 and since then, of course, both Fisher and his bucolic pugilist have made a batch of comic-strip history.

Conversely, some years later McNaught scooped the cartoon-syndicate world by lining up what seemed to be the comic strip coup of the decade—a comic feature based on Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Newspaper editors knocked each other down trying to get at it. Before the first strip appeared in print, \$1600 a week nestled comfortably on McNaught's books. Bergen and his pugnacious puppet made cartoon history, too. The strip turned out to be one of the all-time comic flops.

And that's just about typical of the comic strip business. It's unpredictable. It's funny. It features a million laughs a minute and just as many heartbreaks. And even its most experienced heads have still to conjure up a measuring rod or a formula which will tell them in advance which strip will zoom, which will fall with the proverbial dull thud.

About sixty million Americans every day read more than one hundred newspaper comic strips. Hundreds of thousands base their choice of daily newspapers on the comics they or their children prefer. Indeed, only one important American daily newspaper feels that it can do without the "funnies."

Yet even the term "comic strip" is an affront to logic. The word "comic," partly misnomer, partly euphemism, is a holdover from earlier days when all strips were intended to be funny. Contemporary reference to comics, with such high-income, low-comedy exceptions as *Blondie* and *Li'l Abner*, is far more likely to suggest *Dick Tracy* viewing the grotesque remains of The Brow impaled on a flagpole than a belly laugh from *Mutt and Jeff*.

These and the hundred or so "funnies" appearing in newspapers today are distributed by seven or eight major feature syndicates. To

these, ambitious amateur and professional cartoonists, dreaming of lush profits, submit forty to fifty strips for every one that the syndicates consider worth offering to newspapers. But acceptance by a syndicate by no means assures sale to publishers.

Most syndicates require at least six weeks of material from the artist before offering a strip for sale. Unless the syndicate originally retained the artist to do the strip, the creator works on a speculative basis. But speculation is two-edged. The syndicate knows that chances of failure far exceed those of success. Whereas the cartoonist has invested his work, the syndicate, once having decided to give the strip a whirl, must set in motion an expensive staff to present the strip to hard-boiled, realistic editors. The cost to the syndicate of offering the strip easily exceeds any reasonable value which the artist could place upon his work.

Plates must be engraved and proofs of the strip run off. If no Sunday page is involved the cost is about \$250. Another \$800 can be added if four weeks of Sunday pages in four colors are included. Each syndicate employs one or more high-priced salesmen at a tab of no less than \$300 a week with expenses. The syndicate's sales force embarks on quick trips to key newspapers to determine immediate reaction to the strip.

In the meantime the home office is busy. A promotion expert lays out and writes copy for high-powered, direct mail advertising. This goes to the editors or publishers of 1500 daily newspapers and the cost can easily exceed \$750. Two salesmen on a two-week road trip certainly mark up another \$1200.

Even if the strip is fortunate enough to line up enough papers to get going, critical weeks lie ahead of its first appearance in print. There may be a few cancellations from the original fifteen or twenty papers. If the strip holds for six months and the list of clients increases, even slowly, there is reason for delight. Continued growth for the first year with only a small percentage of mortality spells definite success.

But this classic pattern is not followed by all successes. *Blondie*, for example, struggled along for many years as a second-rater before it was recognized by editors with almost simultaneous spontaneity.

Popeye, one of the greatest of the funny comics up to the time of the inimitable Segar's death, was of minor consequence during its early years when it was known as *Thimble Theatre*.

Few success stories among strips equal the drama in *Superman's* sudden and unexpected rise to affluence. Within a year it lifted a moribund syndicate to an activity and importance it had not enjoyed for years. The two young creators, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, saw their combined annual income rise from less than \$5000 into an impressive five-figure bracket. In seven years *Superman* has earned close to a million dollars as a newspaper feature.

But *Superman's* early months gave little promise. For nearly a year it could do no better than about ten clients. Then a national magazine published a full-page panegyric. That did it. Editors who had been rejecting the strip each time a salesman called, now clamored for the right to print it. More than 300 newspapers signed up. Now moving in with the second-raters, *Superman* was a flash in the pan compared with the long-time favorites. But the flash was atomic and the skillet huge.

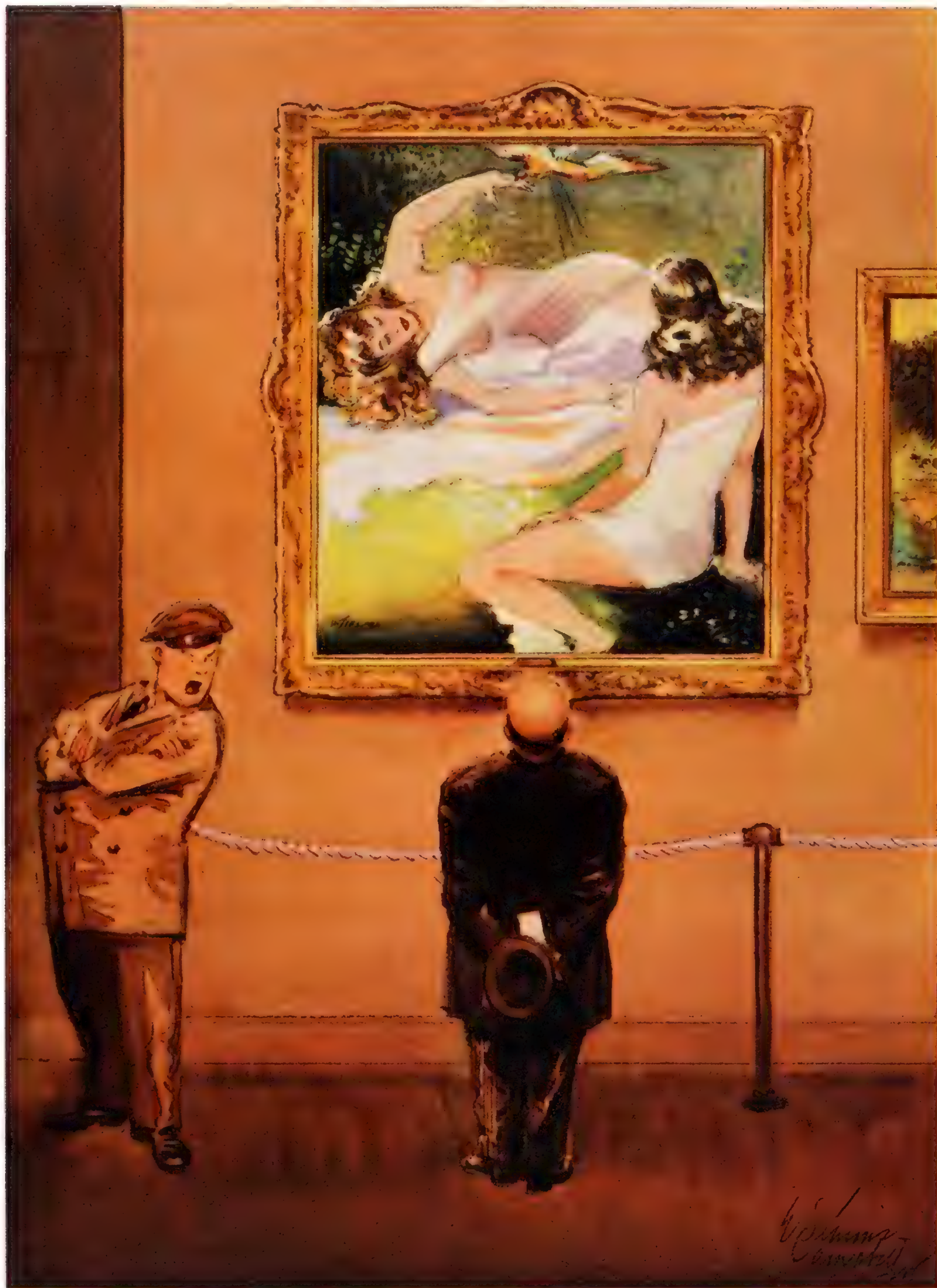
A more recent though less dramatic success story is the laborious rise of *Barnaby*, a funny strip with qualities of high comedy—which represents a new twist in comics and possibly augurs a trend. Its audience is small, literate, adult and articulate in its devotion to *Barnaby*. Most *Barnaby* fans find in it the first comic strip (Continued on page 193)



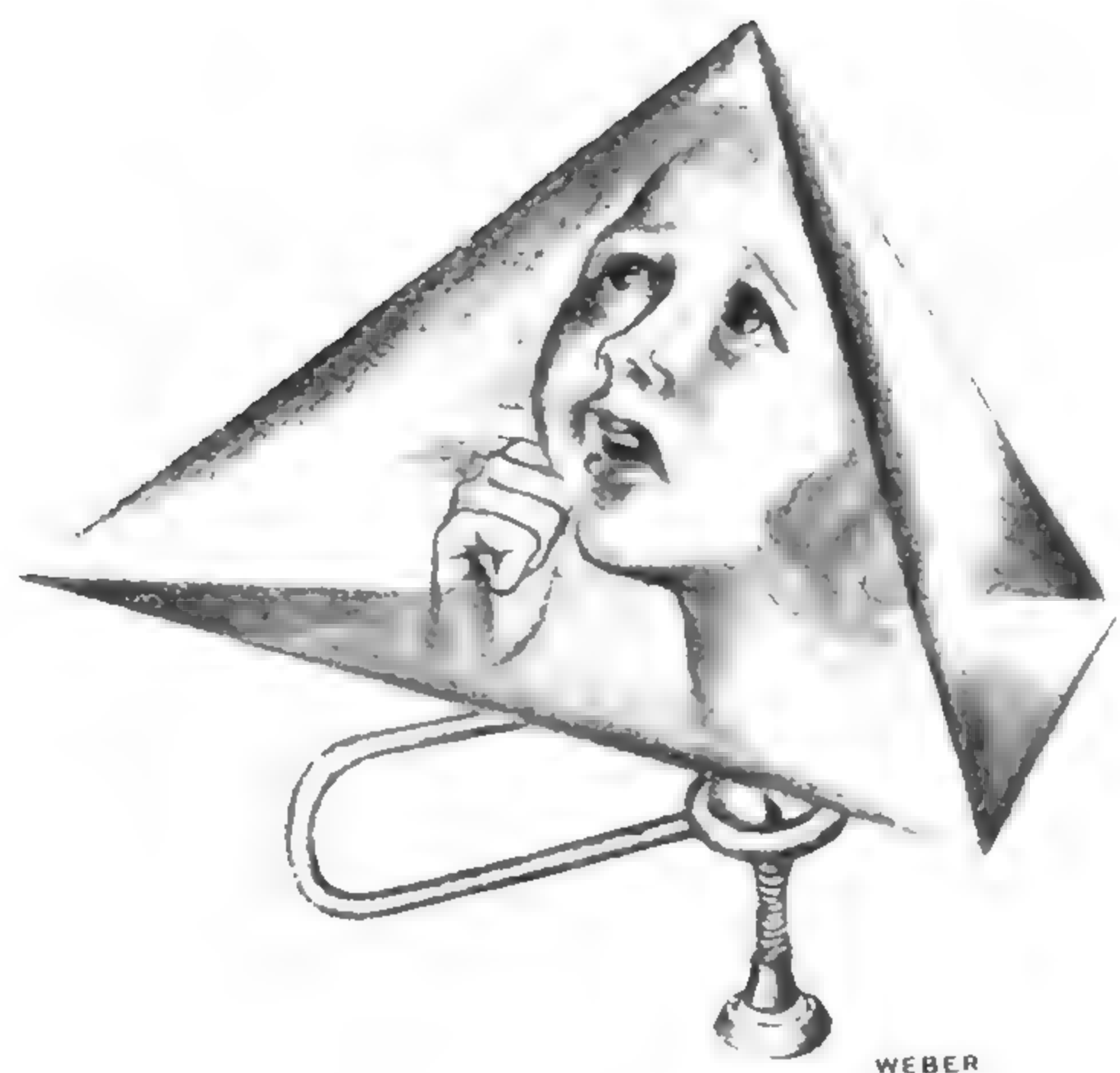
"And whose little boy are you?"



"This is my mother"



"Okay, buddy—break it up!"



Suicide was the obvious answer but there were questions, including the locale of the shot and Angelica's emerald earring

Kudos for the Kid

by HENRY KANE

I STOPPED looking through the glass at the candies and I looked at her looking through the glass at the candies and I watched while she turned, slowly: a voltage blonde with curves.

Then she smiled. Tentatively.

Nothing else was tentative about her: not the firm-bosomed sleek-clothed figure; not the serious, long-lashed blue almond eyes; not the fragile sweep of unenquiring eyebrow nor the complexity of hat that was precisely rakish over the gold massed hair.

"How do you do?" I said, fairly feebly.

"Um."

So, on a fresh clean day on the avenue at a quarter to ten in the morning, a glow burgeoned inside of me like grouped Martinis, but quick.

"Beautiful candies," I said, intelligently. "And a lovely day."

She moved away from the window and I moved with her.

I wasn't sure—but what did I have to lose?

It was springtime on Fifth Avenue and I was a private copper without a crime or a case, which was swell by me, and the day was clear and dry and sunny and I was happy and rested and full of vitamins—so the prospect of an afternoon's idyll was just too damn lovely for words.

Only I wasn't sure.

"My name is Angelica Long," she said.

"Peter Chambers."

I held her arm, which was round and good to the touch, and all the way to Fifty-seventh Street we said nothing to each other, loudly. Then she said: "We are going to call on my father. If you don't mind."

That was a new one on me.

We went across to Madison and in the steep hotel we rode express to the tower apartment. She nibbled at the door with delicate knuckles. "He isn't well. I don't want to wake him if he's sleeping."

No one answered.

We went across the hall and she pushed for the elevator.

"My father is asleep," she said to the man. "Will you get the keys, please?"

He went away and we waited and then he came back with a solitary key on an enormous key ring which he wore around his neck like an unpulled noose and he opened the door and he bowed. We went through, and she closed the door behind us softly.

First there was a small round foyer; then there was a large rose-carpeted living room with five curved windows, open top and bottom, sheer grey curtains fluffing out quietly into the room. There was a wide, wood rocking chair, over to the right near one window, and a big man filled it, left profile, in off-blue notched-lapel gabardine, no vest, with his head down and his eyes closed and one hand over the arm of the chair, almost touching the floor. His forehead jutted and his eyes were deep and his hair was thick and white and long at the neck, spilling over on his yellow shirt, open at the throat, collar-over-jacket.

He didn't hear us.

"Sleeping," she said. "Come in here."

She walked on tiptoe, nylons glistening along tapering legs, not too slender, and she rustled faintly and excitingly; high-hipped with delicate bones and graceful.

I put my hat on the bed and I selected a chair.

She sat across from me in the cool green bedroom and she crossed her legs and I had trouble keeping my eyes away from her knees, but I managed.

"Did you bring it?" she said.

"I beg your pardon."

"Did you bring it?"

"What?"

"The earring."

"What?"

"Earring."

"Earring?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That's what I said."

That got us nowhere, fast.

She stood up and I admired her, but nervously now, and she went to where she had shed her bag and she took the clipping out and brought it to me: "If the lady who lost an earring at the Knights of Pythias ball Tuesday evening will meet me Friday morning between 9 and 10 in front of Fanny Farmer's at 45th and 5th, and identify her property, I shall be happy to return it."

Now I was sure: no dice.

"I am very sorry," I said.

"I don't understand."

"I balled it up."

"Please?"

"I was on the street. I stopped in front (Continued on page 125)



Journey to Stardom: Teresa Wright

When Teresa Wright made her Broadway bow in *Life with Father* she struck Samuel Goldwyn as the girl most likely to hold her own with Bette Davis in *The Little Foxes*. Neither an Academy Award for her ingénue part in *Mrs. Miniver* nor recent acclaim following *The Best Years of Our Lives* have disturbed her perspective; she is Hollywood's least affected actress. With her marriage to author-producer Niven Busch, she became stepmother to two boys, liked this exacting role enough to have a son of her own, thinks that three more children should complete the family. You'll be seeing her soon in *The Bishop's Wife*.

A Close-up of Democracy

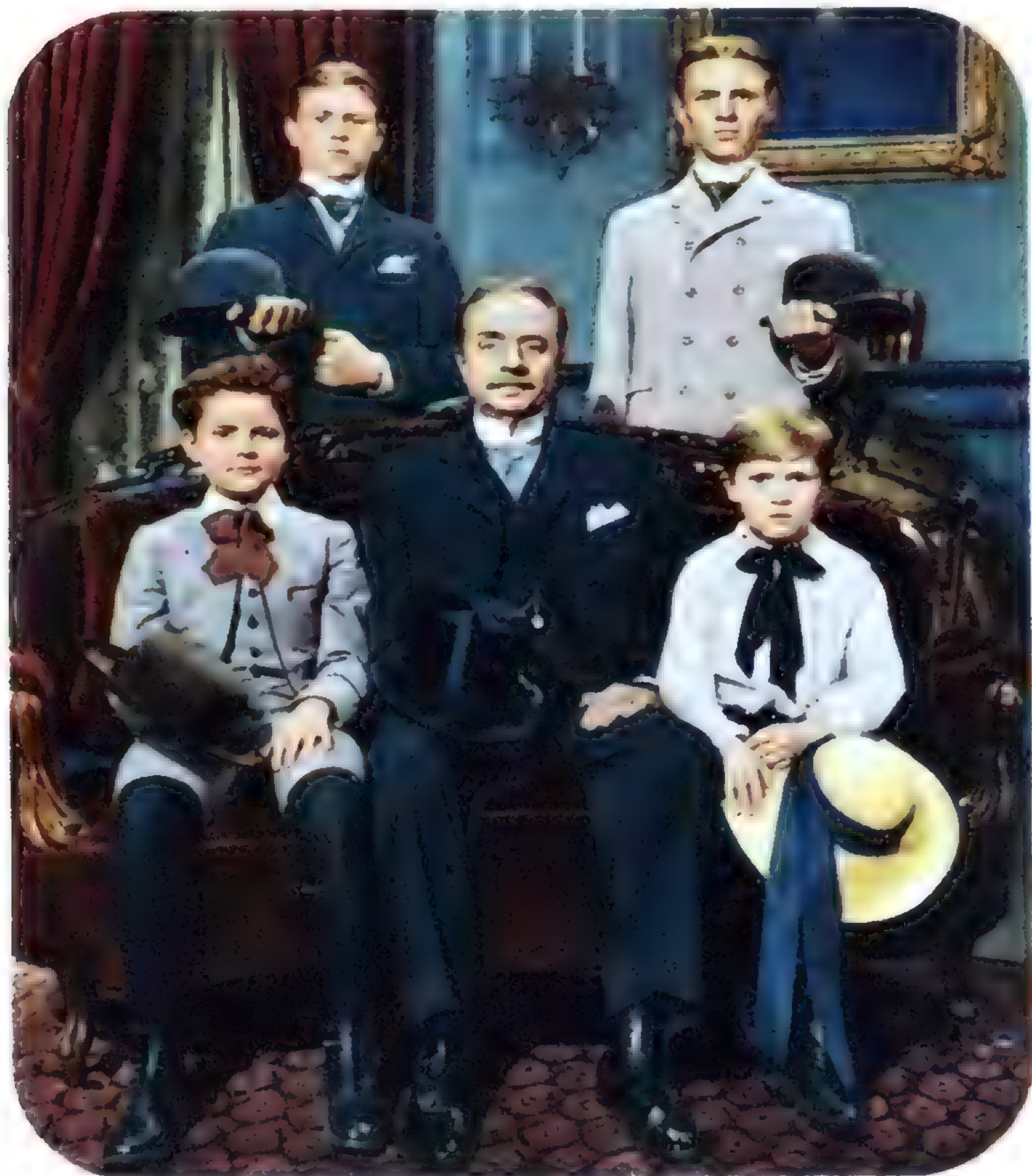
***The Beginning or the End* is a masterful movie which tells the most dramatic story of our time with true power and suspense**

by **JACK MOFFITT**



EVER since Hiroshima, the world has thought much of heaven because it felt so close to hell. Even the movies have felt misgivings. In *The Razor's Edge* the scenario department invited us to follow the wanderings of a Chicago youth who set out upon a remarkable spiritual pilgrimage. He penetrated the remote Himalayas and, after earnest discourse with an old character man (whose beard was full of back-lighting), returned with a cure for John Payne's headaches. Even though this therapy was confused with some faint glimmerings of the Golden Rule, it hardly seemed to justify the long trip up Mount Everest. Even an amateur Chicago theologian should have thought of the Golden Rule by the time he reached LaSalle Street.

Having failed in the mountains, the movies took off for the heavens. Great searchlights made a honky-tonk of the firmament above Los Angeles as they sought vainly for the angels who are the city's namesake. As usual, the British gave us plenty of competition.



Technicolor Life with Father

There is irony in the fact that Clarence Day's despotic sire, who deemed nothing dearer than privacy, has been portrayed by ten road companies in the past seven years, that a man notable for his innocence of humor is a popular symbol for hilarious mirth. Inevitably, *Life with Father* has emerged in the movies. The frock coat worn by Lindsay, Waram, and Calhern now falls on the eloquent shoulders of William Powell. Irene Dunne plays the gentle Vinnie, and four spirited juveniles, suitably hennaed, carry on in the Day parlor, at Delmonico's, and in church. It's the All-American folk play, and the Warner Brothers do it proud.

Their *Stairway to Heaven* employed amazing technical devices to get us into heaven—though we heard little of note after getting there. The dialogue of the angels was more comic than cosmic. Too much of the heavenly discourse concerned the relative demerits of American radio crooners and the lushly genteel announcers of the B.B.C. It was a bit depressing to find that the man in the golden streets was telling the same jokes that he used to tell on the asphalt.

It was only when the films went to hell that they were able to offer a solace that was tangible. Charles Rogers' amusing *Angel on My Shoulder* laid one of its scenes in the Devil's Headquarters, where the outlook was surprisingly reassuring. There was an illuminated map on the back wall where lights flashed off and on to indicate the progress of Beelzebub's business all over the world. The western hemisphere and the British Empire are alarmingly well-lighted. But not a single light flickered beyond the Curzon line. Hell has no branch offices in Russia, according to the director, Archie Mayo. Somehow, I wish Ex-Secretary Byrnes could have seen this. And Mr. Baruch. It might have encouraged them to hang on a little longer.

But there are places to look for inspiration besides on the Devil's map. The movies may find it in their audiences. Here, among the democratic peoples of the world, a quiet miracle has been happening. For the first time in history the people who have won an overwhelming victory with an irresistible weapon refuse to use it for conquest. Every voice in England, Canada and America is concerned with how *not* to use the atom bomb. This is a milestone in the moral progress of mankind.

The Greeks' phalanx subdued everyone from the Aegean to India. The Roman legions enslaved the earth from Hadrian's Wall to the Euphrates. The British navy sailed, and Napoleon's Old Guard marched. It was the same with the panzers and the kamikazes. Every new weapon meant new conquests.

But the people of Britain, Canada, and the United States are attempting to rechannel the oldest human impulse. They have turned their backs on the ancient creed of "kill before you get killed." With the most devastating force in nature under their hand, they are concerned, not with how to use it, but how to refrain from using it. The British Empire, created by men with muzzle-loaders, is being voluntarily freed by a government which is familiar with atomic energy. The difference between those who refuse to throw the bomb and those who commit murder in the Indian riots is the difference between savagery and civilization. And in the United States, though we frequently are baited as inhuman and reactionary, you have yet to hear one voice propose that we use the bomb to extend our powers; all our efforts are bent on finding some safe means of sharing our secret with mankind. As has been mentioned before, atomic energy is not dangerous. It has existed for millions of years without harming anyone. It takes human beings to make it dangerous. There probably would be little life on the globe today, and there certainly would be no freedom, if this destructive force had fallen into the hands of any but an idealistic people.

Hollywood has recognized all this in *The Beginning or the End*, a great film which Samuel Marx has produced for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Perhaps the picture more appropriately might have been called *The End of the Beginning* for, without becoming inanely optimistic, it tends to be reassuring. Since the story deals with the development of the atom bomb and its deadly employment at Hiroshima, this was not easy. But Mr. Marx' production stresses moral values rather than military triumphs. Every foot of it reminds us that the bomb was developed by men who viewed it with repugnance and employed it with reluctance. It shows you that they took no joy in its creation. They acted from *necessity* because the enemy was on the threshold of the same discovery. And when they had won their victory they neither celebrated it nor made plans to repeat it. Their only feeling was (Continued on page 203)



SIREN OF MELODY

Photograph by Clarence Bull

Cyd Charisse, former member of the Ballet Russe, demonstrates in *The Unfinished Dance* that a ballerina who's on her toes can hold her own in competition with that guileless scene-stealer, Margaret O'Brien. Miss Charisse plays the role of

Mlle. Bouchet, *première* ballerina, and the object of a childish crush on the part of Meg (La O'Brien). In the story, taken from the French (who know how to wring every element of drama from the *enfant terrible*), Meg plans a practical joke

to embarrass her idol's professional rival. Intending to switch off the stage lights, Meg springs a trap door—with results which are too grim to be classed as mischief. If the pay-off doesn't intrigue you, Cyd Charisse assuredly will.

Singular Senegalese

Observing the gargantuan moods of Battling Siki, philosophers wondered if they weren't face to face with their own lowly beginnings

by JACK HENRY & LOUIS SIDRAN

THEY called him the Jungle Boy, the Primitive Man, the Missing Link. He'd been discovered as a kid of ten in the blackness of Senegal, and such was his native charm that he had only to serve up one of his white, toothy grins and people went soft for him. They said he was a throwback, a living demonstration of Darwinism. And they were right—and also wrong.

His name was Siki—just like that—Siki. He'd been around, sampling the joys and tortures of civilization from Africa to France to Ireland to America. He could speak nine languages and his total vocabulary in all was 157 words, including the profane. Nature blessed him with the body of a tiger and damned him with the mind of a chimp, but he was gifted with the arrogance of the ignorant and the fool's courage to back it up. He couldn't fight, yet he knocked out Georges Carpentier, a considerable accomplishment even after Dempsey had proved the Orchid Man was strictly hothouse after all. He was a large, awkward, slow-witted, heavy-footed and heavier handed black man who had no business in the ring, yet he won eight fights for every one he lost and nobody ever put him away.

He came out of the jungle like a primordial force, his magnificent body propelled by a peanut brain, a pushover for the sorrier temptations, and so naïve that he never doubted that all he had to do was grin and say, "Me Siki. Everyone like Siki. He big heart," and everything would come right. And he was right. And also wrong.



Siki washed bottles in a water-front kitchen in Toulon. Like a true son of Senegal, he grew big and muscular, and it was inevitable that somebody would put gloves on his hams and send him out to fight. In 1913, at sixteen, he turned professional, and became known as Battling Siki. He had no style, came in with his guard down and cut arcs with his long black arms. But he won his three fights that year, two by knockouts, and pocketed a total purse of eighty cents. He had, it seemed, a hard head, a tough stomach, and the courage of a jungle animal fighting for its life. You couldn't mess with Siki in the ring.

But the next year civilization converged on him. He dropped a decision to somebody named Jean Audorny, and then disappeared. A short while later he was discovered toting a rifle for the 8th Colonial Infantry in which he had enlisted.

Came the Armistice and the Senegalese returned to France with his legs pockmarked by shrapnel, several bayonet scars in his back and a half-dozen citations, including the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honor. Somewhere, too, he had acquired a sturdy appreciation for liquor and, of course, women. So it was that he had no sooner gone back to bottle-washing than the sporting gentry of France laced the gloves back on his hands. The Siki fighting technique pleased crowds; better still, it was good enough to win. He lowered his arms, walked through a barrage of punches, absorbed punishment until his man became arm weary, and then went to work. He got hit and refused to go down. But when he hit them, they dropped involuntarily. By 1922, he had run up a string of twenty-three decisions, eighteen knockouts and one draw. Siki was somebody to reckon with, big enough in fact to rate a chance with the pride of France, light-heavyweight champion of the world, Georges Carpentier. The Jungle Boy was ripe for what was to be the biggest moment of his extraordinary life.

The Siki who met Carpentier at the Buffalo Velodrome just outside Paris in 1922 was a man whose physical equipment was such that seven-day-a-week debauchery hadn't even dented it. Yet there wasn't a gambler in Paris who gave him a chance against Carpentier. The 50,000 Frenchmen who packed the Velodrome for the affair came to witness a killing.

And so Siki, in his own blundering, clumsy way, kicked the dope bucket so full of holes it still leaks. For two rounds the fight proceeded according to script. Siki had heard of the sock in Carpentier's right so he tried to stay away. Carpentier danced about, hitting his opponent at will, hardly able to hide his contempt. In the third round, Carpentier decided to open up. That famous right lashed out, carrying with it all the power the Frenchman could muster. Quite naturally, it clipped Siki neatly and the Senegalese dropped to the canvas and thought about things. What he thought was this: Carpentier has hit me with his awful right and I am not hurt. So he got up and the right hand came on target once more and he dropped again to cogitate the same issue. This time he came up grinning—and boring forward, carving swaths with his long arms. He was on his way.

The demise of the once beautiful Carpentier was an ugly thing to behold. Where Dempsey had put him away in workmanlike, savage style, Siki gave him the sash-weight treatment. He clubbed petals from the Orchid with his clumsy swipes. He hit without aiming, but he landed as many as he missed. It was all over by the sixth (Continued on page 118)



Hollywood Abandon and Hollybrook Wink

As outstanding English Springer Spaniels, Abandon and Wink live up to the tradition of their owner, Harry I. Caesar, President of the Westminster Kennel Club and of Dogs for Defense. Ten-year-old Abandon is a Field Trial Champion while eight-year-old Wink has won the trophy several times for the best-looking, best-working English Springer Spaniel at annual field trials. A comparatively recent breed, the English Springer Spaniel was first recognized by the Kennel Club of England in 1902 and came to this country in 1922. These splendid sporting dogs are bred for one purpose: to hunt and find game. Medium-sized, agile and strong, they cover the ground fast with that free-and-easy gait peculiar to Springers. Once they are trained for shooting, the hunter's signal is their command.



Caster extraordinary, Art Nuss here demonstrates the recommended technique for those who put to stream with rod, reel



and plug. (Picture 2) shows a close-up of the talented Nuss right hand posed in the proper rod and reel position—light



thumb pressure on spool, hand gripping so as to allow wrist to make the cast on its own. (Picture 3) shows the position



of the rod after it is snapped back overhead, all of which leads to (Picture 4) showing the rod on its way forward after



being snapped at double the speed of the backswing. As cast is made, thumb pressure is taken off the spool (Picture 5).



Finally, line is retrieved (Picture 6) through the forefinger and the thumb to assure smooth winding for the next cast.

PLUG CASTING

Championship Style

Photographs by B. Goldberg

No man to settle for less than perfection in his pursuits, Art Nuss is one of those fishermen who have transformed their hobby into something close to pure science. In this series of kodachromes, the photographer put the Nuss plug-casting

technique on film for the expert to admire and the duffer to emulate. For the latter, incidentally, Mr. Nuss has a message worth hearing. It adds up to something like this: before you go fishing, discard your illusions. You don't need expensive

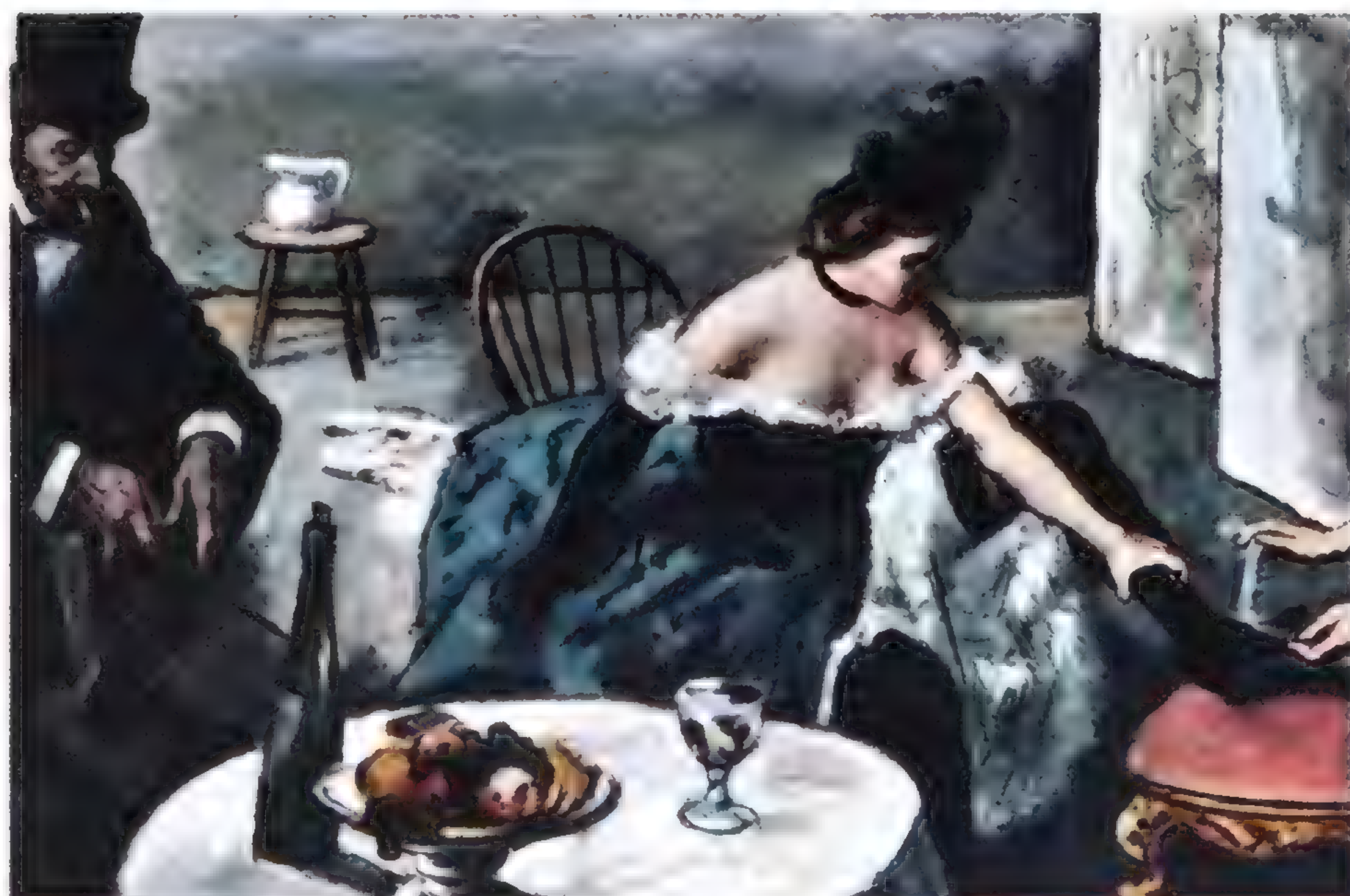
equipment or laborious practice to make the fish show partiality for your bait. Your dealer will outfit you; experts will show you how it's done. After that, go out with the idea of getting some fun, and you will—and maybe a few fish as well.



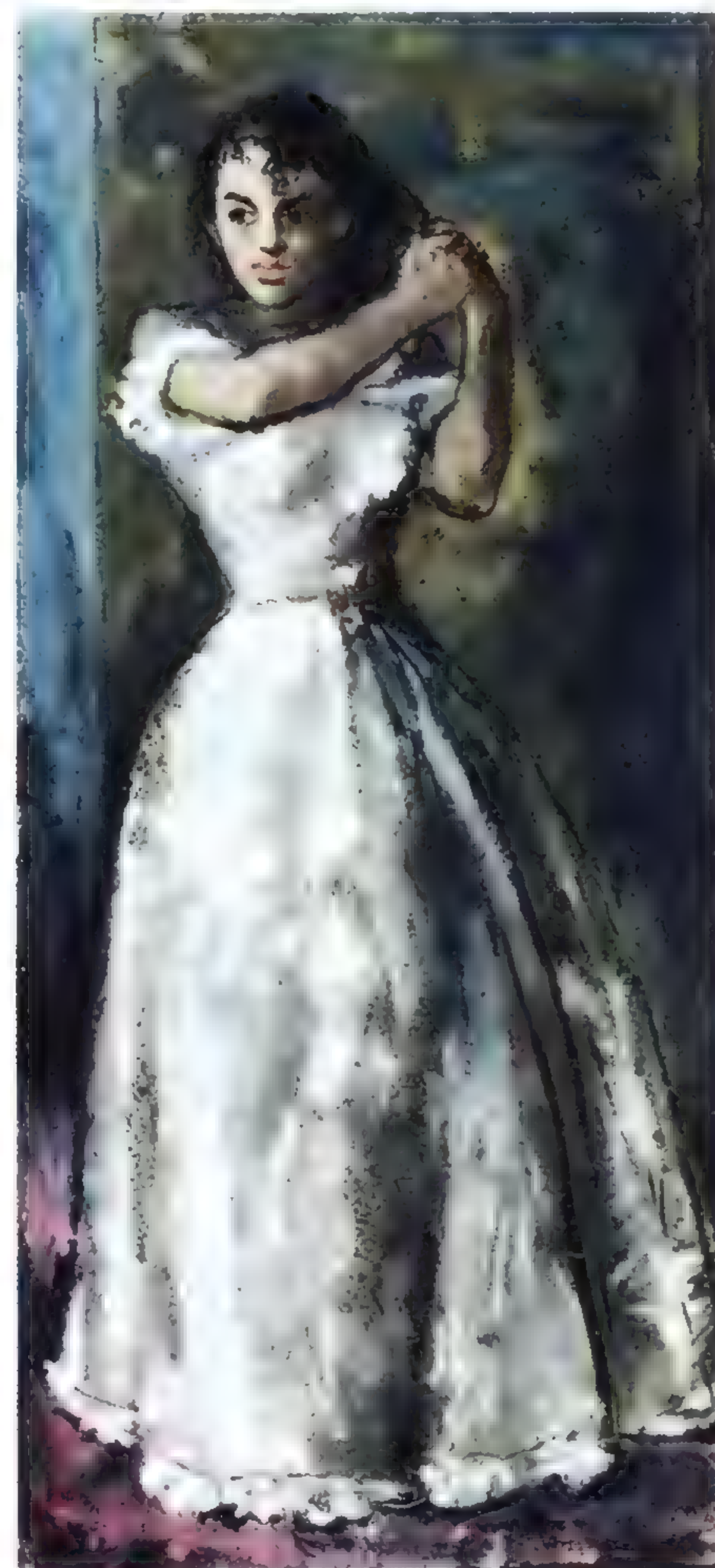
OIL 26" X 34"

GIRL AT PIANO

OIL 16" X 26"

PICNIC LANDSCAPE

OIL 9" X 13"

THE WOLF**Art Portfolio:****BEN STAHL**

GOUACHE 12" X 6"

YOUNG GIRL

OIL 20" X 13"

NUDE



OIL 5" x 4"

HEAD OF A CLOWN

Ben Stahl: Happy Artist

He has won success by following the theory that there is no difference between illustrative and gallery art

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

RENOIR, when the brush fell out of his arthritic hand, lashed it onto his fist and went on painting. Ben Stahl, a top-flight thirty-seven-year-old American illustrator, whose work you may see day in and day out in this country's leading magazines, would know exactly how the Frenchman felt. For Ben Stahl loves to paint, he loves the actual doing of it. The true painters have always been men who love the viscous, oleaginous substance which is paint, love the feel of it on their brushes, love the feel of it on their fingers, love the application of it on canvas. Stahl is of the breed.

When you see him in the background of his comfortable hilltop home at Weston, Connecticut, hear him speak in a matter-of-fact way about his paintings, you are convinced that he's just another guy, a nice fellow and, to use his own phrase, a workman with a set of tools doing a good job. Pointing to a small gem of a canvas, in which a stage-door Johnny of the nineties watches a dancer in ruffs tie her slipper, he may say: "Of course I got that from Degas." Such modesty is fitting in a man who thinks of himself as just another guy earning a living. But there is another side of Stahl—the artist in him—that has something else to say. For when Ben paints a tree, just a tree, with sky around it and a little earth, he has, certainly, taken the vision of a tree into himself, found out something about it, about its natural exuberance of form, about what a tree means to him in his inner world, and given it back to us as an old familiar thing freshly, wisely, and newly seen with an emotional quality not otherwise present to the untutored eye.

The truth of it is that Ben Stahl has done what many another illustrator must have dreamed of doing: he paints the best he knows how, with sincerity and wholehearted freedom, whether or not the job is for an advertisement or a magazine illustration, or merely to hang in his own bedroom. He is no Poobah to put on his money-making face five days a week, and change it for another more natural one for his own relaxation on week ends. Stahl is Stahl every time he picks up a brush. Not that he is any simple soul. You can take his matter-of-fact modesty and his realism over a publishing deadline, and mix it with a naturally romantic trend of character, an intense delight in the pleasures of the eye, a huge amount of know-how in the handling of a brush, a sensuous delight in color, form and texture, and you have some of the basic qualities that go into Stahl the artist and human being. A guy like this has a wonderful time at living.

The toughest word in the lexicon of art to explain with other words is form; form is a word Ben Stahl uses a good deal in talking about his work. A child of three playing with a Christmas tree bauble is entranced by form. And so is Stahl. He lives in a rich world that is filled with forms. He tries to give them back to us in paint. He is enchanted just as the child with the Christmas ornament is enchanted. Clearly the female form, though he didn't say so, is, as it was to Renoir, as it was to Degas, as it was to Gauguin, to Rubens, to ten thousand other artists, one of the sublime enchantments in a world where all forms have their own particular significance other than mere use. He is frankly a sensualist; the texture of a piece of cloth will give him pleasure, the view of the side of a hill, a pattern of sunlight on a rug, or the feel of the hair on the back of the boxer pup who romps about his studio.

Almost before he had learned to walk they gave Ben crayons and paper with which to play. It was a good idea. Before he was out of knee pants he knew what he wanted to do. At seventeen he went to work in a commercial art studio. It wasn't long before he had his chance at doing some of the minor

art jobs which constitute the apprenticeship, along with a lot of guff, of the fledgling illustrator. But today something new is happening to illustrating art in America and the fledgling is considered a leader of the new trend. The clue to this leadership is to be found in his idea that there really isn't any difference between illustration and gallery art. And in examining his work you begin to understand what he means. He has demanded and secured the right freely to interpret the stories he illustrates, believing, as he does, that illustrating is not a simple matter of blueprinting an action taken out of a story. He says there are three schools of illustrators . . . those who literally transcribe a given action or situation right out of the text of a story (quite as one would plot, in diagram, the architecture of a building), the decorative school, whose work is meant to embellish a story, and, finally, his own school which seeks to get behind the plot and the incidents and to convey, through color and form, the emotion the writer felt as he set his words on paper. Obviously the Ben Stahl school will come closest to creative art, because it deals with the stuff out of which art is made rather than with art's reflection in a mirror. And as an approach to painting it differs in no way from that of the great mural painters of the Renaissance who took, almost invariably, ready-made themes, scriptural or lay, as their starting points in the evolution of their great paintings. For this reason Stahl's illustrations are often indistinguishable from the work he does for himself. And it makes it difficult to discuss the two types of his work individually. We are not required to do so in discussing the magnificent frescoes of a Raphael, a Michelangelo, a Mantegna, who were commercial artists, too, when you stop to think about it. Any one of Stahl's illustrative paintings can hang on a gallery wall (though certainly this is not the true artist's object in painting); any one of the things he does for his own delectation could serve as illustration. Advertisers in America have begun to realize that so-called fine art will sell their products for them just as well as, or better than, conventional clichés. You may thank Ben Stahl for a good part in this revolution. And to the cafeteria artists who tear their hair and shout "Prostitution!" may we point out that the immortal Toulouse-Lautree did (*Continued on page 182*)



"Poor Mrs. Beaver could never have any children"

The shooting parson had more bullets to spare than any pulp Western before or since

The Big Revival at White's Hotel

by FRANK X. TOLBERT



THE first preacher to come to Deaf Jones County was the Reverend Dr. Rox Maples. He arrived on a winter evening in 1874 at White's Hotel and Saloon, then the only stagecoach stop in our part of western Texas.

A detective who followed Dr. Maples to Texas told my grandfather that the reverend had been the pastor of a small nondenominational church in Chicago. From the pulpit, Reverend Maples often proclaimed that it was his mission to rid the world of evil men and women. These sermons weren't taken too seriously by the congregation until several members of Maples' flock had met violent deaths. Still there was no real evidence to connect the pastor with these killings. It happened that Maples was magnificently endowed, both physically and mentally, for the business of stalking and killing without being caught or leaving a trace. At first he eliminated a number of unsavory citizens in the neighborhood of his church which the community could well do without. Later his standards for victims relaxed and he began to prey on his own congregation. Still later he began to catalogue as unfit to live all women who did not respond ardently to his attentions. He must have run up quite a score as a murderer before the Chicago police began to suspect that he was a maniac.

With the police very suspicious, but without any real case against him, the parson decided to go West. He already had a lot of small-caliber hand weapons, with which he was expert, and he outfitted himself with a couple of .45 caliber revolvers. He stopped at Dodge City for awhile and he must have heard that White's Station in the Llano Estacado was a singularly lawless spot, frequented by the leading desperadoes of Texas and New Mexico. Certainly a missionary who had dedicated himself to killing sinful humans could find full employment at White's Station. And he wouldn't have to sneak around about it, the way he'd been compelled to do in Chicago. So he headed for White's.

Maples came in on the stage from Mobeetie, appropriately at a time of day when the sun had just gone down, leaving a blood-red smear on an icy rim of the Staked Plains. The other passengers—a strikingly pretty girl, wrapped in a buffalo robe, and a little whiskey

salesman from Dodge City—kept their seats, respectfully, while Maples got out. He must have disciplined the whiskey drummer harshly on the trip for the little man had a deep wound in his forehead from a pistol-butt blow. The preacher stood on the wooden sidewalk, looking disapprovingly at the fortresslike adobe walls of White's and at the untidy camps of the buffalo hunters and freighters and cow outfits around the tavern. (Most of the hide hunters on the Plains were gathered at White's Station that day, for war parties of a Comanche, Cheyenne and Kiowa alliance were prowling in the neighborhood.) Maples waved a hand and, at this signal, the girl arose, carrying the buffalo robe, and stepped out of the stagecoach, steadying herself on the minister's shoulder and smiling at him.

She was tall and large-boned, yet sweetly shaped under her wrinkled mustard-colored crepe dress. She carried a green lace cap and, because of the jouncing ride in the stage, her hair had fallen to her shoulders in heavy coils, making a dark frame for the tense planes of her olive-skinned face and for her wide grey eyes and bright mouth.

The porter at White's, a frail, jug-eared boy of about fourteen, charged out on the sidewalk and picked up the luggage of the whiskey salesman. For this, Maples flailed the boy on the back with a heavy cane until blood oozed through the homespun shirt, and he directed the porter to attend only to his cases and to those belonging to the girl.

"Let the son of Bacchus," said Maples, speaking of the whiskey salesman, "born in a barrel of rotten booze, like a maggot from fly-blows, carry his own bags."

They marched into the lobby, a strange procession, with Maples a head shorter than his companion and bowing her into the place with an extravagant show of courtesy not becoming for a clergyman, and with the girl having eyes only for Maples and flashing him wide, shameless smiles, the sort of smiles which showed her lower teeth, and with the young porter, bloody-backed and blubbing just a little, stumbling along behind them with their heavy luggage.

Maples was about forty-five, a clean-shaven, grey-haired fellow who was rather handsome except that his beefy shoulders did not match his short knobby legs. His turned-around collar and linen were grey with caliche dust. His dark clothes were elegantly tailored; cleverly cut, as the men of White's Station were to learn, to conceal the bulges of many weapons. For, as my grandfather described him, Reverend Maples must have been armed like a gunboat that evening he arrived at White's.

There was a Colt revolver on his right hip and another in a shoulder holster under his frock coat. There were derringers in the pockets of his vest and a "pepperbox" pistol concealed in a tiny holster in his derby hat. Sometimes there were even pistols up his sleeves. For Reverend Maples had been a wonderfully skilled professional magician before he got "the call" to the ministry.

My grandfather, Murdo Renfro, was sitting in the lobby when Maples and the girl made their entrance. The preacher rapped his heavy knuckles on the desk, demanded and got the only suite in the tavern. The girl stood by him, smiling fondly, while he registered as "Dr. Rox Maples, D.D., B.A., Ph.B., and secretary, Miss Alma Reeves." When the clerk inquired how long they'd be staying, Maples replied in a resonant baritone, calculated to be heard by all the cowboys, freighters and hunters in the lobby and in the adjoining saloon:

"We will stay until my duty is completed, son. I shall conduct a church revival tonight. You might say that I will be here until my work is completed and I have exterminated all the enemies of God."

My grandfather and the other lobby loafers were used to outbursts from savage men. They paid



"Remember now—act tough"

Maples little heed. They were more interested in the girl, who looked as if she'd just awakened from a lovely dream rather than just completed a journey of 200 miles in a stagecoach over icy prairie trails.

That year my grandfather was a very fortunate young man. He had made a good deal of money in a mining venture in northern New Mexico. He had returned to Texas and taken a room at White's and was resting a bit and catching up on his reading. White's was always full of brawlers and there was a fatal pistol duel almost every night. But Murdo wasn't bothered much. He never carried a hand weapon. So he wasn't fair prey, according to the code of the border ruffians. Also, he was a brother of John Wesley Renfro, a reluctant but remarkably skilled and vengeful gun fighter.

Murdo Renfro might have been compared to the ground owl of our country who lives in the same hole with rattlesnakes and yet is not bothered by the vipers. But in Reverend Maples he ran into a new kind of rattlesnake with scant tolerance for ground owls or anything else.

A half hour or so after he'd registered, Maples came padding down the carpeted stairs and headed for the couch where my grandfather was sitting.

The way Murdo describes it, the lobby at White's must have been as barbaric as the hall of some medieval king, except that the hotel, with its three-foot-thick adobe walls and heavy drapes at the windows, wasn't drafty like a medieval hall. The great, smoky lobby was carpeted with red plush rugs and with the skins of bear, cougar and wolves. There were many couches, wooden benches piled high with buffalo skins. When Maples came down, the lobby was echoing with foxhound laughter, for throngs of buffalo hunters and freighters were coming in, hanging their long Sharps rifles from pegs on the white-washed walls, and then trooping into the saloon. One huge hunter was reeling around the lobby with the dried scalp of a white woman, about twenty inches of heavy blonde hair. The hunter, whose name was Joe Hilton, had taken this trophy off the rawhide shield of a Comanche warrior he'd killed a few miles from the Station that morning. Now Hilton was very drunk and he attached the blonde scalp to his own shaggy hair and began mincing around the room, pretending he was a woman.

Reverend Maples wrinkled his nose, for both the antics of the hide hunter and the odors of the room were offensive to him. The three fireplaces which heated the lobby were burning dried buffalo dung. There was little timber on the plains in those days. Actually, the burning buffalo chips weren't nearly so offensive as the fishy smells from the unctuously sputtering lamps and the eye-watering clouds of smoke from the strong tobacco in the hide hunters' pipes. Then there was the cheap perfume of the two dozen or so girls who worked in the saloon dance hall and who often swished through the lobby. And there was the heady, damp scent, somewhere between stale and fresh, of beer and liquor fumes from the bar. And, triumphant over all else, was the aroma of roasting beef from White's kitchen.

My grandfather was sitting under one of the oil lamps reading a battered volume of Shakespeare when Maples sat down beside him. After he'd settled among the skins, the preacher said in his deep, pleasant voice:

"It is an unusual sight in these wild parts to see a man reading a serious book, or reading anything for that matter. What, may I ask, sir, is a fine man like yourself doing in this den of debauchery, hibernating in boon companionship with fallen women and depraved men?"

At the time, Murdo regarded Maples only as a harmless eccentric, so he replied, amiably enough:

"I guess I just haven't got sense enough to leave. Are you going to start a church out this way, Reverend? You'll be the first if you do, and we could certainly use some religion."

"I," said Maples in his sonorous way, "have great plans. Tonight I will seek out the worst sinners and attempt to convert them, in my own way. The Bible tells us that there are those given over, entirely, to reprobacy of mind, that they are children of the devil and will do

his lust. I wonder, young man, if you would mind giving me the names of people now disporting themselves in that dance hall whom you would say have strayed furthest from the paths of righteousness."

Murdo wanted to get back to his book. But he continued to humor the parson. He laughed and said:

"Well, I guess that Felix Ketchum is just about the most sinful creature in yonder, but there's a whole lot just about as bad."

"And among those hoydens in the dance hall?" Maples inquired.

"You can take your pick among the girls," answered Murdo. "And, say, Reverend, just as a favor to me, lay off that kid, Billy the porter. He's a tough enough kid already. And he doesn't need beatings. He needs a good influence."

"He's an impudent little scoundrel," said Maples. "I had to thrash him again when he brought our luggage up to the suite."

Then Maples excused himself, got up and walked to the swinging door which led into the saloon. He flung back the door and stood there with his short legs anchored in a cougar-skin rug. He bawled:

"Felix Ketchum! Felix Ketchum! Which one of you lecherous sinners is Ketchum?"

A thin, tawny-skinned, middle-aged cowpuncher, with a narrow-eyed, black-whiskered face of an almost humorously villainous cast, stood up from a monte table and answered:

"I'm Felix Ketchum. What's all the fuss about, Parson?"

Maples walked over to the monte table and slapped Ketchum, stingingly, across the mouth. The cowboy reached for the revolver on his hip. But it wasn't there. Maples, with his right hand moving faster than the eye could follow, had seized the weapon first. Mockingly he handed it, butt foremost, to Ketchum. Then, when Ketchum had grasped the pistol, Maples drew from his shoulder holster with his left hand in what seemed like one lightning motion, and he pumped three shots into Ketchum's thin chest before the cowboy could return any fire. Felix' brother, Lucian Ketchum, had been sitting at the same table and he, too, went for his gun. Long before he could complete the draw, Maples had emptied his pistol into Lucian's face. And the two brothers fell dead across the monte table like a shock of oats coming together.

"May the Lord have mercy on their souls," said Maples, bowing his head jerkily for a few moments. The whole performance had required only about a minute's time. While the crowd in the saloon was still a little stunned, Maples walked out, strutting the way he'd probably left stages when he was a magician.

The whiskey salesman was sitting on the couch talking to Murdo. At the sight of Maples coming out of the bar and reloading the smoking pistol, the little drummer

melted back into the shadows at the end of the lobby where there was no fireplace. Murdo quit reading, but prudently decided not to go into the saloon and investigate, since he might be met at the door by some bullets. The salesman came slinking back to the couch when Maples had gone upstairs.

"That girl with the parson?" asked Murdo. "Who is she?"

"She's just as bad as Maples," replied the salesman. "He picked her up in Dodge City. She chatters about being one of his disciples. He calls her his secretary. I have another name for her. She is a thoroughly heartless thing or she could never have taken up with Maples, for he killed a friend of hers only ten days ago. She was with a show troupe appearing in the Sleep Easy Saloon in Dodge. One of the actors, a nice young fellow named Robbins, was found in the back of the saloon shot to death after a performance which Maples had attended. I didn't suspect it then, but I know now that Maples killed him. And, right after that, that girl quit the show and left Dodge City with the parson. And she's been with him ever since and she seems to be more in love with him every day."

The youthful porter, Billy, came down the stairs and reported to the clerk, in a matter-of-fact voice, that he had been cleaning up on the second floor and had found one of the (Continued on page 120)



"Oh, cut it out, you guys, and get busy!"

Introducing a Latin American neighbor
as yet unspoiled by "overtouristing"

Guatemala—Country of Yesterday

by RICHARD JOSEPH



COVARRUBIAS

GUATEMALA's great for guys who wear glasses. It's a perfect spot for archaeologists, anthropologists, painters, photographers and people who like to poke their way through Indian villages, visit ancient ruins, buy baskets, and wallow in the quaint and picturesque. It is also a fine place to hide out from your local draft board—should the occasion ever arise again.

American tourists often recommend Guatemala to friends whose more esoteric tastes have been offended by what they call the "overtouristing" of some of Latin America's popular resorts. If your idea of a vacation is to find a pristine place where you can achieve complete escape from just about everything that makes up your usual existence, then a few weeks of sight-seeing in Guatemala's Indian villages and wandering through its jungle highlands is just what you're looking for. If, on the other hand, you prefer a so-called lively vacation, with night life and a chance to romance the local chiquitas to season your absorption of local color, then you'd better stick to places like Mexico City or Havana.

Guatemala's great attraction lies in the fact that it is one of the most "unspoiled" of the twenty Latin American republics. More than half of its 3,280,000 people are full-blooded Indians, most of whom lead the pastoral existence of their ancestors. That fact, plus the physical characteristics of the land—mountains, active volcanoes, large areas of unexplored jungle—means a wonderful chance for browsing around, taking pictures and visiting places which few tourists have had a chance to work over before you.

You won't find "Made in Czechoslovakia" labels on the native handicraft gifts you buy. Nor will the quaint old Indian hold up his hand, after you've taken his picture, and whip out from under his blanket a model's release which he will sign for a fee. Guatemala will open up—fast—to great masses of American tourists when the Pan American highway is pushed through southern Mexico to the border. So it's wise to get there before the rush.

Where to go: Guatemala City, capital of the country, should be your first stop, and your base of operations for junkets throughout the surrounding countryside. There are few very historical things about the place—it was rebuilt after having been almost completely

destroyed by the earthquake of 1917-18—but it is modern and one of the cleanest cities in Latin America.

The capital's markets are good places to start your absorption of Guatemalan atmosphere. Markets in Guatemala are typically Indian in that their social function is more important than the buying and selling of goods. Indians go to market for just about the same reasons North American society attends the opera—to see people, to be seen and to pick up current gossip. Music and merchandise occupy correspondingly secondary roles. Markets in Guatemala City are open every day. Best time to go is the morning.

Principal market, the *Mercado Central*, is on 8 Calle Oriente, behind the Cathedral. Here fruits, vegetables, flowers, textiles and handicraft from all parts of the country are on sale. Good place to try out native cooking. The *Mercado Colón* specializes in baskets, gourds and pottery. Located on an open square between 8 and 9 Calles Oriente and 11 and 12 Avenidas, its setup is vaguely reminiscent of sections of the famous Flea Market in Paris. Featuring fruits and vegetables is the city's third market, the *Mercadito*, on 18 Calle Poniente, between 5 and 6 Avenidas.

Another must for tourists seeking orientation for their Guatemalan visit is the half-acre-square relief map of the country, situated in the *Parque Minerva*. It gives you a complete airborne picture of the topography of the country.

After you've been in town a short while, it's a good idea to visit the main office of Clark's Tours at 6 Avenida Sur, No. 11-A, or their branch office at the Palace Hotel, to arrange for your travels throughout the rest of Guatemala. Best way to see the country—in fact the only practical way—is by highway. If you're still keeping up your ninety-five-room mansion on Long Island, you might be able to afford to ship your car to Guatemala. Otherwise you'll find yourself hiring a car—\$25-\$30 per day with English-speaking chauffeur—or taking off on one of Clark's packaged tours.

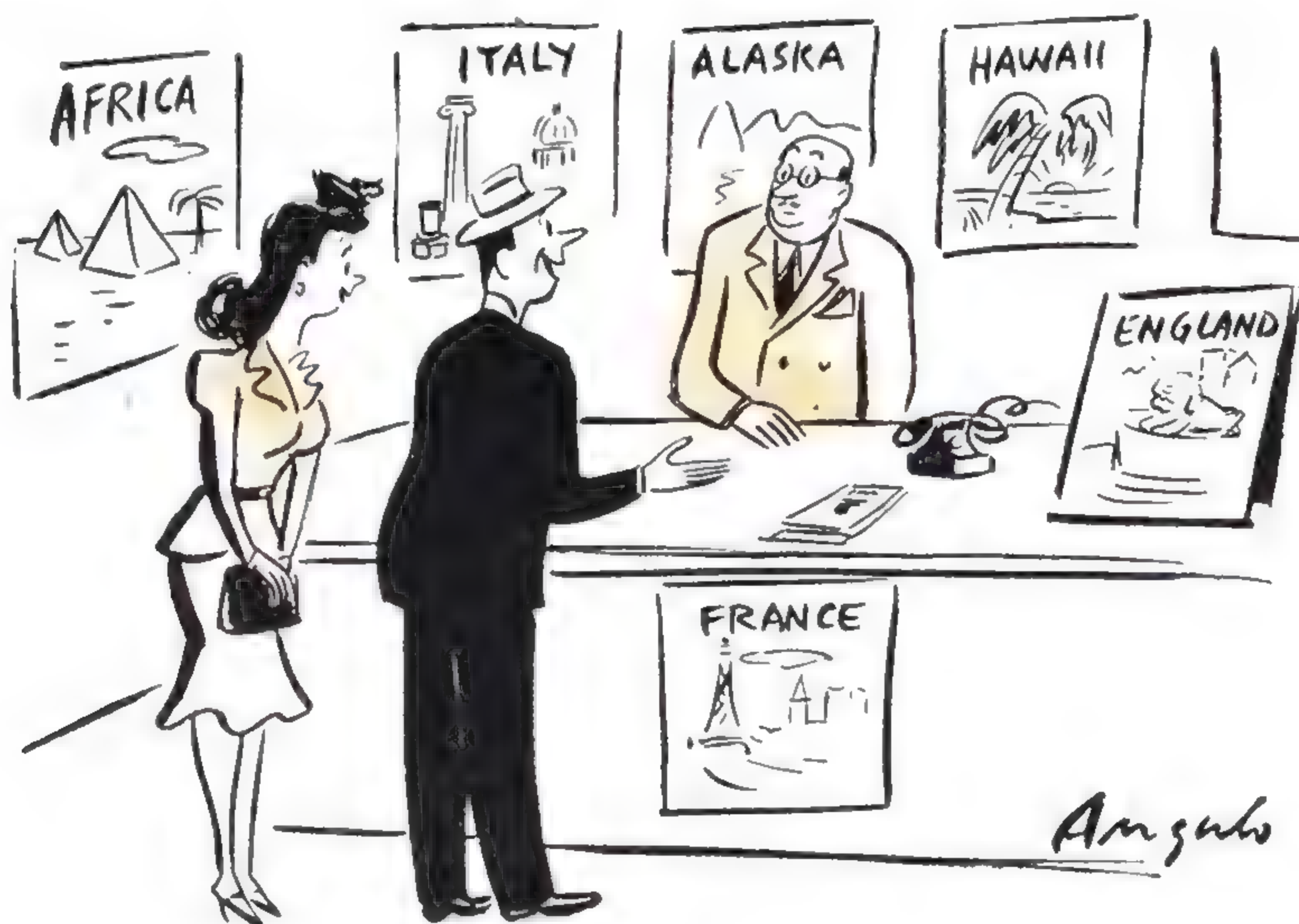
Look, generally we'd be the last people in the world to recommend the rubberneck sort of thing. But Guatemala is a sight-seeing country. And an organized tour is the way to see the mostest the quickest and the cheapest. Hiring a car and driver is more satisfactory though, because you go where you want to go when you want to go there. But it is considerably more expensive.

If, however, you have plenty of time, an adventurous spirit, a facility with the sign language, some knowledge of Spanish, and a stomach that would sound no objections to a comparatively monotonous diet of eggs, tortillas, beans and strong native coffee—then find yourself a companion and head for the highlands.

Travel by bus—old beat-up wagonloads of Indians that skitter around the narrow curves, yet never seem to crack up or break down, despite their age or the offhandedness of their drivers. Go lose yourself in native villages. You won't be harmed—Guatemala has one of the world's lowest crime rates, and the Maya-Quiché natives are absolutely law-abiding. You'll get a linguistic workout—Spanish will usually get you by, but Guatemalan Indians speak a total of twenty-two different native languages.

If you're built for this sort of wandering afield, you'll soon find yourself deep in a different world of a different era. You'll stay in little remote hotels and inns which few tourists have ever visited before. You'll discover one of the rare, really exotic regions comparatively close to home. But be sure you can take it before undertaking a wander trip through Guatemala.

Chichicastenango: This (Continued on page 177)



"Haven't you any other trips? We were in the
Army, you know"

Go to	Why	How	Weather	Wear	See and Do	Stay
<i>Hot Springs Nat'l Park, Arkansas</i>	Renowned pleasure and health spa. Famed for thermal baths owned and administered by U. S. Government	Mo. Pac. and R. I. RRs (connect with I. C. via Memphis); American Air to Little Rock (60 mi. by bus or rail). U. S. 67, 70, 65, 167	Average May day comfortably warm, sunny	Slacks, sports shirt combination, medium-weight sports jacket, slacks for evening	World-famous spa; good fishing; all water sports; only golf course in America inside a race track; sight-seeing; horseback riding, tennis, hiking along forest trails	200 hotels, guest houses, dude ranch, tourist courts
<i>Louisville, Kentucky</i>	Kentucky Derby (May 3). Fine whiskey, beautiful women. Derby Week, Louisville is most feverish city in U. S.	Am., Eastern Air Lines. B. & O.; Chgo., Ind. & L.; C. & O.; I. C.; L. & N.; N. Y. C.; Pa.; Sou. RRs. U. S. 31, 42, 60, 150	Warm usually, but you'll be heated by racing fever	Trot out your favorite race-track outfits. Checked sports jackets, of course	Horse-racing is Louisville's most exciting sport. See Grayson House, Bourbon Stockyards, Wharf, Waterfront, Filson Club, hay market, Ford Mansion, Confederate Memorial	Forty-one hotels; many tourist homes. Rates much higher Derby Week
<i>Springfield, Missouri</i>	Gateway to Ozarks: south is White River—Lake Taneycomo region; southeast, the Norfolk Reservoir area	American Air Lines, Frisco Lines. Missouri-Pacific Railroad. U. S. Highways 65, 66, 60	Clear, sunny skies. Av. May temp. 56°	Sports clothes, warm jackets. Take fishing gear, camera	In near-by Ozarks are fine facilities for golf, swimming, fishing, boating, hunting, hiking. See Indian ruins and bluff dwellings	Modern hotels in Springfield, resort hotels, lodges, trailer park near by
<i>Memphis, Tennessee</i>	The great Memphis Cotton Carnival is held this month. Home of Tennessee Walking Horse. Heart of greatest cotton-producing area	Am., Chgo. & Sou., Eastern, Braniff Airways. C., R. I. & P.; Frisco Lines; G., M. & O.; I. C.; L. & N.; Mo. Pac.; N. C. & St. L.; St. L. Sw.; and Sou. RRs. U. S. 51, 70, 64, 78, 61	Pleasantly warm. Av. May temp. 70.2°	Sports shirts and slacks during day. Sports jackets and slacks at night	Trips to near-by cotton plantations, excursion boat trips, night clubs, museums, golf, tennis, hunting, fishing, swimming, riding, Reelfoot Lake	Twelve recommended hotels, numerous tourist homes and courts
<i>Chattanooga, Tennessee</i>	In heart of Tennessee Valley. Close to Norris Lake, the Great Smokies, Cherokee Indian Reservation, and Chickamauga Dam and Lake	Eastern and Capital Air Lines. Central of Georgia; Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis; and Southern RRs. U. S. 27, 11, 41	Perfect spring days. Av. temp. for May 68.6°	Medium-weight sports clothes	See Rock City Gardens, atop Lookout Mt.; Signal Mt.; Missionary Ridge; Chickamauga Dam and Lake. All aquatic sports on Great Lakes of South. Glorious mountain scenery	Excellent hotels, inns, tourist courts and lodges. Resort hotel and facilities on Lookout Mt.
<i>Aiken, South Carolina</i>	All-year sports center	Southern Railroad. U. S. Highway 1	Perfect for active sports. An. mean temp. 64°	Active sports clothes. Jacket, slacks	Golf, riding, racing, steeplechase, hunting, polo	Three hotels, many boarding houses
<i>Asheville, North Carolina</i>	Starting point for Great Smokies and Blue Ridge tours. Lovely resort area	Capital and Delta Air Lines. Southern RR. U. S. 19, 23, 70, 74, 25	Cool, comfortable. Av. May temp. 62.6°	Slacks, shorts, swim suit, light topcoat at night	Great Smoky Mountains National Park (2-hour drive), fishing, mountain climbing, swimming. Rhododendron Garden Festival each June; golf, boating, Biltmore House and Gardens	Fine hotels, inns, guest houses, courts, tourist homes and trailer camps
<i>Wilmington, North Carolina</i>	Midway between New York and Florida. Some of best beach resorts on the South Atlantic Coast	National Air Lines. Atlantic Coast, Seaboard Air Line RRs. U. S. 17, 74, 76, 117, 421	Pleasant. Mean annual temp. 63°	Casual clothes for outdoor activity in warm weather	All types of fishing, swimming. Boat racing, golf, tennis, riding. Best fishing from mid-May to mid-June, and end of September to November. See Plantation Gardens, Fort Fisher	Four hotels—550 rooms—in city. Hotels, cottages and inns on Wilmington's four beaches
<i>Charlottesville, Virginia</i>	Equestrian sports center. Country estate section of historic Virginia. Southern gateway to Shenandoah National Park	Chesapeake & Ohio, Southern RRs. U. S. Highways 29, 250	Normal May temp. 65.7°	Medium-weight sports clothes. Riding outfit	Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson; Ash Lawn, James Monroe's home; famous box-wood gardens; restored Michie Tavern; University of Virginia. Golf, tennis, fishing, boating	Three hotels, totaling 343 rooms. Two tourist courts
<i>Williamsburg, Virginia</i>	In restored Colonial Williamsburg the peace, quiet and romance of pre-Revolutionary Virginia has been retained	Eastern Air to Richmond, bus to Williamsburg. C. & O. RR. By boat from Washington, Baltimore, and Boston. U. S. Highway 60	Late spring is always comfortably warm and sunny in Virginia	Medium-weight sports jacket and slacks. Comfortable walking shoes	See the Colonial capital, Public Gaol, Raleigh Taverns, residences, gardens and craft shops; taverns, ordinaries. Golf, swimming, bicycling, riding, tennis	Good hotels, including the famous Williamsburg Inn and Lodge; many tourist homes
<i>Virginia Beach, Virginia</i>	For a seashore vacation, one of the really notable Eastern resorts. Year-round vacation center	Am., Natl., Pa. Cen. Air Lines. A. C. Line; C. & O.; N. & S.; N. & W.; Pa.; and Seaboard RRs. By boat from Baltimore and Washington. U. S. 60, 58	Bright, clear days. Average May temperature 64.8°	Sun-activity clothes. Sports jackets and slacks for evening	Surf bathing, pool swimming, fresh- and salt-water fishing, golf, bicycling, tennis, riding, badminton, archery, beach clubs with cabanas. Tours to Jamestown and Yorktown	Over 250 hotels, tourist camps, cottages and apartment houses

© ESQUIRE, INC., 1947

MAY'S THE MONTH TO MISS THE MOB

The fine thing about heading toward Dixie in May is that most of the crowd is heading the other way. Those in search of a leisurely vacation replete with peace and quiet and garnished with the obvious essentials are advised to pick up stakes

as of now. The weather's fine for swimming all the way down the Pacific Coast, along the Gulf and up the Atlantic seaboard as far north as Jersey. And most of the inland resorts feature warm sunshine, perfect for golf, tennis, riding or fish-

ing. Things being what they are, tourists should be pleased to know that rates are lower and don't start climbing until Memorial Day. Reservations are usually easy to come by, too, with Louisville during Derby week, a rule-proving exception.



"Looks like thet one triplet ain't goin' to get his share to eat . . ."

The Old Maid of Reims



SIMPSON

Her independence had disheartened the gallants who approved her flourishing vineyards as well as her pretty face

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THE large brown eyes of Mademoiselle Eugénie stared helplessly at the young man who had awakened her from her first sleep. That he was young she guessed from the soft black hair which curled on the nape of his neck. She could not see his face. His back was turned and his head was bent over the Louis Quinze commode. In the commode, under a neat pile of Mademoiselle Eugénie's underwear scented with sachets of dried lavender, she kept her hoard of bank notes and her jewels.

Eugénie watched the rifling of her treasures without protest, for the good reason that a large silk handkerchief was tied tightly over her mouth. It was the tying of the gag that had awakened her. She had opened her eyes when the electric torch flashed in her face. Two dark figures were in the room. One of them held a pistol to her head while the other closed the tall glass doors which opened on the balcony overlooking her garden. When the windows were closed and the curtains drawn across them, the man switched on the reading light beside the bed.

The man with the gun said to her in a muffled voice: "Don't try to move. You will not be hurt if you don't attempt any fantasies."

Eugénie had no wish to attempt any fantasies. She looked at the man with eyes more curious than alarmed. His voice, changed although it was by the black scarf over his mouth, sounded young and scared. She nodded her head in compliance. The man put the gun in his pocket and moved towards the polished-oak commode. His companion opened the door of the bedroom, listened intently for a moment, then crept down the stairs. She could hear him drawing the bolts of the door on the street.

When the other man had finished his search of the commode he turned to look at Eugénie. She had not moved. He could see her large brown eyes, warm and liquid in the light of the reading lamp. With a shrug of the shoulders he went out of the room.

She could hear them whisper together on the stairs. Then one of them went to the street door, and opened it cautiously. She could feel the slight current of fresh air that came up the stairs into the warm bedroom. Then the young man with the hair that curled on his neck ran lightly up the stairs and came back into the room. He moved lightly to the side of the bed and peered at her. Eugénie was thirty years old. Her hair, curled in two plaits, gleamed softly.

"I shall have to tie you up," he muttered. She shook her head in the first movement of fear.

"Unless, of course," he said doubtfully, "you promise not to move when we have gone."

She shook her head again, and with her hand tried to loosen the gag.

"Ah, it hurts," he murmured. He lifted her head from the pillow and untied the gag. At that moment came an urgent whisper from the man below.

"Hurry up," she heard him say. "I'm going."

"Go ahead," said the young man in the room. "I will follow you immediately."

Mademoiselle Eugénie heard the street door close quietly. She looked at the man left alone with her as if she wished to remember him again—nose, eyes, hair. She could not see the mouth and chin.

"What have you taken?" she asked calmly.

The young man looked at her with sparkling eyes, and she could guess that he was grinning under the mask. "Everything we could find," he said.

"Brute!" she exclaimed, in a voice strangely empty of feeling.

"Perhaps not everything, after all," said the young man. Then with a sudden movement he slipped the scarf from his mouth, leaned over her and kissed her. She cried out in anger and, for the first time since she was a girl, wept hysterically.

She was still weeping when the young man with the dark hair that curled on the back of his neck switched out the light, closed the door quietly and ran lightly down the stairs.

Among the winegrowers of the champagne region of Reims, Eugénie Bondet was a character. The only child of a peasant, she had inherited her father's small cottage and vineyard at the age of eighteen. With the aid of an old farm laborer she had tended the vines, harvested the grapes and sold most of them to the great champagne houses at a good price. In the years after the First World War she was rich enough to buy more vines, hire another laborer and a woman to look after the cottage, and venture into the champagne business on her own account as a modest but independent producer. She sold half her grapes to the big champagne distributors and kept the other half for herself. Her wine and the old brandy she distilled from the marc of the vats were as good as anything in the region.

Between the two wars Eugénie's business prospered. Her face and her modest fortune equally attracted admirers, but the feebler gallants of the neighborhood were daunted by her sharp tongue and independent spirit. Most of her wooers came from afar—winegrowers from other villages, wine buyers from Paris and the towns of the North to which she occasionally went to sell her wine. But she refused them all. At thirty she was still unmarried, but her figure was round and her complexion clear. She laughed and jested with the wine brokers who entertained her at dinner at the Lion d'Or in Reims, but she gave the usually scandalous tongues of her village little to wag about. She went regularly to Mass, gave the priest of the parish generous alms and hospitable dinners in the cottage which had by now been transformed into a comfortable house, and the only sins she confessed to were such as might be laid to the soul of any other devout spinster.

Then suddenly Mademoiselle Eugénie astonished and offended her friend the priest by transferring her devotions to another parish and her confessions to a strange curé. A little later she departed without warning on a business journey to (Continued on page 185)



"Have no fear, ladies and gentlemen, we are using a plastic tunnel this year"

Police agree that for unmitigated evil, callousness and cunning, the female of the crime species far outstrips the male

Ladies in Stripes

by **EDWARD D. RADIN**



THERE'S an old nursery rhyme about the little girl who when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad—oh, brother. As far as police are concerned the rhyme applies as well to the little girl's mother, grandmother and great-aunt. Cops agree with remarkable unanimity that women criminals provide them with their worst headaches.

They are not referring to the casual offenders who bump off their husbands or sweethearts, then cross their legs and sob at coached intervals before a jury. What law officials dread is matching wits with women who take up crime as a profession. For all-around slyness and downright cussedness, coupled with a genius for planning, scheming and organizing, criminals of the so-called weaker sex take all the medals with oak leaf clusters added, poison oak. It doesn't matter which field of crime is considered—murder, swindling or thievery—women have run up unenviable records in all categories.

No con man can match the artistry of Cassie Lydia Chadwick, few killers have been as callous as Lyda Myer, and police fervently hope there'll never be another "fence" like "Ma" Mandelbaum.

Although Ma operated shortly before the turn of the century, cops down at Centre Street police headquarters in New York City still rap wood whenever her name is mentioned.

Fredericka Goldberg Mandelbaum looked like something the three witches in Macbeth might have distilled during a bad night. Barely five feet tall, she weighed well over 200 pounds and waddled like a pachyderm. Her nose was long and droopy, her chin sharp and pointed, her eyebrows bushy as a pair of hedgerows. Her coarse black hair was rolled up into a bun on the top of which she perched a tiny bonnet, dripping with ostrich feathers.

German-born, she appeared one day at the dry-goods store of Wolfe Mandelbaum in the heart of New York's lower East Side, and badgered him into giving her a job. From there on she moved in. Before Wolfe was able to utter a feeble protest Fredericka hooked him into marriage, took firm control of his business and became the most notorious receiver of stolen goods America has known.

She didn't wait for thieves to steal and then hope that they would bring the loot to her. She recruited the top pickpockets, burglars, safecrackers and bank robbers and welded them into an international cartel of crime. Her agents ferreted out crooked merchants so that she could dispose of any kind of merchandise. Ma teamed men together, financed those who needed money between jobs, and was the final arbiter in disputes. She placed loft burglaries on an organized basis, bought horses and wagons to transport the stolen cloth and arranged convenient drops to hide the goods.

The shabby store became the crossroads of the crime world, where the criminal elite gathered to bring their loot, and get their orders from Ma. With its customary sardonic humor, the underworld had named her "Ma" in recognition of her harsh, evil temper and her heart of stone. When one of her thieves crossed her, Ma put police on his trail and had him caught red-handed.

She lived in an apartment above the store, the entrance to which was barred by a heavy steel door concealed behind red curtains. It

was luxuriously furnished, but there was a conspicuous absence of any identifying marks on the furnishings. Behind the fireplace was a cleverly constructed dumbwaiter to whisk incriminating evidence upstairs and out of sight.

Ma became so preoccupied with the many phases of her criminal career that she grew careless and a bolt of stolen cloth was found in her store. Although the notorious legal team of Howe and Hummel portrayed her as an innocent victim and a jury acquitted her, she was soon caught again. When it became evident during trial that the cops really had the goods on her this time, she jumped bail and fled to Canada, then a refuge for American criminals. She lived there in obscurity for several years and vanished.

Ma Mandelbaum left one legacy to crime, her protégée—pretty, curvaceous Sophie Elkins, known as Lady Lyons. She was sweet sixteen, a captivating beauty and the best pickpocket in New York City when she came under the aegis of Ma Mandelbaum. Ma predicted a brilliant future for her. She helped it along by arranging a romance between Sophie and Ned Lyons, safecracker extraordinary.

The bride and groom left for a grand tour which was rudely interrupted when Lyons was sent away to prison for his part in a bank robbery and Sophie was picked up for helping herself to department store finery. To her associates it was incredible that Sophie could have bungled such a simple matter as shoplifting. It soon was evident that Sophie had wanted to be caught. She joined her husband in prison, first arranged for his escape, and then, talking herself into the job of minding the matron's children, obtained a wax impression of a key to a seldom used door, and ambled out to freedom.

Sophie took an active part in all types of bank robberies, from blowing open a vault with "soup," to bemusing cashiers with guileless questions while confederates slipped out with all visible cash. When the Pinkertons finally plastered enough of her pictures in banks to hamper her work, Sophie turned banker herself, opening an establishment for women only, offering widows investments guaranteed to return a safe and sane fifteen to twenty per cent. Posing as a wealthy woman who was doing all this out of charity, she fleeced thousands, and the bubble burst only after she had fled with all the cash.

Although she continued to be known as Sophie Lyons, she discarded her husband after he became careless and piled up several arrests. Sophie was one of the few all-around women in crime. While she still had her beauty and figure she went in for blackmail; she wasn't above lifting a fat wallet or an expensive watch and she made frequent trips abroad during which time hotel guests reported staggering losses in jewelry. During one visit to Paris her suite adjoined that of Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, wife of the tobacco magnate. A week later Mrs. Lorillard discovered her gems gone and was comforted by her kind and understanding neighbor.

During the height of her career Sophie moved to Detroit because it was so convenient to slip over the border to Canada. For those who are firm believers in the theory that crime doesn't pay, the story of Sophie is a bit hard to take. She did serve several minor prison terms and toward her end seemed to (Continued on page 117)





Cherchez La Femme

***A Series of Imaginative Portraits
by J. FREDERICK SMITH***

The French, who know about such things, wisely suggested that behind every bit of trouble is the shadow of a woman. Out of history, then, come alive five shadows testifying to the Gallic truth

Cleopatra was never hard to find, either in the history books or in the villas of the great Roman conquerors who came to win Egypt and lost their hearts. At 20 she captivated Caesar, a man nearing 60 who had experienced four wives, and wasn't to be taken in by any red-headed, snub-nosed conniver—except that he was. Amidst a witty exchange of epigrams, dutifully recorded by Mr. Bernard Shaw, she accompanied the balding dictator to Rome, where she was extremely unpopular, particularly on the evening when Caesar was assassinated. Not quite as loyal as a Petacci, she fled to Egypt and adjusted her make-up for the next Roman conqueror, Antony, another homebody who had enjoyed the services of four wives to help him out of his armor. A good-looking athlete, with a firm profile and a cleft chin, he was not overburdened with brains, but made up for that trifling deficiency by aggressiveness on battlefield and in boudoir. When he first saw her, she reclined on her barge of the Nile, exquisite in a jeweled ankle band—a simple but effective costume, or at least so Antony thought. Unlike Caesar, who had kept his head as well as a queen, Antony was unequal to the rigors of the double task. For Cleopatra's sake, he lost a battle, the world, and his life. And only because there was then no place for her among his more realistic enemies, she fondled the asp which gave her its deadly poison. But her beauty lived on in the minds of men, in all ages.



Catherine the Great of Russia needed no power behind her throne, only a good-looking young officer, according to all reports. Europe took the foibles of its monarchs lightly in her day, but for all that she was called the "Messalina of the North." There may have been something to this. Her husband Peter, no prize, was conveniently killed off some say, although she made a convincing show of grief, at least to the men she was dating during this tragic happening. Don't expect to learn the names of all her lovers unless you go in for exceedingly complex research, for she reigned thirty-four years as empress of Russia and she was both whimsical and imperious. Gregory Orlof is a good favorite to remember: another, Potemkin. The rest would constitute a fair-sized mob scene, according to her biographers. Pocket money alone for these lads ran into a hundred million rubles. Napoleon thought enough of her statesmanship to say that she was worthy to have worn a beard, not knowing perhaps that she often masqueraded as a man. And it was Voltaire, long before Broadway, who said that Catherine was Great. Like Cleopatra, it was not the lady's beauty that won her innumerable admirers, nor her power—for it was dangerous as well as stimulating to break into flame over one of Catherine's smoldering glances—but a fascinating and womanly quality that drew all men to her. In her day, *la femme* could be only one—the Woman in St. Petersburg.



Nell Gwyn was the girl who made good at the court of swagger King Charles II. Samuel Pepys, the diarist who never missed a well-turned ankle, called her "pretty, witty Nell." Even in that day of court wits she must have had more than looks. She started as an orange girl, one of those pretty things who lined up before the stage, facing the audience, and exchanged oranges, quips, and sometimes addresses with the assembled lovers of the risqué Restoration drama. Nell was a pert, smart little thing whose career as an actress blossomed into fame when King Charles discovered hidden talents in her. Once at court, she had the good sense not to act the grande dame, and charmed all and disarmed her rivals by her forthright manner and simple, good-natured vulgarity. She never tried to meddle in affairs of state, and remained constant to her inconstant lover. She was always willing to hear Charles tell the same story over for the twentieth time, and it may be more than tradition that his last words were "Let not poor Nelly starve," so much did he treasure her. She gaily spent the fortune which the King's ministers had set aside for a monument in memory of his father, yet it was she who originated the idea of a Royal Hospital for aged and wounded army veterans. It was a lively age and she was a proper ornament. As Pepys appreciatively noted one night at the theatre: "To see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was pretty."



George Sand, as any movie-goer knows, often favored men's fashions and was not very good for the failing health of composer Frédéric Chopin. Hollywood has not revealed, however, that she had the same effect on other celebrities, including Balzac, Carlyle, De Musset, Sandeau, Mérimée, Liszt, Dumas, and others so numerous that when she proposed to write a tragedy of her loves, a cynic suggested it be in city-directory form. She never trifled with a king, but these greats of her day she could reduce to lovesick boys with a look.

"I do not like her face. There is something in it that repels me," wrote Chopin on the night he met her. Two days later he adored her. Why? She swore like a cavalry officer, bullied everyone she knew, and chain-smoked big black cigars. The great Liszt, not quite as fragile as Chopin, once remarked that she lured her victims like butterflies, with honey, impaled them on the pin of jealousy, and then vivisected them in a novel. Be that as it may, she wrote over one hundred novels and twenty plays, some of which were actually good. "My heart is a grave," she once cried, in a fine romantic frenzy, putting down her cigar. "I would rather call it a cemetery," said her lover of the moment. That finished *him*, and he left by the main gate soon after. It was a poor move to challenge George; she always said the last word in a book, no holds barred. As Swinburne said, with a bow to her trousers: "George did not behave as a gentleman should."



Madame Du Barry, of these five, was probably the most beautiful. Voltaire, gazing at her portrait, forgot to be cynical for once and admitted: "The original was made for the gods!" The original was born in the same neighborhood that had produced Joan of Arc. But there any fancied resemblance stops. Du Barry, at 16, also heard voices, but they were the smooth accents of the fastest-living set in Paris. She made only one mistake in her rise from a slum to her goal as the pampered mistress of King Louis XV—she fell in love with a pastry cook. But she soon recovered from this social error, and from then on used the social register as a ladder to the court, and rung up a heart for each upward step. Louis was enamored the moment he saw her from a secret hiding place in a court dining room, where he could eavesdrop on her unvarnished manners and frank conversation without inhibiting her "naturalness" by his presence. She was natural, all right, and he forgot Pompadour on the spot. From there on, it was all love and palaces and intrigue and seven million dollars' worth of dresses, jewels and perfume for the king's wench . . . until the guillotine fell on her lovely neck. But the executioner had to hurry. For when the bloodthirsty mob saw her wondrous beauty, a silence fell upon them all, and a sigh of pity escaped from them like a breeze. But the heartless knife fell; her debt was paid. ‡

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Gadfly among morticians, W. W. Chambers has built a business empire by interring Washingtonians in quantity at cut rates

by **SCOTT HART**

WHEN someone in Washington, D. C., gets playful while canoeing in the Potomac, or takes a curve at ninety, fellow citizens wring their hands and declare, "He is flirting with Chambers."

Often the foolish fellow is doing precisely that. For Chambers buries Washingtonians in quantity. The reason is completely dissociated from the Chambers mortuary skill, which is sufficient but hardly world-shaking. Nor does it trace to any bond of universal brotherhood between Chambers and the relatives of deceased. People like Chambers, certainly, but not that well.

Chambers is one of the largest undertakers in the world because he buries bodies cheaper than his competitors and because he advertises that marketable fact.

That, incidentally, isn't all he advertises. Ever since he embalmed his first body in a livery stable back in 1911, he has been undercutting fellow morticians, revealing trade secrets to the general public, branding his competition as robbers of defenseless widows and orphans and practitioners of the blackest kind of graft, and generally keeping his loud voice and his big business booming.

Chambers has never tried to restrain his uninhibited personality. Personally, he is a forthright fellow, contentious as a bull even in the presence of sorrow. And he doesn't care who knows it. He doesn't consider himself the most unimpeachable undertaker in the whole world. But he thinks that he'll do until one comes along.



Career Girl: Kay Arthur

A West Coast girl with writing and dramatics on her mind, Kay Arthur has recently transplanted her base of operations to Manhattan. After graduation from Stanford she went directly into drama directing at Reed College in Oregon. Thereafter, she served three years in the Spars, during which she co-authored the official history of that distaff side of the Coast Guard. Since then she's been operating in approved success-story fashion, her office a skyscraper apartment overlooking the East River. Her by-line has been appearing regularly in national magazines, and radio dramas authored by Arthur have been featured over three major networks. As for the future, Kay dreams of living abroad for several years, sailing to the Caribbean, and then settling down to the production of a sizable family.



BROWNJOHN

As a deliverer of tirades against others in his profession, he is constantly under attack from the nation's 25,000 other undertakers. His manner is volatile. He veers from quiet introspection to such outright utterance as, "Oh, them goddam bums."

Rather nostalgically, he recalls how they once hauled him before the Federal Trade Commission to question his advertising claims.

"They wanted me to stop this 'ferocious and undignified unethical activity.' When asked by one of their lawyers about accusing the undertaking profession of being thieves and robbers, and did I consider myself the only honest undertaker in the country, I answered, 'Positively not.' I said the only difference between my activities and eighty per cent of them was that I just did not rob them out of as much. And if I could find me an honest undertaker and a charitable, philanthropic, God-abiding funeral director, including myself, I'd hang his picture in my office and try to get like him."

Chambers does have his own picture on his office wall. But it shows him at five, riding a mule on some innocent errand. It is doubtful that this was done for ethical inspiration. It is simply that deep down he is a very sentimental man.

The most favored of his four Washington offices, situated on the crest of a hill on 14th Street, provides a semicircular view of commanding proportions. On the sky line stands the white majesty of the Supreme Court Building and the grey Capitol Dome; drawing

inward lie the soft brown-grey streets and houses; just across the street, near the thoroughfare where death in one of his dozen hearses comes serenely arriving, arriving, there fly from a battery of clotheslines the flaring pinks of ladies' pants in harmony with the vast pink neon signs which proclaim "Funerals By Chambers."

In his own flamboyant manner, Chambers has built a million-dollar empire which enjoys sizable chunks of the nation's annual burial bill of a quarter-billion dollars. Enviously lacking in modesty, he fears no man and hates only the shadier practitioners of his lucrative art. He carries on a never-ending struggle with the latter.

"I talk in facts," he bellows. "I haven't got anything to hide and if any of 'em or all of 'em want to challenge what I say I'll go on the radio and they know my address, yours very truly, William Wilkerson Chambers, Washington, D. C."

A self-interviewing personality and hence a rare subject for any reporter, Chambers practically relives an emotion simply by recalling it. He has a theory about the circumstance that motivated him to mortician work. "I am a product of evolution," he explains, by which he means that his grandfather, a fancy plasterer in his time, fell off a scaffold and broke his wrist, a fate which drove him into the express business where he set up a hacking concern.

"My grandfather bought two wagons and two horses," he says. "Then he built a livery stable, put in some funeral carriages and hearses and started supplying local undertakers. It appealed to him. It was dignified. He had the contract with his fine carriages for all the White House receptions and it was his greatest pleasure."

Another forebear whose chromosomes Chambers considers important in his own evolution was his father, "a horse dealer and auctioneer and he never got less than \$100 a day for crying the sales."

For all his father's talent as a salesman, Chambers' first partner in his grandfather's livery business was his Uncle Percy, (Continued on page 152)



“And stop saying, ‘What’s cooking, Doc?’”



1. Moon and mountain girl
(MAY 1)



2. Groaner from Gonzaga
(MAY 2)



3. From ragtime to riches
(MAY 11)



4. Fan to W. Shakespeare
(MAY 25)



5. Sophisticated slapsticker
(MAY 29)



6. He never left home
(MAY 29)

MAY'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Jedla

In this, the month of May flowers, breezes with a smile in them, and green grass which grows all around, all around, caricaturist Jedla offers a half-dozen celebrated faces belonging to people who have, in their own diverse manners, brought entertainment to all of us. Unique in that each is, at the very least, a double-threat, the list ranges from a pu-

gelist-scholar to a crooner-actor. Sandwiched in between are such personalities as a gal who sings in key (very rare, indeed), and a guy with a furious gag-pace whose sideline is authoring best sellers. Also included are a comedienne who wowed the boys in the E.T.O. and a man whose songs have been featured in countless Broadway and Hollywood

musicals. Three are foreign-born, two in England, one in Russia, but all are as American as a square dance in terms of audience and appeal. Quite obviously, you will have no trouble at all identifying them, but just in case, here they are: 1. Kate Smith; 2. Bing Crosby; 3. Irving Berlin; 4. Gene Tunney; 5. Beatrice Lillie; 6. Bob Hope.



RENBARGER

He was an independent being, full of a wisdom that makes a man understand and reflect the beauty in valueless things

Saga of Socrates II

by HECTOR BOLITHO

SOCRATES I traveled from Greece to Provincetown, Cape Cod, when he was twenty. Ten years later he was a good American, speaking an odd mixture of fishermen's Greek, New England twang and local Portygee. In the summers he caught fluke, striped bass and flounder. In the winter he scooped clams from the squelching sand, set lobster pots when the weather was friendly, and shivered and grumbled when it was cold. Sometimes when he saw the high-water mark on the New England coast outlined in snow, like a hem of white lace to the land, he hankered after the sun and the smooth warm winds he had enjoyed in Lefkada when he was a boy.

Socrates I celebrated his birthday as he crossed the Atlantic, after he had left the ancient tides of the Adriatic for the audacious waves of the New England coast. For twenty years he had slumbered in the lap of the old world, contented for the most part to dream on the edge of the sea; in which history merged into legend and legend into the mists of the beginning of time. All his thoughts had been tethered to the past. At night, forbidding gods had growled among the stars above him and the ghosts of old triremes had moved silently in the deep distance, their sails hiding the moon as they passed by.

One day the dozing heart of Socrates awakened. He rose from the ancient sands and shed his history and his gods forever. In the years of his harsh, new life that followed, when his clapboard house trembled in the Atlantic winter, he sometimes questioned the voice he had obeyed. Then, out of his slow mind, came but one idea; that wisdom is an afterthought, a lantern lighted too late to guide us along the way we should go.

Socrates I married a woman lean and small-boned as himself, but their son grew into a young giant. They fed him on fish and fresh fruit, and gallons of milk. The food he was given made Socrates II strong and tall so that when he was sixteen he was already able to look over his father's head. His thighs were thick and his shoulders broad because he had spent long hours swimming in the sea, almost as soon as he could walk.

Socrates II stayed with his father and mother in the clapboard house until he was eighteen. He strode the sands with the confidence of the gods his father had forsaken; his eyes were so honest that sour and crafty men avoided his glance. His laugh came from the pit of his stomach, unsubtle and without motive, startling as a bell. He knew the sea better than the land. The little fingers of the summer tide had played with his toes when he was a baby. His first toys had been empty shells which he tumbled over the dazzling sand with his child hands, moving them so quickly that they were lively as mice. He had gathered the bleached white skeletons of fish, washed in by the tide. And he had filled big shells with sea water which he spilled on his head and hands, laughing as it trickled down his body. He had listened with wonder in his eyes, to the murmur of the sea in big, stranded shells.

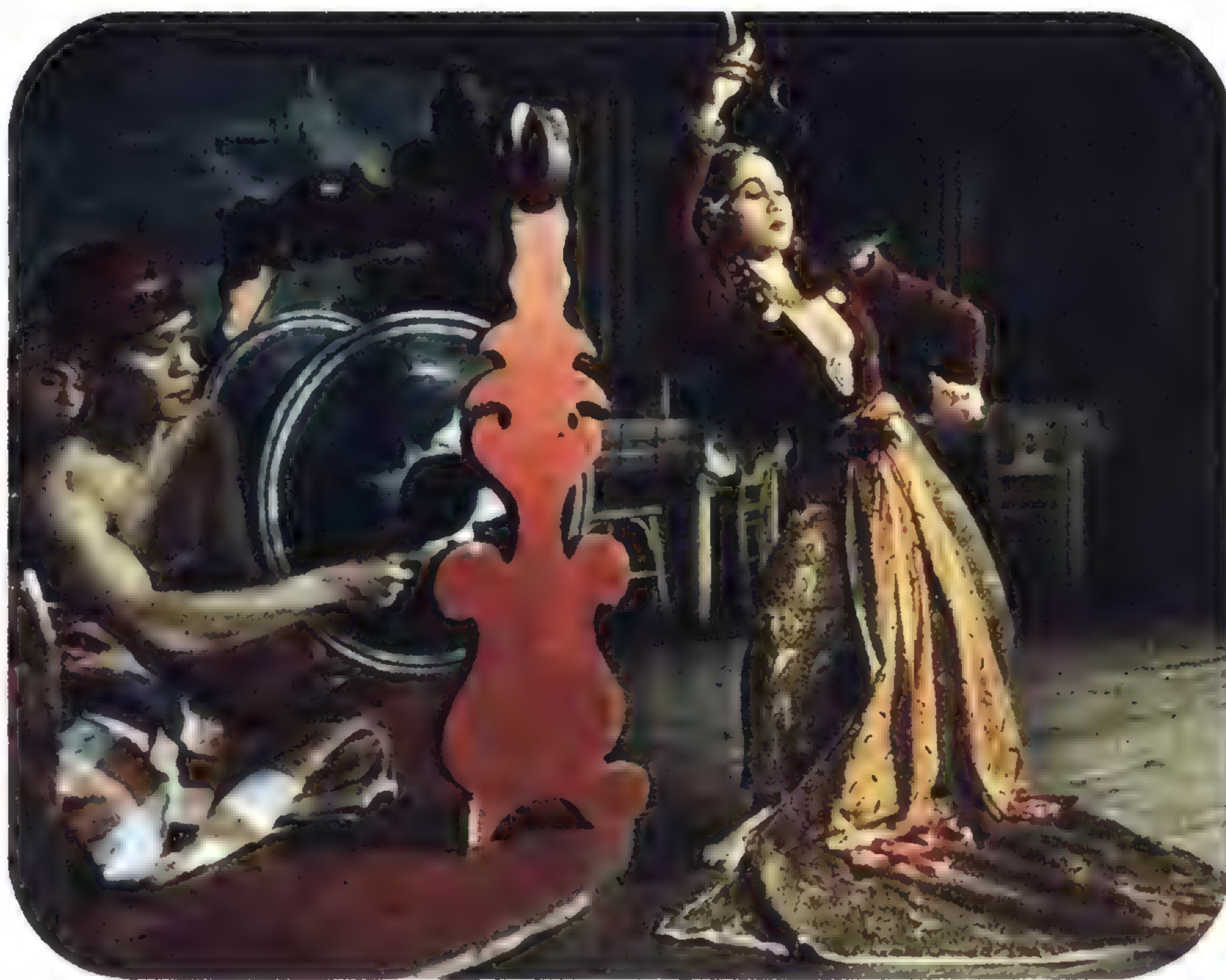
Socrates II did not gaze towards the hinterland nor the heavens for the objects that delighted his eyes, but found his treasures in the depths of the sea. He leaned over the stern of his father's dinghy and looked into the deep glass water: at sea anemones with slim arms swaying as if in a dance; at big, lemon-yellow shells on the sea bed, rocked this way and that by the water; at little shells, cyclamen-colored and so small that when the tide turned, they quivered like petals in the wind. This was the fullness of his experience. He stared at crabs, small

as the palm of his hand but seemingly gigantic because of their pompous stride, and at darting fishes, blue and saffron and white, like the flecks of color he saw within his eyelids when he closed them against the brilliance of the sun.

When Socrates II was eight he asked for a box of paints. He spread his excitement over sheets of paper; color and form, shapes poised in space, shapes resting on the ocean bed, little points of light, like drowning stars, and masses of impenetrable green. Deep green, and a multitude of forms, seen beyond the wetness of the water. All that he ever painted was like this because he could never escape from his first experience of beauty.

Socrates II asked nothing of the land. He strung the empty shells of lobster claws, spiky and red, and hung them from nails in the walls of his bedroom. He gathered big shells which he pressed against his ears, listening in the silence of the night to the murmur of the sea imprisoned within them. He never grew too old for his toys. Sometimes when his cheeks were hot he cooled them against the icy flank of the shell picked from the sea, eagerly as if it were a living hand that drew the sun heat from his face.

As he grew older, Socrates II was not allowed to paint in peace. His mother would plunge her impatient hands into the washtub and say, "Silly old mackerel bones he paints. Who's going to buy pictures of mackerel bones?" Socrates bore (Continued on page 197)



ACME

Dancer with Narrative Hands

When a quartet of Javanese dancers first burst on the American scene at the New York Fair, critics were pleasantly astounded by the exciting effects the Orientals could achieve with their formalized, posturing terpsichore. Since then, thousands of night clubbers have been equally astounded and for the same reason. Pictured here is sensational Devi Dja, loveliest ballerina of them all. She is dancing the Bedoyo, a short story of a dance in which a maiden falls in love with the image of a god, brings him to life, courts, and then loses him. Those conversant with Javanese hand language get the story as clearly as if it were synopsisized. But even laymen who observe the incomparable Miss Dja can appreciate the amazing warmth and gentle gravity which gives Javanese dancing a beauty unto itself.

As royalty clasps labor's horny hand we mark the
fall of old school ties, the triumph of oomphies

In England Now: The Wheel Turns

by DOUGLAS CLARK



THROUGH the crowded foyer of the Opera House, Covent Garden, one evening not long ago, moved the bulky proletarian figure of Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin—one of a large audience seeking the fresh night air after a cozy session with Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Sleeping Beauty*. Suddenly there was a disturbance. A clear peremptory voice rang out: "There he is! I must touch him!" And through the milling throng burst an upstanding lady with the fine aristocratic features of a dowager duchess. Immaculately gowned and coiffured, she battled her way vigorously to Bevin's side, touched him lightly on the shoulder, sighed and was swallowed up in the crowd.

We report this incident as evidence of the major revolution which has lately hit the traditional social values of the island race for six. It has taken a hundred years and two sizable wars for the race to catch up on the view of Alfred, Lord Tennyson—regarded at the time as definitely subversive—that kind hearts are more than coronets; but now we are able to report that simple faith is clearly on the social upgrade and Norman blood crying out pitiably for plasma.

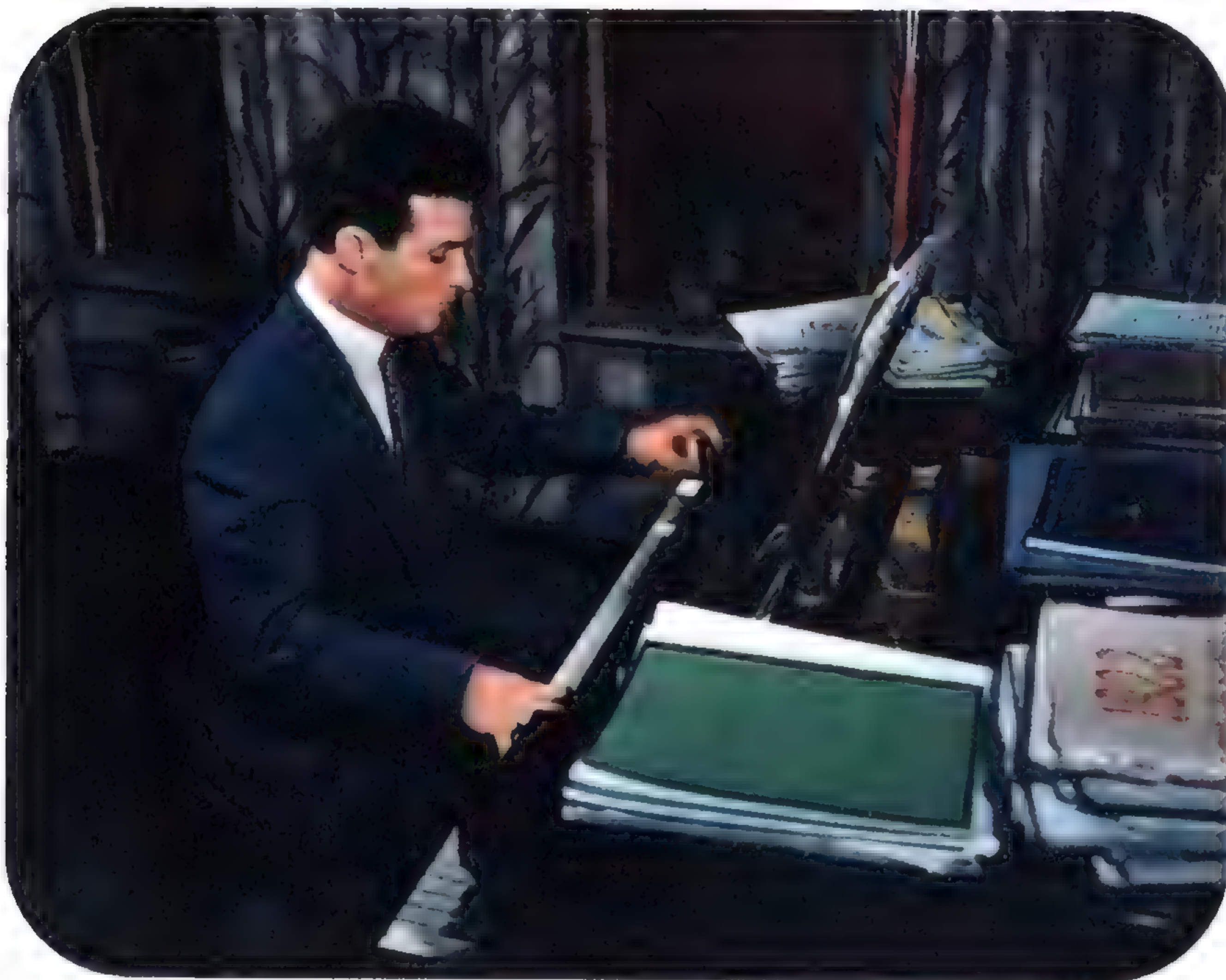
Little more than twenty years back, Stanley Baldwin, flower of one of England's most select institutions of learning, was forming his first government; and he has since gone on record as saying: "When I heard I was to be Prime Minister, my first thought was that I must pick a Cabinet of which my old school Harrow would be proud." This resolve he satisfied promptly and gloriously by ap-

pointing Harrovians to approximately one-third of his Cabinet posts and sharing most of the remaining portfolios with cool impartiality between Eton and Winchester men. Different, indeed, is the setup today when the calloused hand that rocked the coal-trolley rules the social world. While Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton and Minister of Food John Strachey still defiantly sport the Old Etonian tie, the great majority of the front-bench boys in the present Government served their political apprenticeship in decidedly harder schools; and—such is the inevitable social corollary—at any Mayfair cocktail party the man who can work into his small talk the magic words, "When I toiled at the pithead..." has his aristocratic audience cold on the spot.

We are carefully scrutinizing the pages of current literature to observe the effects of all this. To date the symptoms are limited, but nevertheless distinct. Breathlessly awaited each week by some hundreds of thousands of small boys in the period between the two World Wars was the newest issue of the magazine *The Magnet*, which described the adventures of a square-shooting bunch of youths at the fine old public school, Greyfriars. These famous young characters—among them an elegant fifteen-year-old named the Honourable Vernon Smith—always referred to their parents as pater and mater; and week after week they curled a patrician lip at sneaks, roughs and cads who broke bounds, disliked cricket, did up the wrong blazer-button and in other ways flouted the established rites and mysteries of English upper-class education.

A glittering money-spinner for its publishers for over two decades, *The Magnet* quietly folded up during the late war through lack of popular support; and soon, we are convinced, there is bound to follow a wider literary upheaval, especially in the more emotional magazines for women. Hitherto the routine story plot in such magazines has been built round the love—thwarted by snobbery till the last paragraph—of Annie, the beautiful mill girl, for Roderick, son of the arrogant lord of the manor. In future we may anticipate a striking change of emphasis with the Honourable Constance, impoverished daughter of a hundred earls, timidly adoring from afar young Bert, son of the proud secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers. We also surmise that the etiquette books will shortly need rewriting. The sort of question that is likely to perplex social aspirants of tomorrow is whether the granddaughter of a duke goes in to dinner ahead of the niece of the treasurer of the Catering Branch of the Union of Distributive and Allied workers. An English Emily Post of the future, before she sets pen to paper, would be well advised to sit down quietly and put her social boot firmly on the other foot.

In view of the current trend of affairs, we were sorry to see that a distinguished visitor to our English shores was recently guilty of a serious error of judgment. We allude to Mr. Whitey Bimstein, trainer of heavyweight boxer Mr. Joe Baksi. Mr. Bimstein, we are credibly informed, told an acquaintance during his visit: "I'm picking up limey language fast." Asked to amplify, he said, "Pip-pip. Toodle-oo. Right-ho. Oh, I say, what! See what I mean?" We see what Mr. Bimstein meant, but he was way off the mark. The dude Englishman with his plummy staccato phrases has fallen right into disrepute with his fellow countrymen. What Mr. Bimstein was picking up was not a slice of English life but (Continued on page 142)



Close-up of a Genius

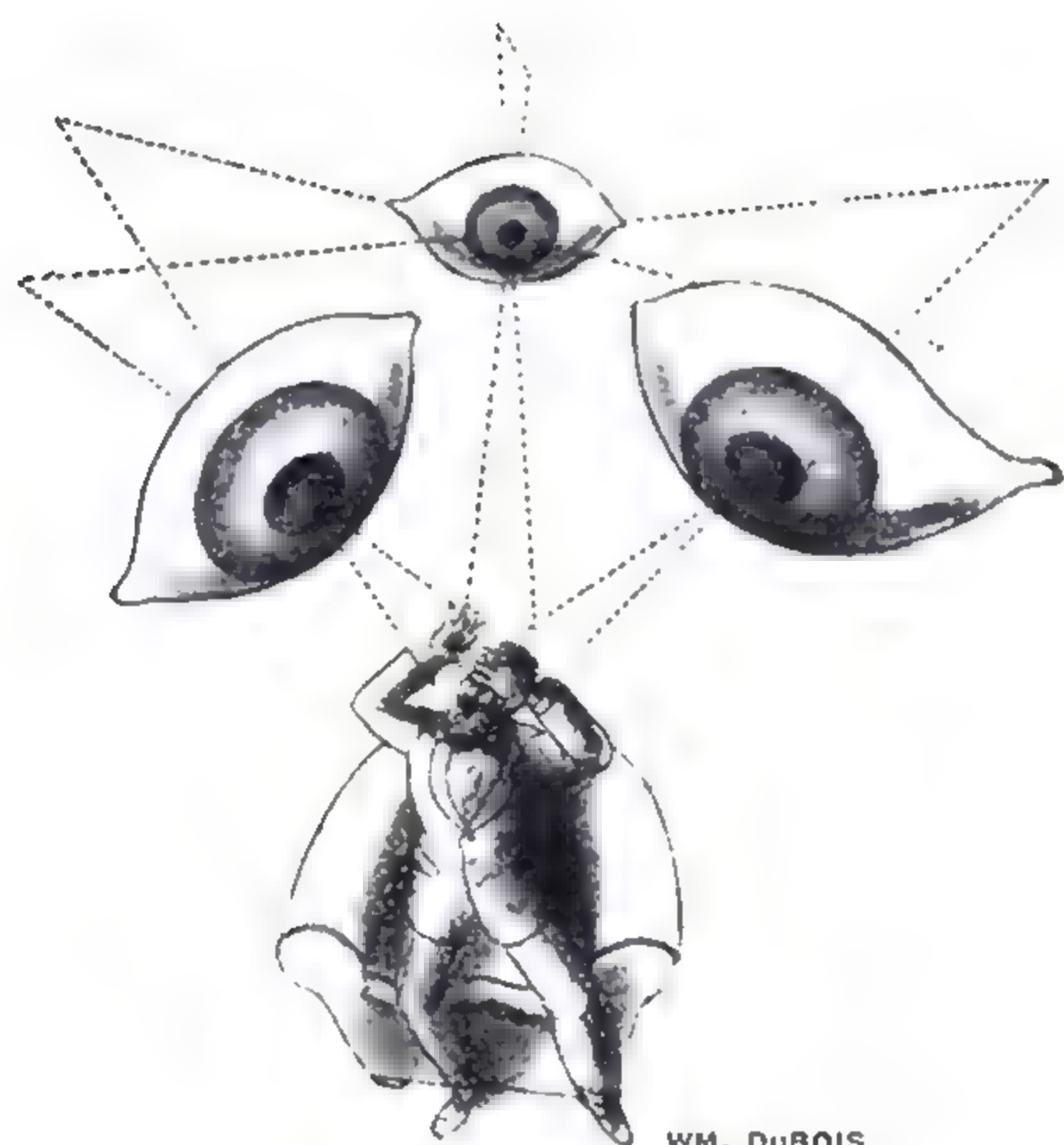
William Kapell's sensational keyboard career went into high immediately after his debut in New York's Town Hall six years ago. Since then the young New Yorker has played piano concertos with many symphony orchestras on this continent, has toured Australia and South America. His virtuosity stirs critics to describe him with such verbiage as "half-strip-ling and half-superman of the piano," to say that attending his concerts was "hearing and seeing a phenomenon, but hardly believing the evidence of one's own senses." Twenty-five-year-old Kapell (known to his family as Willy) laments that photographs flatter him, and feminine ogles who sneak backstage are distressed to see he does not resemble Rudolph Valentino. He unwinds after recitals by drinking an Alexander and playing boogie-woogie.



"John, do you know anything about fighting a duel this morning?"



"No, no, he's not a clown—he's one of our writers!"



WM. DuBOIS

**An exhortation for gentlemen to beware
the amateur analyst who would have you
run rat mazes in search of your psyche**

Out of My Id

by ROBERT W. MARKS

"THE trouble with you," a girl said to me one day, "is that you're too repressed. You never say what you mean. You never express any real emotion. You keep yourself masked."

I took this criticism to heart. I concluded that I was missing something. Instead of being a live, vibrant human being, I was a walking mummy, an articulate sphinx. In one way or another I must learn to limber up, be myself, act as I felt. I must abandon these sarabands and rigadoons and learn the psycho-samba.

The next night I happened to be with another sibyl. "The trouble with you," she said, "is that you are too diffuse. You say and do everything you please. You have no sense of restraint. Integration comes only from holding back your instincts, concentrating your energies—not saying and doing what you feel like saying and doing, but consciously building toward something."

It suddenly occurred to me that possibly too many people have been reading too many books. And since modern psychology, like St. Paul, is all things to all people, every noddie can select from it his own particular brand of charivari.

The result of this democratization of subtleties has been the compounding of misinformation. Little minds nurtured on fragments of esoteric pap have done for psychoanalysis what the Flagellanti and the witch hunters did for the Sermon on the Mount. Everything which has given pleasure to man, everything which proposes to make life a little less tedious, is diagnosed by these Eureka-shriekers as a sickness, a weakness, or an offshoot of the infantile attachment to some nylon umbilicus.

If a man likes savory dishes, he is a compulsive type; if he likes fine wines, he is escaping from something; if he enjoys an occasional woman, he is revenging himself on his mother; if he plays a good game of golf, he is offsetting a feeling of castration; if he takes a nip out of a bottle, he is nuzzling his way toward the maternal nipple. If he is a bad lover, he has an aversion to women; if he is a good lover, he is not sure of his potency.

To have your peccadillos diagnosed by any of the host of these self-made Torquemadas is to be condemned *de facto* and *ex cathedra*. The process is a streamlined version of the ordeal by water: if you float you're to be burned and if you sink you drown.

Amateur psychologists have descended on us like a plague of locusts. Everyone who has ever read a popularized distortion of Freud automatically sets himself up as an accredited reader of libidinal tea leaves. Every second-rate certified public accountant whose sister has a friend in analysis automatically considers himself a licensed manager of an emotion lubricatorium. And since psychology is nowhere as exact a science as the infinitesimal calculus, these Freudianized Nostradamis are exempt from organized refutation.

"The trouble with you," they begin in stereotyped wordage, "is that..." And here they proceed to unbutton any of a host of clichés, all of which are designed to prove that whatever gives you pleasure is an unmistakable indication of a sick personality. Perhaps the only common feature of the standardized formulae is the rule of bipolarity, which is to say that whatever you do you do because unconsciously you want the exact opposite. All of which adds up to saying that you eat because you're not hungry, and the only reason you sit down to a good steak dinner is to conceal the fact that what you really want is reverse peristalsis.

Modern psychology, in short, has added fuel to the Puritan tradition. It has given the disparagers of pleasure a new weapon. Time was when the Cotton Mathers of the world could condemn pleas-

ure as sinful. If you enjoyed a good game of stealing casino you were committing grievous sin. And if you conceded a mild enjoyment of bundling, you were inviting Jehovah's wrath—and his witnesses. But today the concept of neurosis has replaced that of sin.

As the twentieth century came into its own, sin became fashionable—something to boast about. But since illness still retained its social stigma, the idea of illness was substituted for sin. The lovers of unpleasure were able to attack the connoisseurs of light with more lethal shafts. The old-time sinner became the modern neurotic: he was not "sinning," he was merely performing a compulsive act as a result of his emotional sickness.

Take the business of a casual interest in more than one woman. From the time of King Solomon to the founding of Reno, men have been simultaneously or consecutively polygamous. Not every man, of course, but many men; some men have been anchorites by type, others have been penniless or frightened. But the simple notion of compound relationships has been one precious as a target for the sad-at-heart.

Today if you admit to a liking for an occasional change in the the program of your love life, you are open to these charges:

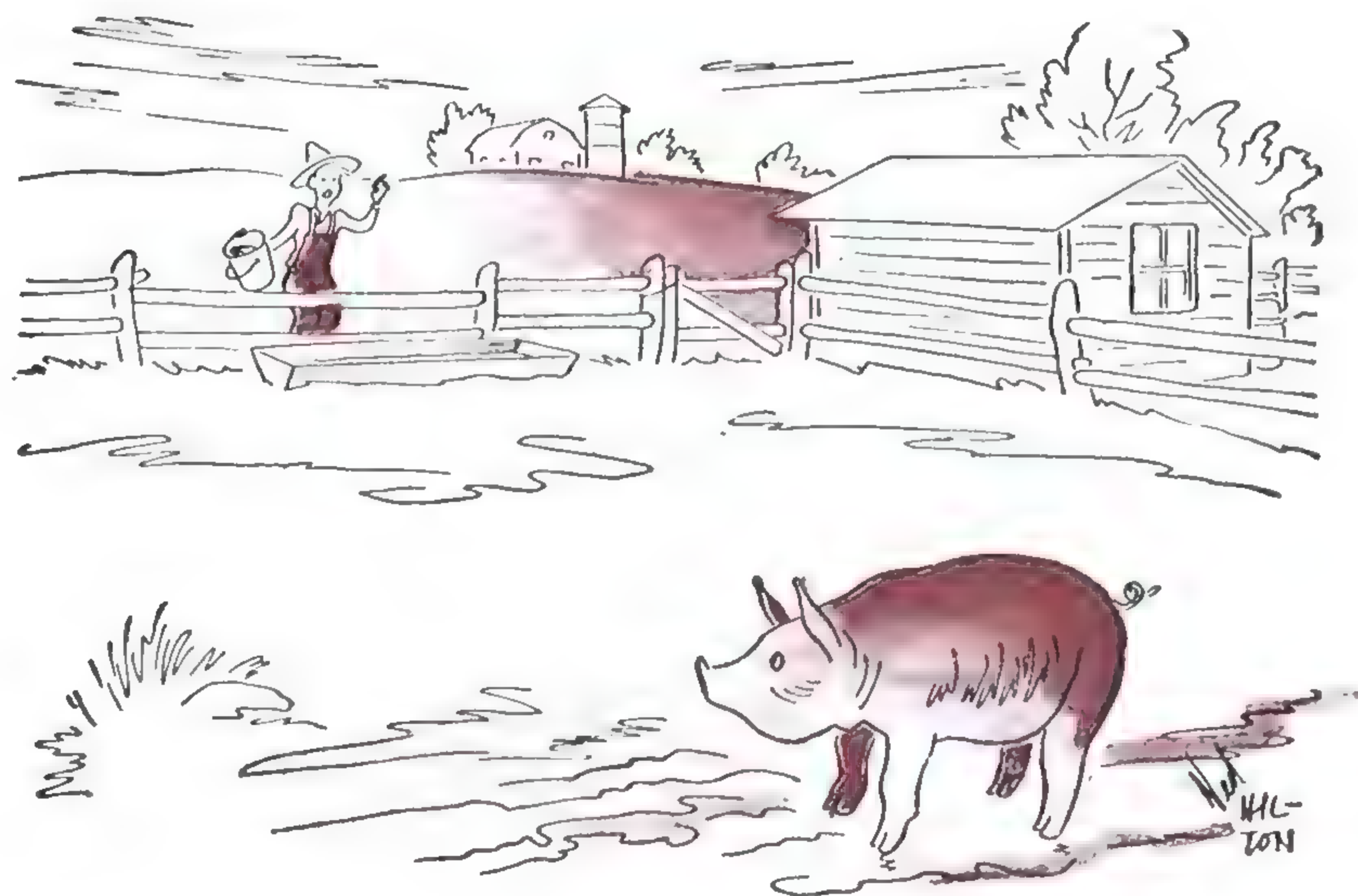
(1) You are unsure of yourself. You question your virility. It is necessary for you to prove to yourself that conquests, like the possibilities of becoming President, are not beyond you.

(2) You still have an infantile dependence on your mother. Loving any one woman would be a betrayal of your mother, an act of unforgivable disloyalty. By paying attention to many women you avoid giving serious devotion to any: and this your mother likes.

(3) You hate your mother. Other women become symbols for your mother. In loving them you are really destroying them, and this makes it possible for you to revenge yourself in a perfectly respectable way.

(4) You hate your father. Your father was always devoted to your mother. By spreading your affections you are doing what your father would never have done, and are proving your independence of the old man's authority.

But what none of these perennial sooth- (Continued on page 190)



"Here, Bikini; here, Bikini!"

The Barrier Reef

Alone on the great coral reef, he had neither water to drink nor matches to light a fire, and little hope of rescue

by D. COTTRELL



IN THE warm darkness, he swam steadily towards the enormous bulk of the Great Barrier Reef. With darkness, he had felt the full fear of sharks; the fear of the sea itself. The overcast of storm shut off the moon; the sea was black darkness under the leaden sky. His body was naked to the vast black grasp of the sea. The sound of the sea was a whisper of antagonism; a drawing, endless hiss across the domed swell of the Pacific. In imagination, he experienced the strong side-swirl of black water that might first indicate the nearness of a shark. A shark could bite off a man's leg like a banana.

He had better not think like this!

He thought of the Reef. A titanic thing, a hundred thousand square miles in area, sprawling southward for more than a thousand miles. A sea-mountain of life. Life, crowded, crawling, spawning, rioting—as life was crowded in no comparable space of earth.

The Reef had fascinated and disturbed him as he had seen it first from the air in War. The Reef's incalculable life dwarfed the life of man—made man seem transient. With war ended, he had stayed on as engineer at the silver mines in the desert. This morning he had flown in from the mines to check supplies. With the checking finished, he had wanted to see the Reef. In late afternoon, with the sun striking it from beneath the clouds, it was all the colors of gardens blazing in the sun. Dark purple, crimson, emerald green, henna and brown. Washed eternally by the white thunder of Pacific combers. He was turning to dive beneath the darkness of storm when fire burst through from the engine, the extinguisher jammed—and he leaped out of flame into storm-darkened air.

Since he had got free of the chute and his clothes, he'd been swimming. It was ironic when you thought of it. One minute he'd been man in a plane; the heir of all the ages. Now he was bare man against the sea!

The Reef was close now. There was a change in the familiar swing of the sea. The swell had more lift under him; a sort of hesitation. Above the hiss of the sea he could hear the churning, slow-falling boom of the breakers on the Reef. In all his weary nakedness, he sensed the structure of the Reef; fanged staghorn coral, cushioned lace of brain corals, sucking gullies among clustered, knife-edged

shellfish—and, endlessly falling on it, the slow-marching, thousand-ton rollers of the Trades. He had a vision of his naked body violently descending on the million-edged corals. In darkness, the surf was a terrifying thing. When—and if—he got onto the Reef, he'd still be thirty miles from shore—without means of signaling for help. He'd had to come out of that plane so fast that he hadn't even matches or a knife.

The disturbance of the water brought him back to the more immediate problem of the surf. He considered trying to hold off until morning. But the sharks patrolled the reefs like lithe dog packs. If he could get onto the Reef, he'd at least be safe from sharks.

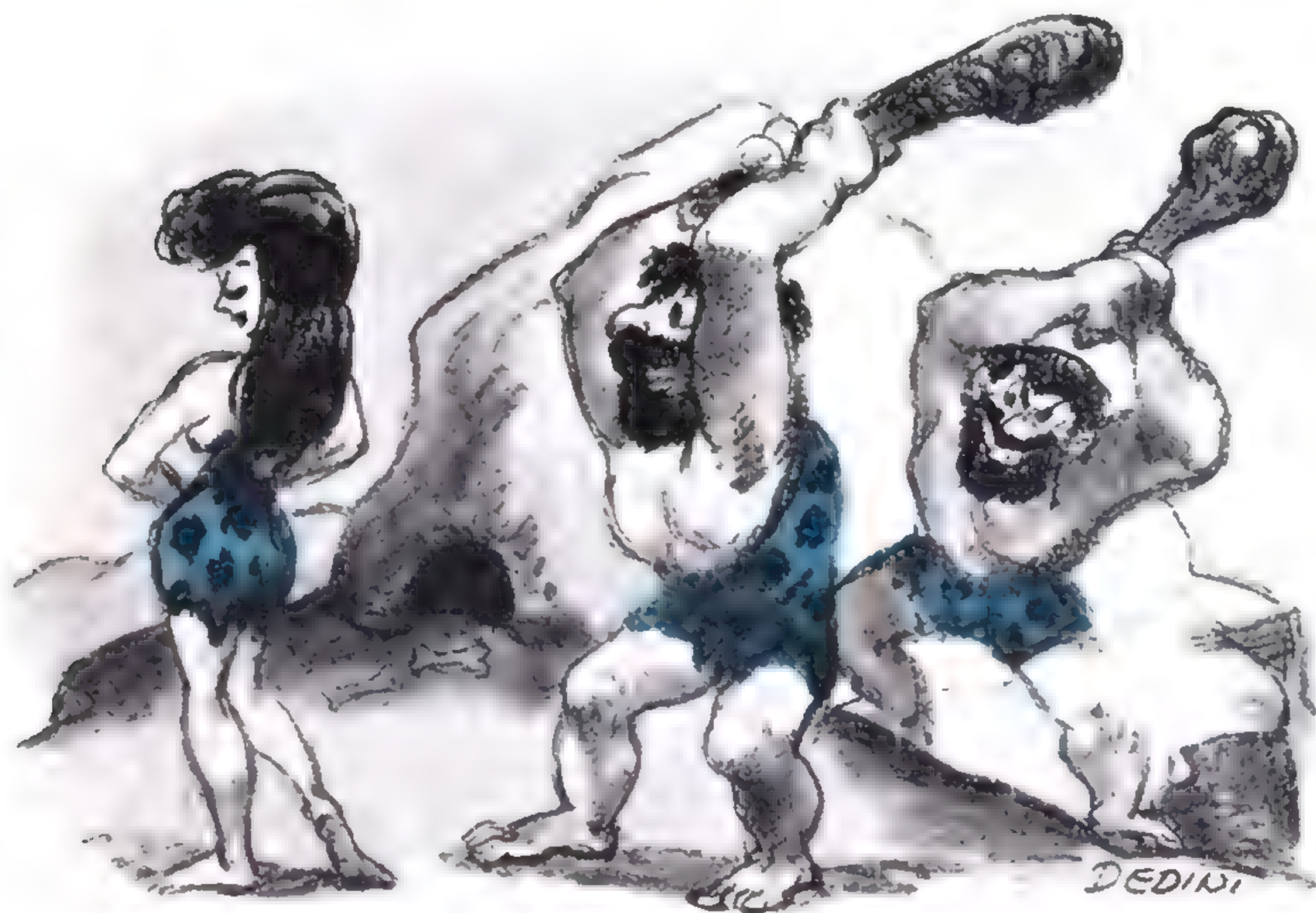
He moved in until the sound of the surf was a thunder all about him. You waited, choosing your wave; diving back through those that didn't suit you. Then, when a great wave came, you let it rise under you until you became a flying part of it. The theory was that its momentum carried you far up the sands. The trouble was that here there would probably be no sands.

He rose on watery mountains, tobogganed into valleys effervescent with laced foam. He was tossed like a cork! Then his legs were flying upward behind him. He thought: "This is it!" He swam violently—and did not need to swim. His arms, his legs, were gripped by titanic power, he was being flung, being hurtled by a salt flood that could lift ships! . . . As the wave broke, he should, in theory, be on top of it. It was as if he fought a millrace falling! He was smothered under foaming weight hurling him downward—hurled upward by watery geysers from beneath. Surf boiled all about him. In final avalanche of descent, he felt weedy slipperiness flying under him, and came down on his knees on the reef—and living knives cut through skin, flesh and cartilage; jarred on the bone. He toppled backward—and sat down on things that waved and cut. He clawed with his hands against the receding torrent of the wave that sought to pull him back into the sea. Then he crawled beyond the surf onto dank beds of piled seaweed. Its upper surface had a salty, half-dryness; below it was clammy, like part-dissolved gelatin. He fell on its sharp-smelling softness. He braced himself against the waves of pain. . . Then the pain was bearable; a steadiness instead of the cutting of knives.

He lay with his cheek against the Reef like a lover resting in the sea-filled darkness. He knew that pain would not let him sleep—and he was asleep.

He woke while dawn was a cold blue light out over the horizon to the east. His hands, knees and shins were lacerated. His buttocks flamed with pain. But he hadn't broken a leg or an arm; and after washing out the cuts and removing visible shell fragments, he set out painfully to explore the possibilities of his section of the Reef. Its almost washing surface was about a hundred yards wide, stretched perhaps three hundred yards north and south. Then it dipped to channels. To the south, across a hundred-yard channel, was a longer exposure of the coral skeleton, on which a hurricane had flung up a few acres of coral sand, now fertile with coarse-leaved vines. Beyond the sand island and his patch of coral, the rainbow snake of the Reef was fringed by breakers to the northern and southern sky. For miles on end it lay beneath the surf; for brief spaces, other flat islands interrupted the line of the breakers. All would be submerged in a storm. With the pearling fleets in harbor for the hurricane season, you might follow the Reef for hundreds of miles without having the luck to sight a small craft.

In this early light, the patches of coral sand were pale blue and the brown weeds at his feet had a



purplish cast. Only the dark green sand vines on the next island held their true color.

He could not see the mainland. He stood there as lonely as Adam before Eve came—and as bare.

Predominantly, he was thirsty! His mind quoted: "Look for shells or cans that may hold rain water." He began to look. "Watch for bottles (in which it may be possible to send a message) or for glass that may be used for cutting . . ." He had never seen an island more devoid of cans, bottles or any source of water. "Any large boards or pieces of wreckage should be placed above tide line for possible use in building a raft or shelter." There were neither boards nor wreckage. At the storm line was the mass of dried turtle grass reeking with the smell of the sea. Lower, the living corals and seaweeds: pale brown, lettuce-green, deep crimson, opal-blue. Modern man had left no trace on the island.

He became the-caveman-come-down-to-the-shore; peeking in pools; stalking the lips of ledges. His first prize was a conch. He smashed the shell on a rock, killed the shellfish, and, using a broken pearl oyster shell as a knife, scraped off as much as he could of the slimy and repulsive exterior. He bit off a section of the firm, pinkish-white flesh. It was good—once you got over the idea. And a man's prejudices faded rapidly on a reef. He ate eagerly—and the juiciness helped his thirst. He captured a long blue garfish by driving it up a shallow so that it dashed itself flailing ashore. The fish was even better than the conch.

While he was still thirsty, he felt better. The sun was up now; the world dancing blue. He decided to swim to the sand island across the channel—to see if it offered anything of use to him.

The tide rushed strong and warm. The water was so clear that even through the wind-riffle he saw the bottom forty feet below. He was almost across when he saw the shark—a big fellow, with easily gliding dorsal fin—between him and the shore! His heart gave a violent, checking thump. He was in only about twenty feet of water now, and could see the dark green weeds and purple sea fans of the bottom as if they were in reach. But he might as well have been in a thousand feet. He stayed perfectly still, supporting himself by the buoyancy of his strainingly filled lungs. The shark nosed about in short half circles. Once its great dorsal fin made a cant as it turned swiftly—like a destroyer going round on full rudder. The rising tide was broadside to them both, and he did not think that the shark could scent him. Then it began to swim directly towards him.

If without other defense, you were supposed to try wild splashing and shouting. But there was still a chance the shark did not scent him. He waited—his body tortured with the strain. Twenty feet from him, the shark veered again and went sliding to the east.

After a few seconds he swam for shore as he had never swum before.

Ashore, he dropped gasping in the seaweed, feeling that he would never breathe normally again. He saw the shark twice again as he walked to the top of the hurricane beach. Fear of it ruled out further swimming. In deep and open ocean he'd had at least a good chance. Voyagers in little boats had sailed for thousands of miles in mid-Pacific without seeing a living thing. In the teeming inner waters of the Barrier Reef his chances would be slim. Add the fact that he would be trailing a savor of flesh from his myriad cuts, and the percentage fell away almost to nil. Somewhere between the Reef and the flat coast, he would almost certainly make a snack for a cruising shark. . . He wondered if the shark would like him better than its normal diet of fish and turtle. It was odd to think of man—with his painfully acquired education, his plans and affections—as so much raw meat! Perhaps succulent, perhaps disappointing.

On the hurricane beach were a few conch shells. He emptied them of sand and set them up to catch water if rain should fall. To dig for water was useless here. The sea poured through the coral structure, salt as brine. He wove a bundle of vines into a platter-shape to keep the sun from his head and neck. As he worked, he reviewed his chances of being found. They were poor. In town, his friends would

assume that he was back at the mine. At the mine they would think him still in town. Before they searched for him, he would be dead of thirst or blood poisoning.

In the space between him and death, planes would pass within sight of his sand bar. He would see them, but they would not see him. They would not be looking for him. From their height the bar would be as impersonal as the colorations of a small-scale map. Yesterday he had considered trying to tow part of his parachute ashore for use as a signal, but he'd been so far from the Reef, he'd known he'd be lucky to make it stripped. Anyway, the chute wouldn't have had much chance of being seen.

Smoke would attract attention from ships or planes, but he had no means of making fire. Coral could not be used as flint. He did not know the exact principle of rubbing sticks—and he doubted if old Baden-Powell himself could have brought fire from these salt-sodden fragments of flotsam.

He had nothing but a few acres of white sand, coarse-leaved vines and piled seaweed with which to signal his need. If the girl who was coming across the world to join him was not to find tragedy instead of joy, he had to make them work!

It would have to be done on the grand scale to have any chance of working. He got stiffly to his feet—and the increasing pain of the cuts made him feel sick. He thought: "When she's with me I'll look back on this and laugh!"

Stumbling through the leathery vines, he stepped out the space at his command. When he knew the length and width of the island, he began placing lumps of coral to serve him as guides . . . The planes—if they passed—would pass from the west. His design must be placed so that it could be read from the west. He must make it big—as big as the island. Even from the planes' height, they would see the island from an angle. His letters must be very tall in proportion to their width so as to be readable in foreshortening. They must be big and clear—so they wouldn't blur together from great height. S as tall as the island was wide. O well away from S. S well away from O. S O S.

It was hard to be accurate when you couldn't get above them, but were always looking at a small, foreshortened part of the letters from a puny angle.

To make his letters show up, he would have to clear several acres of vines and litter; pile the outer edges of the design with seaweed—for greater accent. The vine stalks ranged in thickness from half an inch to an inch and a half. All along the vine lengths, wiry roots struck down into coral and sand. He decided to pull what vines he could. When his strength gave out, he would spend his rest period in trying to make a tool that could be used for cutting from a pearl oyster shell.

By four o'clock that afternoon he had a moth-eaten tail for the first S. Thirst raged in his body, distracting him. While he had always been well-tanned, the unaccustomedly long exposure was burning his body to fire. He ate part of a small fish for supper; and squeezed the fish juice into his mouth to ease his thirst. He wanted to sleep. But he knew that if he fell asleep he would sleep away the coolness of the night. He needed the night to work on the vines. He sat with his back to a coral lump and let his hands trail on the sand. There were no clouds tonight, and when the moon rose he pulled vines until the vast moon was overhead. Then he dropped on the sand, too tired to turn his head into a comfortable position; simply lying as he hit the sand.

By the next night he had the first S and half the O pulled—and part of the tail of the first S laboriously shorn free of all vines. By now, while he could think of the girl, it was only as she might bring him great glasses of iced lemonade—and her fingers would be cold and beautiful from the glass.

He could not eat now; the juice of sea things seemed only to make him more thirsty. He chewed the vines, but they seemed devoid of sap.

With morning, he had difficulty in keep- (Continued on page 139)



"The hard part will be on the return trip, when we'll have to portage back up!"

**There's nothing tough about Raft, Laughton
and other heavies but their public relations**

The Bad Time of Hollywood's Bad Men

by **HERB GRAFFIS**



SHED a tear but not your coat for the movie tough guy. He has acted himself into a dilemma. His "aw yeah" sneers have become a challenge to the customers. He earnestly makes believe in belligerent roles, but the frail cynic gazing at the results on the screen murmurs to the lady by his side, "The bum couldn't lick his upper lip."

The picture tough guy stirs up the spirit of free enterprise among normally tranquil citizens. After a bit of a warm-up with John Barleycorn, a skeptical party hankers to appraise the cinema brute. The illusion created by the hard ham is matched against the inflamed unknown's own concept of himself as a character who can whip all the screen wildcats who choose to prowl.

This provocative situation is aggravated by carrying the hard-guy masquerade to the extent of childish silliness away from the studio, as in the case of George Raft with his bodyguard "Killer" Mack Gray.

Who really would want to imperil the life or limb of Raft so the pictured bad man would have to be convoyed? Mr. Pegler cuts a few syllables out of Mr. Raft just for amusing mischief. Pegler expresses doubt that Raft could throw a punch with the same dexterity that Raft is said to be able to throw Eighter from Decatur or other desired combinations of dots on craps cubes. The Great Deflator publicly confesses to the suspicion that Mr. Raft's Killer is not such a ferocious and fearsome character that he picks his teeth with whirling buzz saws.

Raft and his Killer thus pay a penalty for carrying illusory toughness off the picture premises. If they really were bold bad men per their script, they would have made fists or guns at Peg or have sent him to the bottom of the East River with a cement block for pants. Not having done same by way of rebuttal, they have exposed themselves to the occupational disaster of being regarded only as actors.

Far more discreet is Edward G. Robinson, prominent as a merciless menace of the screen. In a large land populated by a commensurate ratio of susceptible morons, Robinson's artistry has been such that a goof with a violent imagination might have thought that rubbing out Robinson would be a public service. But the canny Robinson has overlooked no opportunity of letting it be known that he is as gentle as a dove, passionately addicted to collecting works of the screwy schools of daubers and, away from the pretense of pictures, a sweet and innocuous person who would sob himself to sleep if called a nasty name.

The result of this protective propaganda has been to identify Mr. Robinson as a genius in the high art of simulating low characters, or at least at making himself known as an actor playing hoodlum parts instead of as a hoodlum playing that he is an actor. This Robinson policy is a great one for impressing the multitude of the mentally retarded. They have a juvenile trust in the actor living his part. The gullible chumps have been hypnotized, by the ham's ego and publicity, into this error, although there have been several exceptional instances of genuine actors being generally regarded as actors.

Charles Laughton, for example, is known to the box-office droves as an actor. He has made no pretense of being brutal Captain Bligh away from work, nor has he encouraged any publicity depart-

ment to whisper *fortissimo* to the dear fans that he consorts with dock bums or the slimy specimens of underworld life so he may get the "feel" of a part.

Unless a calculated effort is made by the studio publicity department, cinema clients sometimes are not disposed to consider a person they see in a picture as an actor. Often there are obvious reasons for the negative judgment, particularly in the tough-guy production lines of the Hollywood plants. Almost any saloon floor-show performer or high-school thespian can give a fairly close imitation of celebrated ruffians of the screen. The tough guy of real life commonly is an unprepossessing and vicious near-idiot who is not glamorous enough to be picture material, or he is a veneered maniac on the order of "pardon me" mobsters who constituted the Capone storm troopers. In neither case is the real tough guy similar to the screen exhibits.

Somewhat to the credit of the criminal classes, an ambitious hoodlum who patterned his technique to the picture-model tough guy would be—and has been—regarded by career rogues as a comical and untrustworthy creature. The gendarmes occasionally apprehend one of this curious type and have discovered that corrective psychiatry is the back of the hand to the lazy bum.

Most of those who are incited by the tough-guy pictures seem to be merely nuisances, male and female, who are not asked to parties at many homes, hence feel impelled to expose their hostility complex in bistros. Errol Flynn has had a spell of being pushed at and poked by these pests. Flynn has played so many swashbuckling tough-guy parts that he apparently inflames the romantically inclined. They step up to the unsuspecting Flynn with intent to mar his features. If the assailants who have waved fists or fingernails at Flynn were actually rugged, his countenance would have been hamburger long ere now. But Flynn has been fortunate in kindling the belligerent passions of bubbleweights. The tale got around, by mouth and print chatter, that Mr. Flynn really was quite a handy chap with knuckle, bow-and-arrow and other primitive weapons. This rumor was not vehemently denied by our hero. Hence Flynn, while just minding his own business of the social moment, constituted a challenge to an anonymous and itchy combatant in Hollywood.

Jimmy Cagney, a former chorus boy and a fellow of the ordinary citizen's peace-loving nature, has been compelled to become an artful dodger of pugnacious dimwits who take their pictures too seriously. Cagney's slap of a female character in a pioneer "public-enemy" film innovated a refreshing element in the cinema code of etiquette. Since the historic instant when the Cagney palm stung the puss of a picaresque damsel, a lady player in a stirring film is liable to get bunions on her jowls from being slapped by a hard-hearted male participant in the scenario.

It is an idea that has received the approval of a considerable percent of the populace. But off the screen it does not work out too well for Cagney, for his emulators who cuffed their lady friends or for the women who became punching bags of Cagney's imitators. Cagney's appearances before the enthusi-

(Continued on page 119)



"Try this one on for laughs"



Recapitulation by EUCLID SHOOK

"A fair fire makes a room gay," and some deep instinct in every lass makes her heart sing in tune with the flames. Perhaps her worship of firelight derives from early pagan days when the fairest maidens of Rome kept the town fire burning. Careerists of their time, these Vestal Virgins were highly regarded, but their rules were rigid. If a teen-

ager dedicated to Vesta let a fire die, the kindly old Romans let her off lightly—with a beating. But when a Vestal got herself talked about, she was buried alive—guilty or not. If a V.V. survived some years of this privileged life, she could marry and enjoy a hearth of her own. The moral of the story is this: be sure of your timing when you play with fire!



Aplomb by TOM HALL

Self-assurance is a quality highly admired in circles concerned with getting ahead in a hurry. But, thinks Tom Hall, there are those on whom a confident air is distressingly disconcerting. In such a mood, he offers a poised Esquire Girl, whose very aplomb is at once her own greatest asset and her suitor's major liability.

Do something to put a chink in that exasperating calm, the ambitious male commands himself, and wonders what. What to do when a woman is both beautiful and reserved? What to do indeed but follow, turn handsprings, and hope she will condescend to slacken her reins and let an emotion or two shine through?



GREENE

Victimized by dream wishes which demand fulfillment, the somnambulist is like a blind man stumbling to his own destruction

They Walk by Night

by FRED OSTLER

THE crowded courtroom in Edinburgh, Scotland, was deathly still. On trial stood Simon Fraser, accused of snatching his baby son from his crib at night and dashing him to death. Curiously enough, as Fraser made his way to the witness stand, public sympathy was with him.

"Why did you commit this crime?" asked the judge.

"I had a frightful dream," explained the heartsick Scotsman. "I thought a wild animal had come through the floor to attack the boy. I tried to get to the crib and kill the beast."

Instead, Fraser had walked in his sleep and killed his own child. On the witness stand he dramatically summed up the defense of all men who walk in their dreams: "I am guilty in my sleep but not in my senses."

The Scot's tragic story is no isolated example of the perils sleepwalkers bring to others as well as to themselves. An Englishman carved up his wife in his sleep. A Wisconsin man who believed he was battling burglars awoke to find that he had severed a toe from his right foot. An eight-year-old boy liked to play "bandits" with his gang, using a broomstick as a gun. One night his terrified father was awakened by a loud noise and found his young son holding a smoking shotgun, while in the dark bedroom his mother lay dead.

Sleepwalking is indicative of a period of instability and the sleepwalker, far from being the amusing individual portrayed in books and movies, is in some cases suffering from a serious neurosis. Like the alcoholic, he is usually obsessed by a single idea. Like the insane, on occasion he displays more energy while asleep than awake. In sleepwalking the individual at times will take fearful risks, display abnormal powers and perform feats he would consider impossible in his waking life.

The intense activity of sleepwalkers is exemplified by the man who dreamed one winter night that he was walking on a riverbank. He heard a cry and saw a child plunge into the swirling waters. He hastened to the rescue, imitating the wild pattern of swimming until he collapsed from fatigue. As he rested (he explained later) the bunched bedclothes seemed to become the body of the child. He grasped them in one hand and repeated his swimming motions with the other until he reached shore safely. Then, shaking with cold, he demanded a glass of brandy.

"My blood is turning to ice!" he shouted. "I need brandy, quick!" None was available, so he was handed a glass of water.

"This isn't brandy!" he cried. Shivering and shouting, all efforts to calm him were futile until someone procured and handed him a glass of liquor. He drank it, thanked the donor, but didn't awaken for some time.

Fortunate is the sleepwalker who suffers nothing more serious than embarrassment. A young lady in Boston hailed a cab one night, dressed only in a scanty negligee. She was awakened a little while later at a police station where the startled cab driver deposited her.

Or take the case of a forty-year-old Chicagoan who blushed when he learned that the preceding night he had walked into a public garage clad only in his long woolen underwear. His blush turned rosier when he was told the police had been pestered with complaints about

a thinly clad man who spent his midnight hours ringing doorbells.

Because sleeping soldiers were often disturbed by a comrade crashing over a locker as he departed on a midnight stroll, research was begun on the malady at Camp Lee, Virginia, during the war. Lt. Col. Samuel A. Sandler interviewed twenty-two sleepwalking victims and emerged with a clear picture of the relation between sleepwalking and the individual's conflicts and repressions.

"The personality structure of the somnambulist," said Lt. Col. Sandler, "is that of the overprotected, babied adult. Somnambulism represents to the sleepwalker an attempt to escape from threatening dangers."

His sleepwalkers were unlike ordinary neurotics. They did not come from broken homes; their fathers were generally feared, respected, even idolized. In many of the families, however, there had been histories of suicide or illness. And even those who were married showed no particular interest in women.

"The night personalities of these men," reported Sandler, "were in marked contrast to their gentle dispositions during the day. They were argumentative and hostile, probably indicative of their basic character. One man started a fight with a guard, knocked him down and narrowly escaped being shot." One sleepwalker stole his best friend's wallet. Many dreamed of encounters with fierce animals or men with knives.

The strain of combat suppressed on battlefields has caused sleepwalking among returned G.I.s. One Guadaleanal veteran broke down pitifully when he awakened from his sleep to find he had tried to kill his wife. A much luckier G.I. in Rochester, New York, dreamed he was back in the paratroops, leaped two floors from his bedroom window, but landed unhurt.

During a somnambulistic attack, the subconscious mind chiefly controls the individual. Because the brain reacts mainly to facts or sensations which fit into the dream pattern, the activities take the form of whatever motions are necessary to achieve a definite dream goal. Ordinary faculties of hearing, smelling, tasting are acute. The napping is generally not deep; and it is an eerie thing to see a man walking through the dead of night with eyes open, yet seeing nothing.

Famous men have at times been somnambulists. Otto Loewi, Nobel Prize winner, wrote the answers to perplexing problems concerning nerve impulses in his sleep. The novelist Ben Ames Williams recalls a time when he was sleeping on the thirty-second floor of a New York hotel. Suddenly he found himself leaning on the window sill, glancing out at the city's lights. Startled and considerably scared, he rushed back to the safety of his bed.

Men, women and children do strange things in their sleep. They walk on roof tops, railroad tracks and riverbanks. They sing, dance, write music, poetry and prose. They commit suicide and murder.

Is there no cure for them? Medical science at present can only suggest psychic re-education and psychiatric treatment. Whether a complete cure can be effected is uncertain, but by getting at the roots of personality problems, sleepwalkers can take the first step to escape the chagrin, shock and possible tragedy that stalk all those who walk by night. ##



"I think Jasper's about due for a change"

When a stronghearted butcher hunts an apartment for his boss' brother-in-law, comes adventure, intrigue, even romance

It's Your Move

by MEL MATISON



FIENE

SOMETHING is eating Joe Weller, my boss. For a week, every day that he comes into the store he is cranky. He finds fault with my window displays, goes around turning out lights, and grumbles about my having too many markdowns. I pay no attention, figuring he will get over it; maybe it's the hot weather, he needs a vacation or the Big Boss is after him.

But the second week starts the same way. Joe busts into the store, pushes through the turnstile, almost knocking over the customer ahead of him, ignores the cheery "Good morning" of Lily, the cashier, and walks over to the meat counter where I am laying out some rolls of bologna.

"You better fix those turnstiles," he barks at me. "They're too tight. Also, the store looks sloppy today, Leadbetter, very sloppy."

Slowly I unbend from the bologna. Even slower I walk out from behind the counter. I cross my hands on my chest and look down at Joe, he being about five-feet-six, although every inch the executive.

"Look, my friend," I say in a loud, angry voice, "you may be the Bronx district manager of the Giant Value Food Stores and I may only be the manager of the Mott Avenue branch, but not even the president of the company can—"

"Sssh," whispers Joe, sounding more like his usual quiet self, "the help will hear us."

"Good," I say even louder.

"Please, Charlie," pleads Joe, "I am not myself these days. I have a lot on my mind."

At once I feel sorry for him. He must be in a real fix to behave the way he has been. I shouldn't be so rough on him. Especially when I have in my mind to ask for a raise.

"If there is anything I can do to help you, Joe, I will be glad to," I say.

He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes his forehead. "Maybe you can," he mumbles, "maybe you can."

I lean up against the meat counter and wait to hear his troubles. They come quick and to the point.

"Charlie," he says, "I am in a very desperate situation. You don't know where I can find an apartment anywhere, do you?"

It must be the heat that's got him, I think. In the year 1946, U. S. A., sensible people don't ask such a question.

"Would you like it in Siberia?" I ask him. "Or maybe with influence I could get one a little nearer, say Alaska."

Joe lets out a heavy sigh. "Please don't aggravate me, Charlie. You are one of my most aggressive store managers. You should be able to help me."

I am unmoved by this praise. He doesn't need help, he needs a miracle. "My aggression is as a food store manager, Joe, not as a real estate agent," I tell him. "What do you want an apartment for anyway?"

"It's not for me," he says in a voice that's filled with misery. "It's for my sister and her husband. Last week her husband gets out of the Army and they move in on my father and mother, my other sister and me. They can't find an apartment." Joe is wiping his forehead with his handkerchief again. "It's torture, Charlie, torture."

"Why torture?" I ask innocently. "Your own sister and her returning G. I. husband, you should be glad to give them your roof over their head."

"My sister Helen is very dear to me, but her husband—" here Joe breathes hard—"he's a fiend. The first thing I know he moves their baggage right into my room and I am sleeping on a lumpy studio couch in the parlor instead of my own bed with a box spring and a hair mattress. He uses my shaving cream, wears my clothes and gets the best part of the meat at meals. He drives my new car all over town and already he has smashed two fenders. Also, he borrows money from me and plays it off at two-handed pinochle."

"A stinker," I say.

"Worse," Joe says, "a con man, a phony. He doesn't know what it is to do a real day's work. Even in the Army he was the general's chauffeur."

As an ex-paratrooper this wrings my heart.

"And of course," I say, "he is very happy over the housing shortage so he can stay at your apartment."

"Of course," says Joe.

I tap the top of the meat counter and consider angles. After all, I am a key man in the community. Who, in these crucial times, if not a manager of a food market, should be able to get an apartment through his appreciating customers? And who, if not the boss, should a person try to help out?

"Joe," I say in an understanding tone, "you got my sympathy. I will make a great effort to find an apartment."

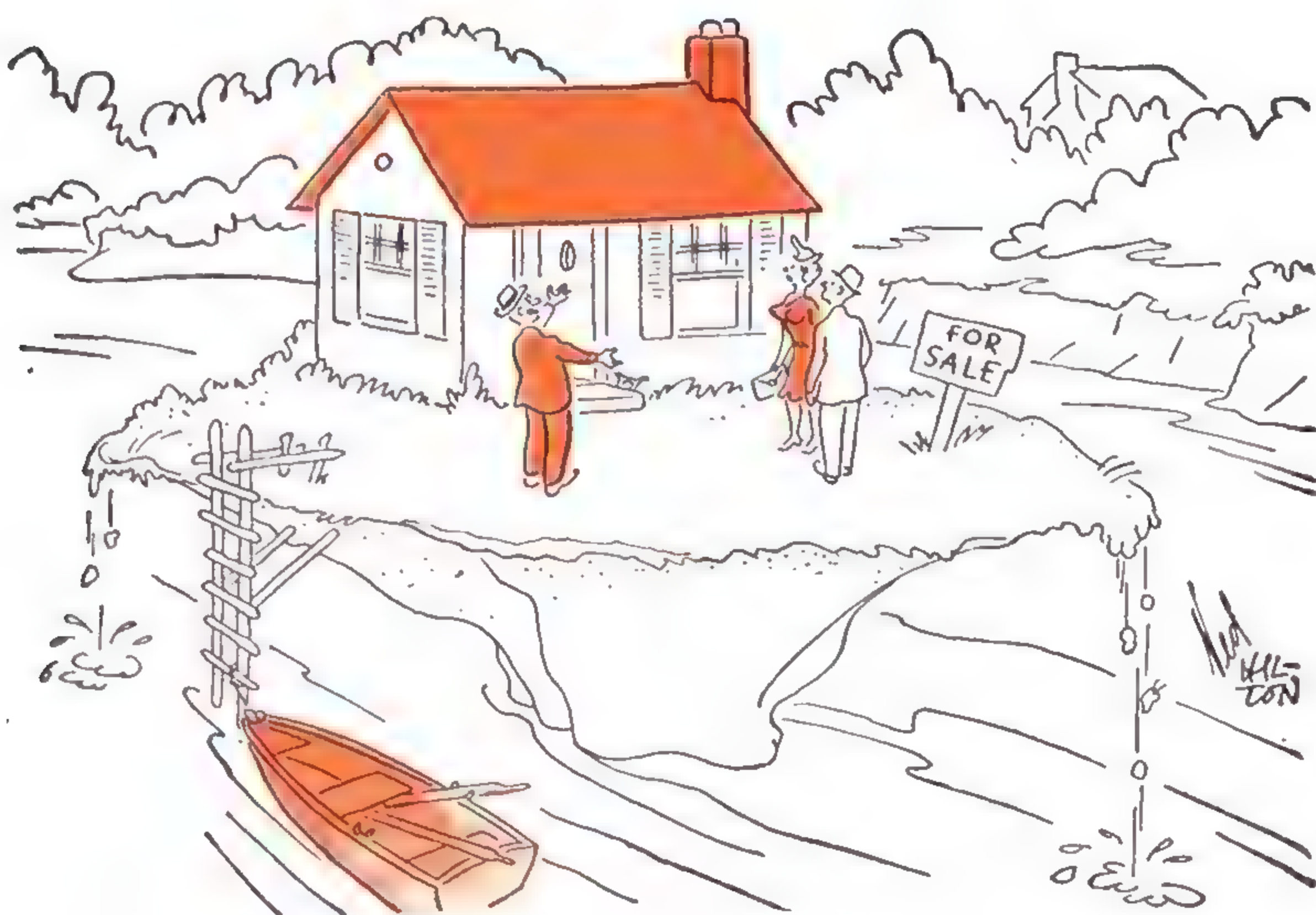
He shakes my hand and wishes me luck. Then we go over business matters, but my mind is already working on a scheme. When Joe leaves I go into action. I get behind the meat counter and advise Stanley, my head meat clerk, that I will help wait on trade for the day.

The first few customers I let Stanley wait on as they are not regulars, just fair-weather trade who shop in my store only when they can't get enough in other stores.

Then Mrs. Miller comes in. She is a good customer and a property owner. I push Stanley away, give Mrs. Miller a big smile and she gives me a big order, a dozen lamb chops, a six-pound sirloin of beef and some hamburger. I get all the stuff together on top of the counter and turn a pair of sad eyes on her.

"Meat is getting scarcer all the time, Mrs. Miller," I say. "I am having an awful time taking care of my good customers."

"I certainly appreciate your taking such good care of me, Charlie." Her smile is encouraging.



"You can get this island paradise for a song just because the river's undercut the bank a little!"

"You know, Mrs. Miller, it's almost as tough to get meat as it is to get an apartment. I am very desperate to get an apartment, Mrs. Miller."

She gets the idea. She wrinkles up her forehead and tells me her sad story. She owns three apartment blocks. There isn't a single vacancy. Everyone pays the rent on time. Nobody expects to move. Her youngest son, her own son, mind you, has a girl and wants to get married but they can't find a place to live. And she with three apartment blocks. But of course she will keep me in mind. And thanks for the meat.

In spite of such a beginning, I try the same scheme with other customers. But all I get is tears. Everybody is living with everybody else. Nobody has enough room. People are buying trailers and Quonset huts. One expectant mother even tells me she is converting her pantry into a nursery. It's a very crowded world.

By closing time I am so low-down from the tragedies I hear all day that I feel lucky I got such a nice furnished room and I better be more congenial to Mrs. Portnoy, my landlady.

For the next few days I keep at these tactics but I still only get unhappy stories, including a heartbreaker from Mrs. Langer. Her husband works for an insurance company and has an opportunity for advancement in the Boston office, but there are too many people and too few places to live in Boston, too. So they are staying in New York.

I go so far as to check up on how another customer, Mrs. Brown, is getting along with her husband, as I have heard rumors of a divorce. A divorce, of course, breaks up a home and maybe I can get it. But Mrs. Brown's next door neighbor advises me that the Browns made up.

By Friday afternoon I have exhausted not only every customer but also myself. Meanwhile on Joe's visits to the store he is straining every muscle to keep his disposition mild, but I can see he is bound to go sour again soon if something doesn't turn up for him.

Then on Saturday morning I get an inspiration. Ten minutes after I open the store in walks my Uncle Albert. Uncle Albert is a bachelor who lives alone in an apartment building on the Concourse. He is a chiropodist with an office downtown, but he is not very successful in his profession, being so shy that his customers think he is a dummy, which, I must admit, is not a bad description of him. And even as a bachelor, with no expensive tastes, he can't make both ends meet, so I use him in the store Saturdays. Being dignified with pride, he doesn't wait on trade, just acts as a sort of floorwalker, straightening out carriers, and keeping the kids away from the cans and vegetables.

"Good morning, Charlie," he says in his gentle way. "I hope I am not late." He is the first one to show up, but that's Uncle Albert. He looks at me with his sensitive eyes. Uncle Albert should have been an artist or a musician. He is too soft for the world of business.

"How was business this week, Uncle?" I ask him.

He shrugs his shoulders. "The same." He says it like he is ashamed. "One of these days I will pick myself up and go back to Bridgeport."

Uncle Albert is always threatening to go back to Bridgeport which is our home town. After many years of getting nowhere in Bridgeport, during which time he used to say he could do better in a big city, he moved to New York with the same result, only with bigger expenses.

I put my arm across his shoulder. "Uncle, I want to have a serious talk with you. Something came up this week which gives me an idea."

Since the other clerks are coming in now, I take him into the back room where we won't be disturbed. I sit him down on a sack of potatoes. I tell him about how Joe Weller is looking for an apartment for his sister. I tell him what a miserable life he is having living alone in his apartment, cooking his own meals and doing his own cleaning. Then I tell him that he can improve himself if he will sublet his apartment to Joe's sister and he can move in with me to Mrs. Portnoy's, a fine cook if there ever was one.

"Just think, Uncle Albert," I urge him, "you won't have to work here on Saturdays any more. You will make a profit subletting. By living at Mrs. Portnoy's your expenses will be less than they are

now. You will be able to hold up your head and you can enjoy life."

Uncle gets up from the sack of potatoes, which can't be very comfortable, walks around, and sits down on a crate of oranges. He has his head in his hands. I can see he is thinking very hard. Again he stands up and walks around. Uncle Albert is not used to making decisions. Finally he speaks.

"Charlie, it sounds practical, I think. Will it be all right with your landlady?"

"Sure, Uncle, absolutely," I tell him, feeling not so sure myself, knowing that is the next angle on the program I have to tackle. Mrs. Portnoy is a widow whose husband left her well off, and the only way I got the room was because I pleaded first I was a homeless veteran, and second that if she took me in as a roomer I would get her the choicest cuts of meats at all times.

I lead Uncle back to the store which by now is going full blast. I go to the meat counter and select a beautiful piece of brisket. I wrap it up and walk five blocks to Mrs. Portnoy's.

I come into the house, Mrs. Portnoy sits alone in the kitchen having a glass of tea. I put the bundle on the table and open it up, a piece of meat with just enough fat and a fine grain running through it.

"Oh, Charlie," she says, "what a lovely piece of brisket. Thank you so much. I don't know what I would do without you."

This is the opening I am hoping for. I speak with a touch of tragedy in my voice. "I am afraid that you will have to do without me one of these days."

She puts down her spoon. "What's the matter, Charlie?"

"Well," I say, "my uncle is giving up his apartment and I would like him to live with me. Only I know you don't want to take on any other roomers even if there are twin beds in my room and my uncle would be willing to make his own bed and pay the same rate as I do."

"Your uncle?" she asks. "Who's your uncle?"

"Dr. Albert Leadbetter, a chiropodist."

She sits up straight in her chair. "A professional man, huh? Doesn't he have a family?"

"No, Mrs. Portnoy," I say, feeling that I am making progress. "He is a bachelor. About your age, too, I should say."

"Well," she says fussing with her hair, which has hardly any grey in it, "I don't think I would mind, Charlie. After all, your uncle, a professional man, a bachelor, why not?"

"Then it's okay, Mrs. Portnoy?"

"Of course, Charlie," she says. "By the way, what's his address? I have been wanting to have my feet done for a long time."

I give her the address and walk out, wondering if I am getting Uncle Albert more than room and board out of this deal.

Back at the store I find Joe Weller by the door.

"Where have you been?" he says sharp, his crankiness kicking up again. "You shouldn't leave the store on a Saturday morning."

For an answer I give him a pat on the back which almost knocks him over. "I just went out to clinch an apartment for you."

Joe's mouth opens so wide I can see the gold inlays in his molars. I put my arm around him, not only as a gesture of friendship but to make sure he doesn't fall down. I lead him toward the back of the store by the canned goods department.

"Yes," I say, "you are rid of your brother-in-law. I have convinced my uncle to move in with me so he can sublet his apartment. It's right on the Concourse, Joe, three rooms on the first floor so your sister won't have to carry the baby up and down any flights, if and when she has a baby."

Joe finally finds his voice and doesn't know what to say. He starts with thanks from the bottom of his heart, interrupts himself by saying that he can hardly believe it, and then says I must come up to his house for supper where he will deliver this terrific news to his family so they can thank me personally.

"All except my brother-in-law Henry, that is," says Joe. "I don't think he will take kindly to moving." He laughs heartily for what I am sure is his first laugh in over a week. "I (Continued on page 210)



"I thought it would be quite all right—the man said it was a dry wine"

The Lost Blend

Naturally, M. Courtade did not sell his secret, for he was a true artist and his coffee was his life's work

by THOMAS L. STIX



WE were sitting in front of the open fire. I had had a tough day. Coffee, brandy, a cigar and an open fire. But my coffee was getting cold. Mary looked up at me as I started to sip it and put it down.

"Should I warm it, or is it just bum coffee again?"

I didn't answer.

"Really, darling," Mary went on, "it's pretty dreadful. I can do the important things but," she looked at me and smiled, "I can't scramble eggs like Mory's, and the only thing I know about coffee is that what I think is good coffee is just a little bit worse than ordinary bad coffee. Right?"

I answered "Right," and could have kicked myself. But Mary played it straight. "Tell me about coffee. You don't know anything about food. What makes you God when it comes to coffee?"

So I told her. I told her about the café or card room at L'Escargot. The bridge was good, but the coffee was beyond compare. Coffee to me has always been something that should be set aside. I like to sit around a table after dinner and drink coffee, decide the affairs of the nation and drink coffee. And here was the coffee. But it seemed too perfect . . . too grand . . . it couldn't last. My discovery had been too easy. It was like taking a pound trout on your first cast . . . like finding an out-of-print book at the first secondhand bookshop . . . like making mussels *marinière* right the first time. It was too good.

Café Spécial was served in a strange sort of percolator—a little glass machine that looked like a series of flasks and chemical retorts. Most people sent the coffee through these retorts twice. If you sent it through a third time you were rewarded by the richest, strongest coffee I had ever known, and Louis' respect.

Louis was a waiter at L'Escargot. He had presided over the card room there for generations. One evening I asked him where I could get such a coffee machine. Surely that machine must itself create the miracle. He came back in a few minutes with the address of a wholesale supply house written on a card, and a note please to take care of me.

The next day I took my card and trudged far down on the East

Side to the supply house. An old gentleman came forward to greet me. He looked at the card. "You have had Café Spécial at L'Escargot and you want coffee like that at home?" I nodded. "This percolator is good," he went on, "really, very good, but it is not the percolator. It is the coffee. You wish to buy one anyway?" I said, "Yes" and went home to my bachelor apartment carrying my new percolator with me. The coffee was better, but still it was not Café Spécial.

A week later I again went to L'Escargot and asked Louis for the pay-off. "Where can I get the coffee?" That address could not be given casually, but I was insistent, and so I met M. Raymond who owned L'Escargot. It was Sunday afternoon. He was not very busy, and over a couple of Café Spécials, he gave me the name of Evariste Courtade on Greenwich Avenue.

Courtade, it seems, was the son of a coffee blender in the Pyrenees. Of course he, too, was a coffee blender. One day he made a blend. He tasted it. He made it up again as he had made it before. It was no fluke. Young Evariste Courtade had discovered the perfect blend.

But where should he sell it? Obviously in America—in America where the streets were paved with gold. And so he came to New York with one asset—the priceless secret of the perfect blend. Far uptown (it was far uptown then) on West Twenty-sixth Street, he opened a shop. That shop sold one item: "Coffee—Evariste Courtade." There was but one blend. Of course you might have it in three roasts, dark, medium, and light. But the blend was the same. M. Courtade decided to sell to three great hotels. He approached M. Raymond, as owner of L'Escargot, for even in those days L'Escargot was a famous rendezvous of the gourmets. He tried the coffee. No coffee could be that good. So he tried it again and found that he was mistaken. Coffee could be that good. From that day on the coffee of Evariste Courtade has been the only coffee ever served at L'Escargot. M. Courtade had outgrown his idea of streets of gold very quickly. He wanted to be an artist and his product would be his life's work. He solicited only two other hotels. That was sufficient. He said, "If you sell too much, you might not be able to give sufficient care to the blending. The coffee might not be as good."

I asked M. Raymond why he did not promote Courtade coffee. He smiled. That was all. He explained coffee blending to me. It didn't make much sense. It was like an old cook's, "Well, you add a little of this and a little of that." And how much is a little? It might be a pinch or a tablespoon—or a cup. But it was always a little—never a lot—never a definite measure—always a little. Why can't you always get Oysters Rockefeller as they serve it at Antoine's in New Orleans, or terrapin except at Miller Brothers in Baltimore? It's a little of this and a little of that. Hell, that's the difference between Michelangelo and Kenyon Cox or Sinclair Lewis and me—a little of this and a little of that.

About the turn of the century M. Courtade moved to Greenwich Avenue near Sheridan Square. I think it was about then that he gave way to the only advertising spree of his life. He had a sign painted in red and blue on a field of white. "Evariste Courtade—Good Coffee" it read. That was all. The sign cost \$1.80. And there the advertising ended.

I went over to the Greenwich Avenue shop and became acquainted. It was a typical French shop. Above the shop lived M. Courtade with his wife and baby daughter and Madame Courtade's mother. The dining room was back (Continued on page 169)



"Sometimes I think you care more for that silly old atom bomb than you do for me!"



*"It started as a cold, but with his remedies I'd say it's
closer to a hang-over now"*



"Would you pass the potatoes, please?"



REHNERGER

From smack title to moral, the story of the lion and the mouse was a sure-fire, colossal, guaranteed grade A movie epic

Jungle Justice

by LOUIS PAUL

THE producer's windows, hung with pink-tinted Venetian blinds, looked out upon serried rows of flat-topped sound stages. Now and then an Indian or a convict or a female extra wandered either toward the commissary for a cup of coffee or back from it after having had one. A long black boatlike limousine rode at anchor outside the publicity offices, a car employed principally in the transportation of visiting politicians and out-of-town film critics. No politicians or critics happened to be cluttering up the studio on this particular occasion.

The producer, a worried little man whose eyes blinked continually and who constantly took off and put back on a pair of thick-lensed pince-nez glasses, sat at his magnificent desk poring over the stock-market listings in the morning newspaper. Several other individuals lounged around, chatting in asides to each other. His secretary, prim, efficient, not too good-looking, came in and gently interrupted the producer, slipping a sheaf of old correspondence under his nose. This was just stock correspondence, not real letters.

"Everybody's here, Mr. Fowler."

"Ah," said the producer, looking up. "Why can't you boys get down in the morning on time?"

"You fellows," said the producer's yes man briskly, "ought to get down earlier to these story conferences. Mr. Fowler's a busy man."

"Well, let's get along," said the producer. "I'm a busy man. Where were we?" Blinking, he took off and put back on his glasses.

The secretary respectfully whispered, "Story conference, Mr. Fowler."

"Ah. Oh, yes. Story conference. Haven't you two boys finished that original yet?"

"Have we finished it, Mr. Fowler?" cried the first scenarist excitedly, enthusiastically. "Have we finished it, Mr. Fowler? Just ask us, Mr. Fowler. Have we finished it?"

With somewhat more dignity than his collaborator, the second scenarist said, "Have we finished it, Mr. Fowler? And how?"

"They've finished the original, Mr. Fowler," said the producer's yes man.

"Good." The producer rubbed his hands together. "I'd like to hear it."

"Let's hear it," said the producer's yes man.

The secretary seated herself, her pencil poised, her shorthand pad in her lap, ready to take notes.

"Let's hear it," said the producer. "Miss Asquith, will you take notes?"

"Please take notes, Miss Asquith," said the producer's yes man.

The first scenarist said, "Have we got a story this time?"

"And how," declared the second scenarist.

The first scenarist turned to his partner. "Maybe you better tell it, Pete."

"Maybe," Pete protested modestly, "maybe you better tell it, George. I couldn't do it justice. You better tell it."

"All right," said George, acquiescing. "But I can't do it justice either."

"Well, let's hear it," said the producer.

"Yes, let's hear it, fellows."

"Here we go, then," said George. "Now, you got to visualize this setting. It isn't just epic. It's a good deal bigger than just epic. Now, visualize this setting. It's a kind of jungle, Africa or someplace. It's big. It's terrific, these trees and woods and bushes and so forth, see what I mean? The reason it's bigger than just epic is because it's primitive,

it's primeval, see. Now there's no use going into a lot of business, because when we do the screen play we build it up a lot bigger than anybody can tell it. So I'll just give you the sockeroo part, the heart of the idea, like. But all the time you've got to visualize this terrific jungle. Well, there's a lion, see. King of the jungle beasts. He's—"

The producer, shuddering, interrupted. "What the hell is this," he demanded, "another animal picture?"

An unidentified individual attending the conference spoke up at this juncture. "Well, if it's just another animal picture . . ."

George turned to his partner. "Pete, he asks us"—nodding at the producer—"is this another animal picture?"

Pete shrugged, shaking his head. "That's just exactly what I thought he'd ask."

"Well," said the producer, "is it another animal picture?"

"Look, Mr. Fowler," said George. "All I ask is, let me finish. All I ask is, let me tell you the story. All I ask is, just visualize these woods and trees and bushes and so forth, just visualize this primeval setting. That's all I ask. Let me tell the story. And then ask me is this just another animal picture?"

"All right. Let's have it," said the producer, impatiently taking off his glasses and putting them on again.

"Now the title of this production," said (Continued on page 172)



STONE

Patrice Munsel: Voice of the Prodigy

Readers are cordially advised to examine the career of the beautiful brunette presented herewith and then reconsider the archaic adage re "whistling girls and crowing hens" always coming to "some bad end." Patrice Munsel began her musical career by studying whistling as a child. A few years later she made her debut with the Metropolitan Opera. She was an eager eighteen when the Met called her, a confident nineteen when she became singing star of the "Family Hour" radio program. A most pleasant example of the new trend in operatic leads, Patrice entrances audiences not with her voice alone, as even a cursory glance will show. That Hollywood would clamor for her was a foregone conclusion. Music lovers can now anticipate admiring the Munsel coloratura and beauty in neighborhood theatres.

The Supersalesman

Without question, the White Knight of our civilization is the gentleman with the happy faculty of making people buy

by P. G. FREDERICKS & TRACEY PERKINS



RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who never saw an animated billboard or heard a singing commercial, once said that if you build a better mousetrap, people will beat a path to your door to buy it.

Time has indicated that the Boston sage was talking through his stovepipe hat. Among makers of superior rodent snares, it is common knowledge that the citizen who constructs traps and neglects to inform the customers from the roof tops winds up with an untoward number of traps and very little lettuce to show for his labors.

The plain truth is that the crowded stoops belong to the people who are troubled with mice. The crowd consists of makers of better mousetraps who would like to find a place to unload them.

And so it is that the salesman—the man who finds the gentleman with the itchy scalp and the lady with the offensive breath, and convinces both that his product is what they dearly need—has become the great American White Knight, the hero who keeps the assembly-line wheels grinding fine. Once upon a time he was a fancy-waistcoated specimen working leisurely from town to town. Today he may well be a 20-Hooper-rating, honey-voiced radio announcer, or an advertising manager with a throat draped in sincere ties. But, brave new world or no, he remains a drummer and a blood brother to the medicine hustler and the pack peddler.

A Dayton, Ohio, ex-coal dealer was perhaps the first salesman to conceive the basic pattern for modern mass selling. He made his

discovery while fiddling with a change machine that was easier to make than peddle. The coal dealer was John H. Patterson, a name of dubious familiarity to the public ear, but highly revered in the halls of finance. By 1900 he had created a sales organization with charts, quotas, meetings and bonuses that would be admired by generations of sales managers who dogged his footsteps.

Suddenly these supersalesmen seemed to come out of the ground and thin air. They sold door to door, on the road, across counters. Eventually they were selling to each other.

They called themselves sales engineers, market consultants and merchandisers. Hurling out into the world, their eyes burned with the zeal of holy crusade. They flung themselves at their local dragons with the battle cry *Sell* on their lips.

Since John Patterson first gathered together his salesmen and timorously asked them what they did to sell his cash registers, the sales conference has developed into a unique combination of a trip through an amusement park funhouse and an evening at a Broadway show. Koppers Coke, in fact, used to produce a complete three-act play to demonstrate the means of selling coke, and Hotpoint at one time had eleven companies on the road playing a six-hour pageant. No harried soap-opera hack reaches more earnestly for a gimmick than the sales manager driven by the word *Sell*.

When William Matheson took over Oil-O-Matic's sales organization, he held his first meeting behind locked doors in the basement of a branch office. No one leaves, the salesmen were informed, until he knows by heart the reasons oil burners are better than gas burners. Two years after Matheson took over, a company that had been losing \$50,000 a year was out of the red.

Of the latter-day supersalesmen, Matheson is reasonably typical. Starting as a logger, he became an ice-cream salesman. In the Horatio Alger tradition, he moved on to electrical refrigeration because he saw that the people to whom he sold ice cream needed it. He sold so many refrigerators to the dealers who had bought his ice cream that he soon became sales manager.

One of the things he had to sell was oil burners. An oil burner is a difficult thing to bring in with you when you get your foot in the door. Why not put them in before there is a door, Matheson wondered, and sold a hundred and fifty of them to an Oregon contractor to put in the houses he was going to build. Later, he offered a coal shovel free to anyone in Chicago who still fired a furnace by hand. On the face of each shovel was a reminder that the recipient would not have to be using it if he had an oil furnace.

Plainly the art of selling is not much changed since the day when the fictional Lord Timothy Dexter was peddling coal to the residents of Newcastle. But the trappings are far gaudier. Spoon-fed with a special drummer's brand of Wheaties, the average salesman is blown up to a superman when the sales manager is done with him.

If he works for Hurley, he learns to iron shirts with an Automagic Gladiron so he can demonstrate for the customers. The Loose-Wiles salesman enters a prospect's store bearing a magnifying glass and proceeds directly to the cookie bin. When asked what he is doing, the salesman, who is bent over a rival cookie pretending to study it, announces that his product is flakier. He then produces a package of biscuits, strips them of their outer wrapping, and dunks them, cellophane- (Continued on page 140)



GROENHOFF

Ahoy! Skysedan!

Introducing Piper Aircraft's Skysedan, scion of the Piper Cub, which has served for quite a few years as stand-by for many private pilots. The Skysedan is a radical departure from its forebears and was designed chiefly for family use (as well as to provide an all-purpose ship for charter operators). It's a four-seater with a baggage capacity of a hundred pounds as well as ample space below the rear window for coats and other light baggage. It has a turret-top cabin roof, which affords excellent vision, and windshield wipers, which at crucial moments offer the same. Powered with a 165 hp motor, it cruises at about 130 mph and has a maximum speed of over 160 mph. It lands with flaps at 49 mph and has a range of over 600 miles. For family man or Piper fan, the Skysedan will be right up there in '47.



**TELL ME,
PRETTY MAIDEN**

Painting by Tony Palazzo

1901: America was beginning to come of age. With a worldly wink, the frankly sophisticated Floredora girls trilled tremuloso for delighted dandies: "Yes, I must love someone, really, and it might as well be you!"* While Admiral George Dewey recalled his brilliant victory at Manila Bay, Orville and Wilbur

Wright experimented with kites and gliding machines and dreamed of a machine that would conquer the sky—the biplane. Bryan "the Great Commoner" had lost another election to President McKinley. Missouri-born Mark Twain had moved America's literary center from effete New England to the virile West. Annie

Oakley riddled her last playing card at thirty paces for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show before the train-wreck injury which cramped her shooting style. Annie had missed her chance to avert a war when she shot a cigarette from Kaiser Wilhelm's lips. Another shot—at Sarajevo—might never have been fired!

*Copyright 1999 by Francis Day & Hunter. Copyright renewed. Reprinted by permission.

After years spent growing fat on form and system players, handbook operators must now face the onslaughts of science

Bookies, Beware!

by JOSEPH HELLER

JANUARY 4, 1946, is a memorable date in the history of man's grim battle with the bookmakers. On that day the art of selecting horses through the medium of pure science was born. The pioneer behind the science was a precocious twenty-year-old student of a California college, Marvin B. Winkler. His scene of operations: lush and lovely Santa Anita race track, death stage for many a Hollywood bank roll.

On the above deathless date, Marvin B. Winkler arrived at Santa Anita race track carrying a large, square carton, and took his seat in the grandstand. It was, according to accurate observers, about thirty minutes before post time for the first race. As soon as he was settled, he removed from the carton an odd assortment of scientific paraphernalia, which he set up. Then he donned a pair of thick, horn-rimmed glasses and began to work over his equipment.

Since everybody at a race track is regarded suspiciously by everybody else as a possible repository of "Sure Information," the unusual behavior of Mr. Winkler soon caused a stir among the spectators. A large crowd gathered about him. Word quickly reached the ears of the track authorities, and two Pinkerton detectives were immediately dispatched to the scene, and a call was issued for an expert in atomic energy to ascertain if the activities of the young student represented a menace. Nothing came of this, as all the scientists in the country possessing knowledge of atomic energy were in

Washington at the time, appearing before congressional committees.

Meanwhile the student continued with his work. He gazed over the heads of the crowd and shot the sun with a sextant, carefully entering his data on a complicated computer. The staring crowd, mesmerized with curiosity, drew closer about him, until finally a racing tout, known in betting circles as "Bad Breath Harry," pushed through the crowd to where the young man was working.

"Say, pal," said Bad Breath Harry, according to competent witnesses who were in the vicinity, "what are you doing?"

The young man looked up at him briefly from a barometric seismograph.

"I am picking the winner of the first race," the student replied, according to the competent witnesses.

"Well, how are you doing it?" asked Bad Breath Harry, sweeping his hand over the array of instruments and almost knocking over a vial containing an emulsion of silver nitrate suspended in a solution of phenol red.

"Scientifically," replied Mr. Winkler.

"Scientifically, huh?" said Bad Breath Harry. "I use a scientific method myself, but I never saw any of this stuff before."

"I mean pure science," Mr. Winkler said with a deprecating smile, as he computed the density of the ultraviolet rays. "I have determined the dew point, the barometric pressure, the resistance of the air and wind, the cubic weight of moisture in the air, and the surface tension of the turf. Upon looking over the entries in the first race, I find that only one horse has ever before raced under these conditions, and then it did quite well. I conclude therefore, that this horse will win by two and three-sixteenths lengths."

"And which horse is that?" asked Bad Breath Harry, as all the competent witnesses leaned forward so as not to miss the reply.

The student looked about him doubtfully. "I hesitate to impart this information for fear of bringing the price down, but in the interest of scientific research, I will make that concession. The horse's name is Oatburner. He cannot lose."

At this, everyone within hearing distance broke into laughter, for it was common knowledge that the horse Oatburner was a hopeless flop and would probably go off at about two hundred to one. The young student was not at all disturbed by this reaction.

"Would you keep an eye on my andlocosmic-neutrophile while I place my bet," he said to the gentleman sitting next to him, and pushed his way out toward the betting windows.

News of the student's choice spread throughout the track, and he was at once dismissed as an erratic clodpate. When this information reached the paddock, the jockey of Oatburner, who, it is rumored, had placed a sizable wager on another horse in the race, died laughing and had to be replaced. The horse's owner guffawed heartily and filed a mental memo to pluck his son out of college at once. Even the horse, it is reported on reliable authority, repressed a chuckle.

The young student was virtually forgotten as the race began. When it was over and Oatburner had triumphed exactly as predicted, he was besieged by spectators who flocked hopefully about him, the prayer of the leper in their eyes. And thus a new weapon, the pure science method, had been added to the age-old onslaught of the bookmakers. Let the latter answer as they may. ‡



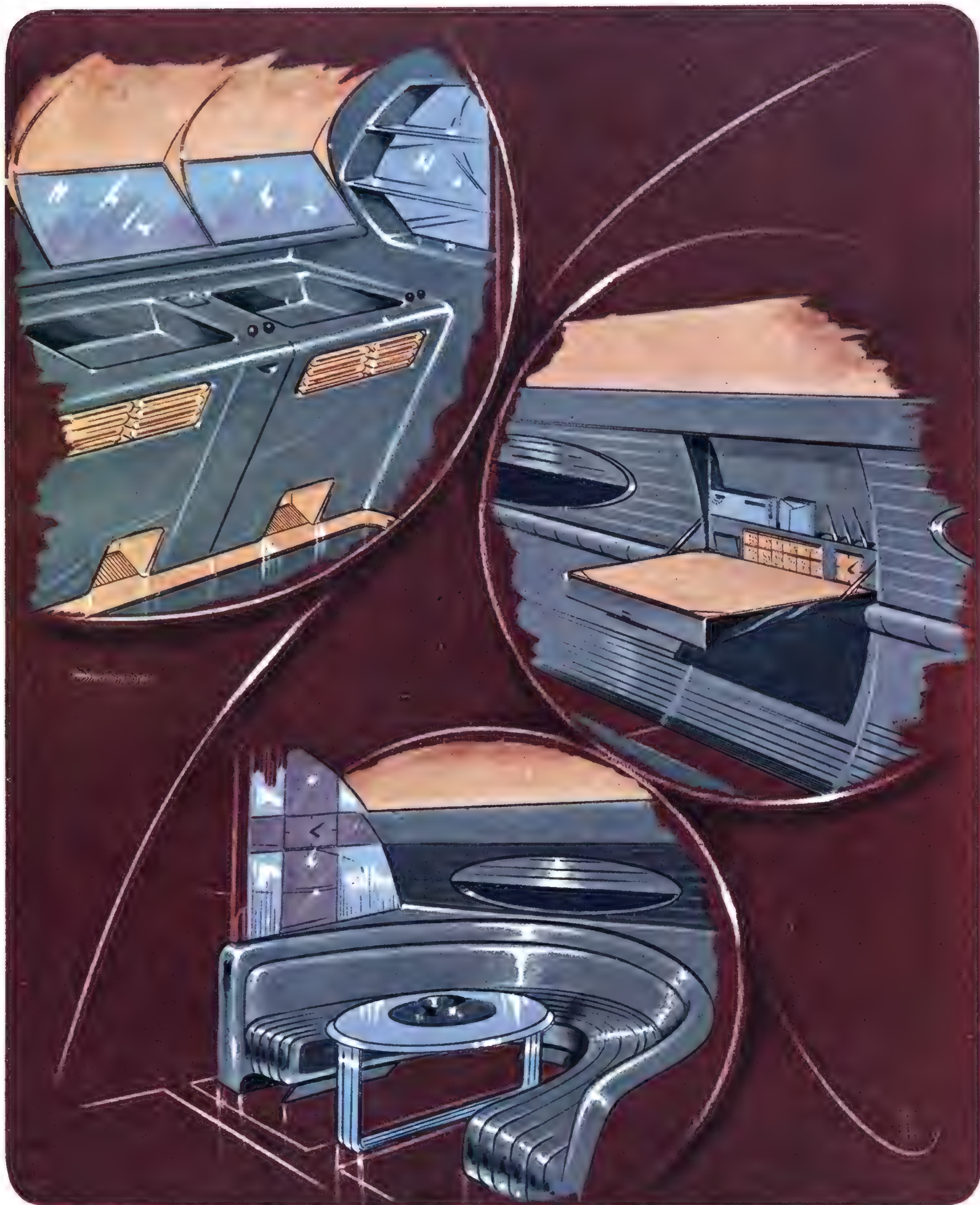
TOWNSEND



GLANTZ

Personal Appearance: Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky is practically a charter *Esquire* contributor, his challenging mechanical designs having graced our pages almost from our cradle days. Kiev's gift to machine-age prophecy and *Esquire*-browsers has resided in the U. S. since 1928, when he was recruited by the automobile industry after winning his sixth Grand Prix for motorcar body design in Monte Carlo's Elegance Contest. Before becoming a free-lance engineering stylist in 1933, Count Sakhnoffsky designed many American cars, among them the sensational low-slung Cord. An American citizen now, he was discharged from the Army as a lieutenant colonel in 1945 after serving as Chief Air Intelligence Officer of our Mission in Moscow. Opposite is the latest example of the prophetic Sakhnoffsky mechanical touch.



MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 12

At Home Aloft

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

No man to be frustrated by the limitations that beset our aeronautical designers, Count Sakhnoffsky here turns his talents toward giving the flying streamliners a touch of something all homes ought to have. Upper left, he offers his version

of a stratoliner men's lounge, with angled mirrors and water controls that are accessible without leaning forward. The foot-pedal drains are admittedly inspired by those used in hospitals. Two other contributions to making life more liv-

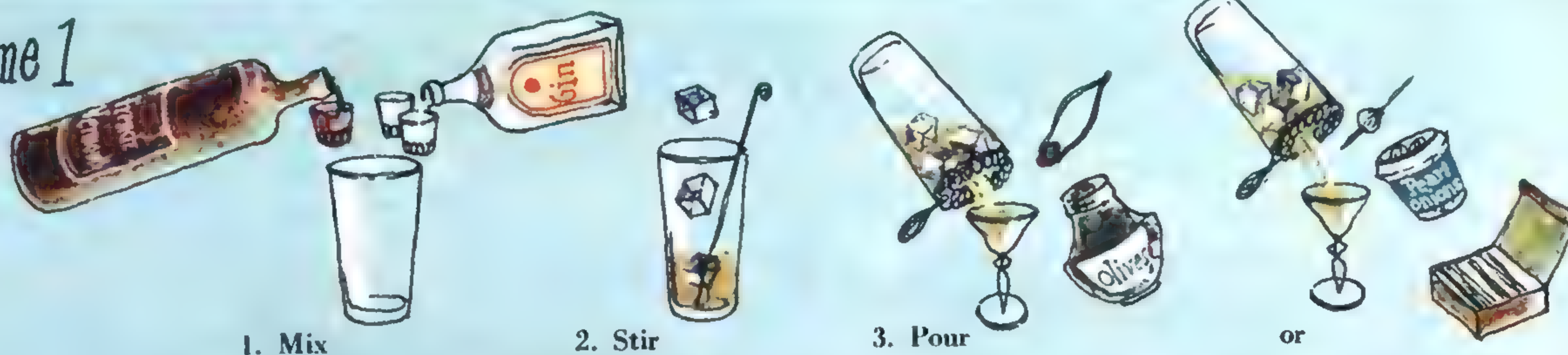
able where the air starts thinning are a hinged desk, which flips out of the fuselage, and a midget cocktail lounge, which seats several about an oval table. Says Sakhnoffsky, "The cool color scheme will act reassuringly on timid travelers."

Martini Overture

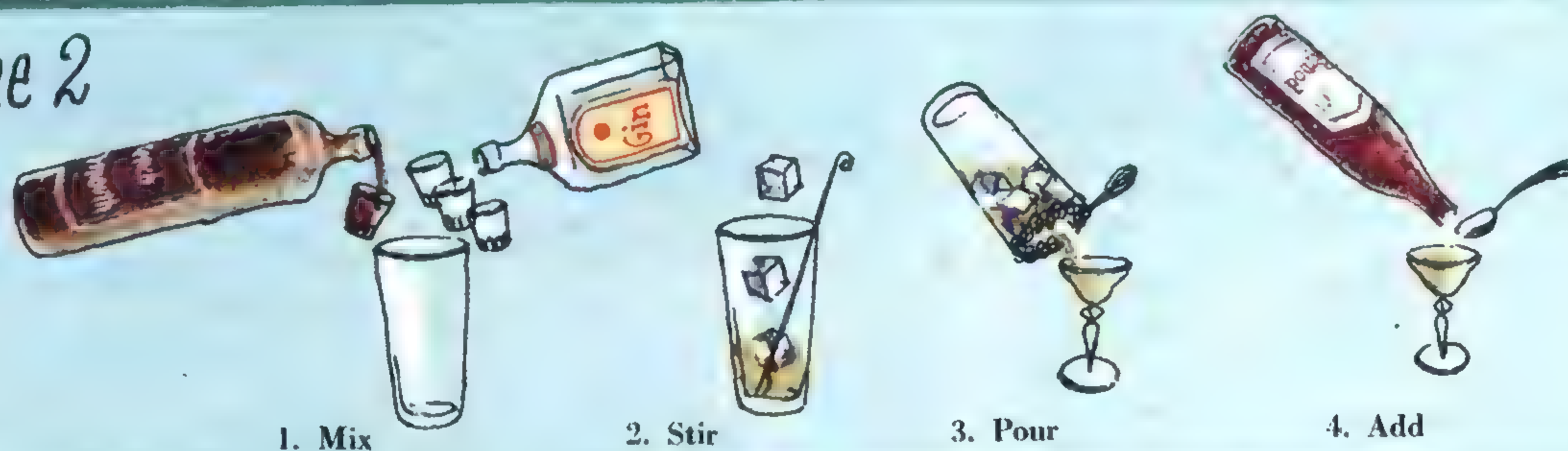
Ingredients:



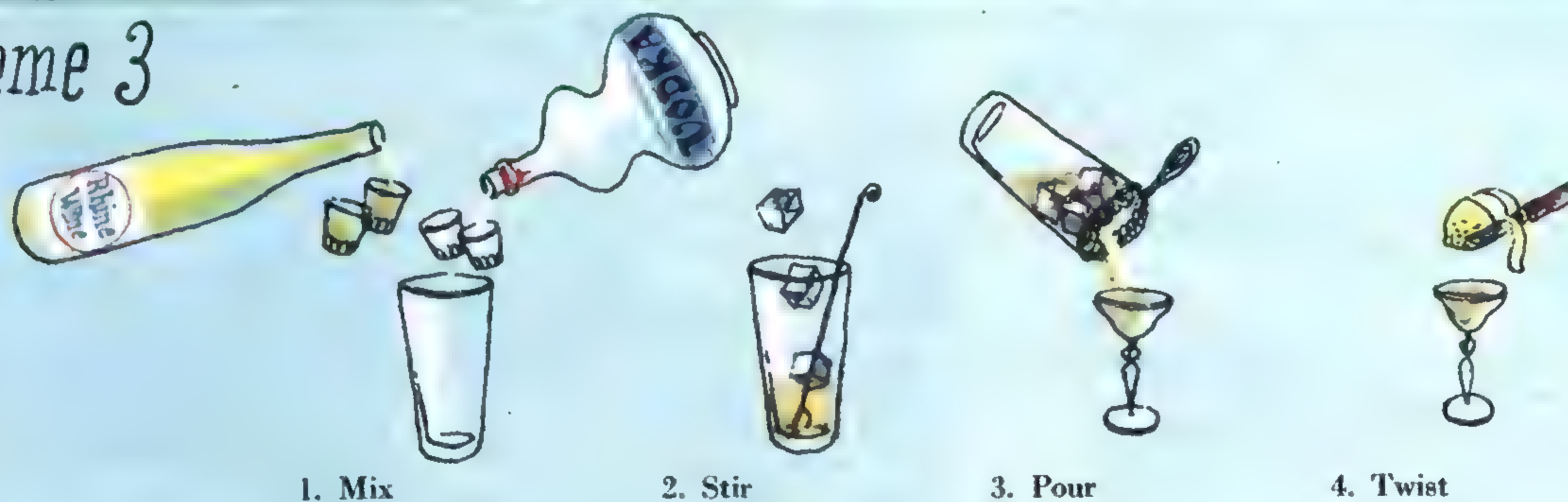
Theme 1



Theme 2



Theme 3



Esquire's BLEND AND BEND

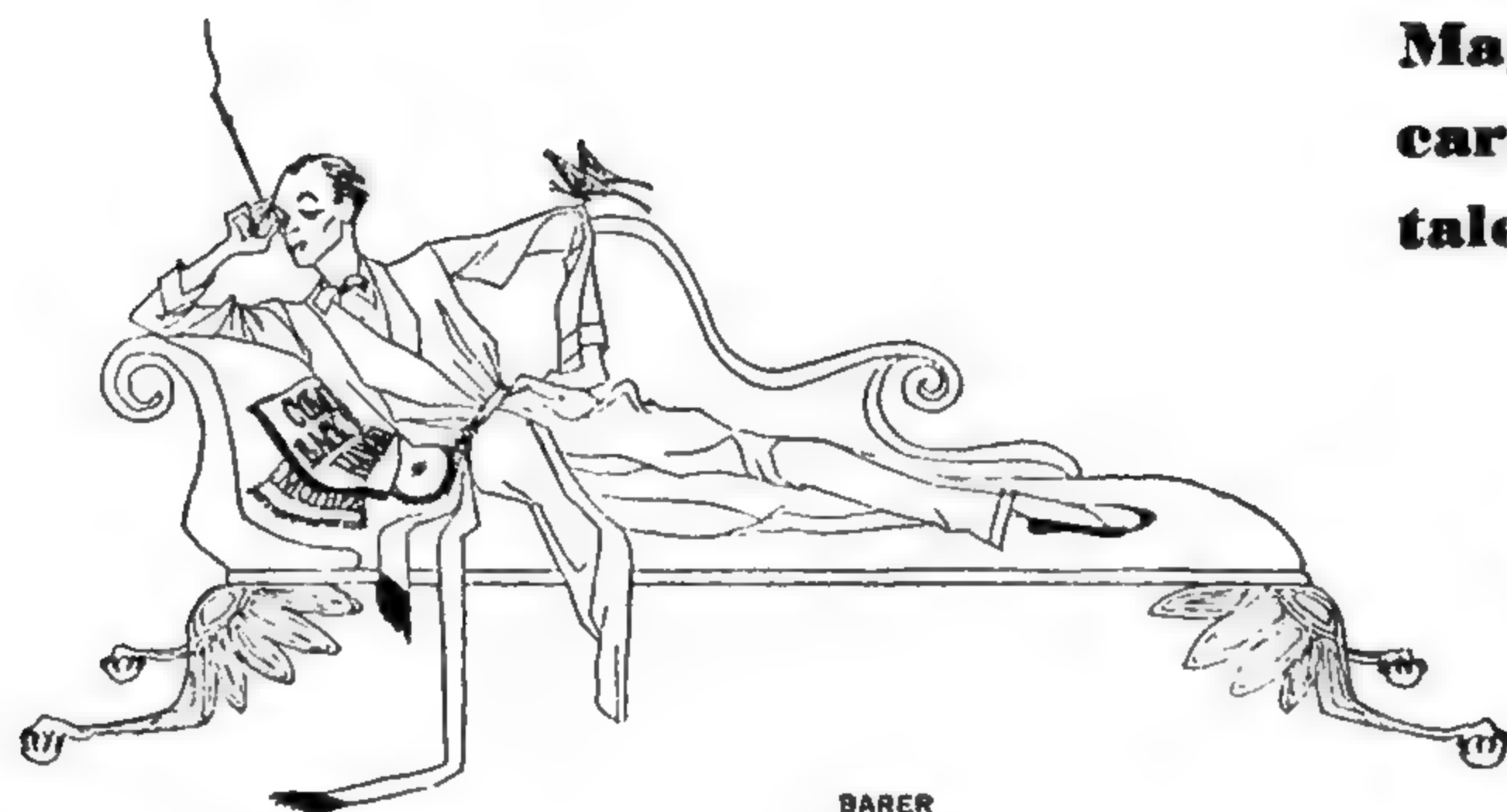
Recipe No. 4

Sketches by Mina Gow

There can be many a fancy twist 'twixt the cup and the lip. Take the common Martini as a case in point. The twist of a lemon, the insertion of an olive or a speared pearl onion, each of these subtle but solid variations changes the

blending of gin and vermouth. And, for that matter, a Martini by any other blending still tastes as good, as witness Theme No. 3 of this potable overture. This diagrammatic presentation of the Martini cocktail should be a handy suggestion

for any beleaguered host-to-be, who wants to serve with ease a drink that has distinction and is definitely correct. Remember, the Martini, no matter which theme you use, is a before-dinner drink, a potent *apéritif* (appetite-whetter, to you).



Mayfair's languid darling has built his career on a base of solid photographic talent and a knack for decaying properly

Cecil Beaton

by FREDERICK FREED

THERE is no doubt that January 14, 1904, ought to have been a red-letter day in the lives of Ernest and Etty Beaton. It marked the arrival of an heir.

Subsequently, however, unkind people were heard to remark that the hue of that banner day must have been more nearly shocking pink.

Ernest was unquestionably a solid British subject. No one could have been more surprised when his scion grew up during the jazz age to be Cecil Beaton, soigné darling of Mayfair and photographer of blue-haired women.

Now the years have tarnished the memory of the lanky vapid-faced beauties Cecil's camera glorified during the Twenties. And wan, blond Cecil, now a brittle forty-three, balances uncomfortably on the edge of growing old.

His talent undeniable, he continues to be fabulously successful in terms of dollars and cents. Back with *Vogue* after a decade's enforced absence, he is once again playing glorifier to that svelte fashion bible's luxury ladies.

Having taken to the stage, he has been wildly acclaimed by the usually morose critical gentry. The Original Ballet Russe's inept *Camille* was unanimously held to be a resounding failure, but everyone liked his sets. Before he went back to England in January, he was on display in person in Cornelia Otis Skinner's revival of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, surrounded by his own costumes and scenery. Nightly as the Victorian fop, Cecil Graham, he appeared before the footlights in evening dress, wearing a pale green carnation, and delivered Oscar Wilde's mannered epigrams with languid elegance.

Again the critics were enchanted. It was left for his ill-wishers to point out with a certain glee that the role might have been written for him. Or about him.

After he removed his make-up and became Beaton again, Cecil did not altogether cease to be Graham. He faced a changed world with the resigned air of a weary Clifton Webb reciting warmed-over Noel Coward lines. In short, he was merely himself.

After all, he was the weary man who had once asked, during a press interview on the subject of Hollywood glamour girls: "You mean that people are interested in these Betty Grables and Lana Turners? Oh, the boredom . . ."

From his romper days he had aimed to decay with the right people. In this he was eminently successful. That he knew how to take pictures was beside the point. That the social register and Burke's peerage posed for his pictures counted more. That they posed on his terms counted most.

When he was very small he was taken to see a performance of *The Merry Widow*. Other boys were entranced by the bright uniforms. Cecil admired the dresses of the ladies.

"I no longer considered engine drivers and soldiers to be figures of importance," he recalled later.

Fashion magazines became his favorite reading. He waited impatiently for each issue of the *Sketch* and *Tatler* which contained pictures of the great ladies of the Court.

Someone gave him a cheap camera and his future was decided. At Harrow his notebooks were filled with sketches of women's dresses and stage costumes. Cambridge remembered him best for his garish ties, silk dressing gowns and histrionics which he did not bother to confine to a stage.

He came up to London in 1923, to the new Babylon of Michael Arlen and Marcel Proust. His success was not instantaneous. Until he caught the fancy of the Sitwells no one paid very much attention to him.

Socially impeccable, the three Sitwells were

fashionably in revolt against the majority of the existing mores.

Edith, a six-foot blonde, dressed in brocaded silks in the fashion of the middle ages and wrote poetry which was occasionally incomprehensible because she made up her own meanings for some words. Her brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, were of the same mold.

It was the Sitwells who discovered Cecil. They allowed him to pose them end to end, upside down, and out on the limbs of trees. Once he photographed Edith as a cherub lying on a checkerboard marble floor with stuffed doves arranged around her.

By this time he had become a vogue. For the next five years he did the portrait of every socially acceptable celebrity in the world.

"To use a vulgar expression," he says, "I just caught on."

His first exhibit appeared in London's Cooling Gallery in 1929; his last, ten years later, the day England entered World War II. That day people stayed away in large numbers. But in 1929 the world was chasing frivolity and Cecil was about as frivolous as you could be.

Wherever he went in those halcyon days two vans followed, crammed with his paintings, his velvet cushions and the rest of his brie-a-brac, which included a six-foot potted Ficus plant.

Never loathe to play a part to the hilt, Cecil took to his role as society's favorite funster like a Persian to catnip.

He refused to sleep in any room until he had personally redecorated it.

He maintained a closet full of dressing gowns, his favorite of which was a Chinese red cotton quilted number with a blue lining. With it, he wore heelless slippers embroidered with silk needlepoint.

He wore only black ties, but he bought dozens of brightly colored ones and decorated his bedroom with them.

Suddenly he was Mayfair's darling, a title to which he was to cling grimly through war, depression and the dawn of the atomic age, pursuing decadence with the earnest concentration of Harpo Marx chasing a blonde.

He was the prophet of decay, Victorian with a leer. He and his friends frantically hurled their not inconsiderable talents into at least a dozen kinds of trivia, in extrav- (Continued on page 138)



"I'm studying to be a big business executive"

THE SPORTING SCENE:

The Fiercest Foot Race

Let those who have ever been winded and weary consider the plight of marathoners

by KEITH MONROE



APRIL 19 is always a big day in Boston. They call it Patriot's Day. It happens to be the anniversary of Paul Revere's ride, but sport fans know it as the day of the annual Boston Marathon—the day when approximately a hundred indomitable men of all ages pay one dollar apiece for the privilege of running from Hopkinton to Boston. Their course is the classic marathon distance, twenty-six miles and three hundred and eighty-five yards.

Have you ever tried to walk, not run twenty-six miles? Now consider how you would feel in attempting to cover the same distance on foot in two and one-half hours. This means running each of those miles in less than six minutes—a speed of ten miles an hour. You can't do a six-minute mile by just shuffling along at a slow jog; you have to lengthen your stride and keep digging. But the characters at Boston may even romp through the twenty-sixth mile in much less than six minutes. There have been marathons in which both the first and last miles were covered in 5:10 or thereabouts.

This sounds as if marathoners simply don't get tired. All of which is very wrong, because they do. It takes not so much superhuman stamina as superhuman will power to run a marathon. Your typical marathon man wants to run until he drops—literally. A few have actually run themselves to death, and died on the roadside.

There was the marathon at San Diego in 1910 in which two men died. There was the 1912 Olympic marathon in which Lazaro, the Portuguese champion, ran himself into a coma and died next day in the hospital. There was the 1904 Olympic marathon in which Bill Garcia of San Francisco collapsed eight miles from the finish with a stomach hemorrhage, and was barely saved from death. There was the 1924 race in which three men fainted with only 400 yards to go; a fourth was delirious as he tottered into the stadium and ran head-on into a concrete wall, falling to the ground covered with blood. There was the 1908 Olympic marathon in which Dorando Pietri collapsed four times within sight of the tape; doctors found later that his heart had been displaced more than a half-inch, but he lived to run again.

There was the Boston Marathon of 1928, when Joie Ray, the indomitable little one-mile champ who thought he could outrun any

man, decided to go the route against Clarence De Mar, old Mr. Marathon himself. Ray had always run in spiked shoes on a cinder track or boards; now, in flat shoes on asphalt, his feet were a mass of blisters after five miles. But he stayed with De Mar, while his blisters broke and the shoes cut deeper. Soon his shoes were so full of blood that they squished as he ran; for the last half of the race he left a red trail with every stride. Ray finished, even though De Mar beat him, even though his shoes had to be cut from his feet afterward, even though he was carried to a hospital and couldn't walk for weeks. This didn't cure Ray of the marathon yen. Less than two months after the Boston race, he beat De Mar in a New York marathon, and beat him again that summer in the Olympics.

This year's running of the Boston Marathon is the fifty-first. The race has such a hold on men's imaginations that many come back year after year. There are some runners who compete in nothing but the Boston Marathon, yet practice for a year to prepare for it.

Of all the marathon fanatics, none so deserves the title as Clarence De Mar, an elderly Massachusetts printer who has run this race almost every April 19 for thirty-seven years. He has won it seven times—first in 1911, the last time in 1930. Last year, at the age of fifty-seven, he finished in 32nd place out of 101 starters.

But De Mar has several decades to go before he can equal Peter Foley, an eighty-five-year-old runner with a white beard who dumfounded spectators in 1938 by finishing ahead of everyone else. He had run the whole distance, but had started two hours ahead of the official start, and his actual time was about four-and-a-half hours. Foley has been running the race for more than a generation. After he reached fifty-five, the sponsoring Boston Athletic Association refused to accept his entry blank because of his age. So he began to run his own private marathon, starting just one minute after the official field. Even today he has more staying power than most entrants, less than half of whom usually manage to finish.

Doctors' warnings seem foolish to marathoners. Sidney Hatch was told that each marathon would take ten years off his life—but he ran sixty of them. Just before the 1911 Boston race, physicians told De Mar that he had a dangerous heart murmur and that this should be his last race. "Drop out if you get tired," they warned him. De Mar growled, "I don't know if it's possible to run a marathon without getting tired, but I've never done it." He won the race. Even after reaching the age of forty, he won seven more marathons at Boston and elsewhere.

Marathon men have their own unique training methods. Most of them take one or two ten-mile runs every week. Dave Komonen, the Finnish carpenter who won Boston's 1934 race, prepared for it by three months of cross-country runs on snowshoes. Tom Longboat, old-time Indian marathon king, kept in shape by chasing his father's horses across country when they got loose from the farm. The average horse tires after a few miles of running; Longboat could collar the best stayer inside of fifteen miles.

Neither over strenuous preparation nor bizarre diet seems to handicap the long-distance enthusiasts. Pat Dengis won a Philadelphia marathon in 1935 after running a ten-mile race in Toronto two days earlier, then driving down to Philadelphia the next day. At Boston in 1938 Leslie Pawson consumed a one-pound steak and a hamburger shortly before starting, but won the race. In 1911 De Mar followed a remarkable diet for months before the marathon, on the advice of a doctor who had unique ideas about training. The morning of the race De Mar followed instructions by stowing away one dozen oranges, one pound of caramels, and a quarter-pound of pine nuts. He won the



"Have you a stool for my husband?"

race. In 1904 T. J. Hicks of Cambridge sipped brandy during the early stages of the Olympic marathon; when the brandy gave out his handlers fed him small doses of strychnine, one-sixtieth of a grain at a time. He ran the last ten miles in a daze, but won—although afterward he couldn't stand up long enough to accept the trophy.

Of all systems of preparing for a marathon, the most notable was that followed by Spiridon Loues, competitor in the first revival of the marathon at the 1896 Olympics in Athens. Loues was a little Greek shepherd, who had never even seen a track meet. From wanderers in the hills he heard that the great athletes of all the world were gathering in Athens, and that the Greeks faced a mighty struggle to uphold their ancient tradition in the Games. Through the week of the competition, Greek onlookers thronged the stadium, and the surrounding hillsides were black with Greeks who did not have the price of admittance. But in these revived Greek games on Greek soil, not a single event had been won by a Greek athlete. There was sorrow throughout Athens and the Peninsula and the Isles. So, for the glory of Greece, Spiridon Loues came down from the hills to run the last race—the marathon. He spent the two nights before the race on his knees, praying. The day before the race he fasted.

He lined up with two dozen trained runners from all over the world, on the plain outside the village of Marathon, where in 490 B. C. the battle was fought that saved Greece. All that afternoon he trotted along behind the leaders until most of them dropped out. Seven kilometers from the finish he took the lead, and was never headed. When he ran into the stadium the crowd went mad. Women tore off their jewelry and flung it at his feet. Prince Constantine and Prince George of Greece leaped from the royal box and ran down the home stretch with him. Little Spiridon lived out his life as Greece's greatest hero—for the rest of his lifetime an Athens barber gave him free shaves, a restaurateur fed him, a clothier clothed him, and a worshiping urchin shined his shoes, all free of charge.

There is a fanaticism about Greek marathon runners that makes them hard to beat. Another Greek, Stylianos Kyriakides, entered last year's Boston Marathon after flying from Athens for the race. He was a thirty-three-year-old bill collector who had lived through the misery of wartime Athens. He thought that Greece's first victory in a half century of Boston Marathons might dramatize his struggling nation, and attract American aid for his hungry countrymen. So he covered his bill-collecting grounds in Athens on the double, thus saving time to develop his wind in twelve-mile runs through a stone quarry. His wife and children ate peasso he might strengthen himself with the family's meat ration. On the morning of the race, he received a letter from Athens signed by his three-year-old daughter, commanding him to win, which he did.

The standard distance for marathons is twenty-six miles and three hundred and eighty-five yards, not because the original Marathoner, Pheidippides, ran that far (he didn't), but because the officials of the 1908 Olympic Games wanted to please the grandchildren of Britain's King Edward VII.

The previous Olympic marathons had been the shorter distance Pheidippides ran, as nearly as it could be marked out. But the British badge-wearers decided to start the race on the lawn of Windsor Castle, so the royal children could see the fun. From there to the finish line inside the stadium at London was twenty-six miles, three hundred and eighty-five yards, and somehow a myth sprang up that this was the proper distance, so it has been used ever since.

In virtually every marathon the majority of the runners fall by the wayside, and almost invariably a few have to be hospitalized. The great distance, plus the dust kicked up by the leaders, plus the exhaust fumes from accompanying automobiles, plus the summer heat in which most marathons are run, is a dangerous combination. Even in the Olympic marathons, where only the highly trained national champions race, collapses are commonplace and sometimes only a minority of starters reach the finish line. The standard first-

aid complement at most of the marathons includes seven medical stations along the course, with two ambulances, a mobile hospital unit, and a pickup bus following the runners, and several physicians roaming the course in radio-equipped cars. Usually they all find something to do. There never has been an Olympic marathon in which fewer than ten runners needed medical treatment during or after the race.

The fastest marathon ever run was the Boston race of 1926, in which Albin Stenroos, 1924 Olympic champ from Finland, squared off against De Mar and Johnny Miles, Nova Scotia's great distance man. Stenroos was forty, an ex-wrestler, and one of his legs had once been broken. Nevertheless he stuck with the other two champions as they averaged five-and-a-half minutes through each of the first ten miles. At this point the thirty-eight-year-old De Mar began to fade. Stenroos held the lead to the outskirts of Boston. There Miles galloped ahead to win by four minutes in the phenomenal time of two hours, 25:40.

The closest marathon finish came in the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles, where the first four men to finish were all on the stadium track at the same time, and Juan Zabala of Argentina beat England's Sam Ferris to the tape by only twenty seconds. The fourth-place man was little more than a minute behind Zabala. The Olympic record, set by Kitei Son of Japan in the 1936 Games at Berlin, is 2:29:19.

Everything happens in marathons. K. K. McArthur almost lost the 1912 Olympic race because one of the officials threw a heavy wreath of evergreens over his shoulders as he entered the stadium. Lentauw did lose in the 1904 Olympics because he was chased a mile off the course by a large and hungry dog. Steve Szumachowsky and Greg Rice of Notre Dame once tripped over a live wire, and were nearly electrocuted before the current was cut off. Paul Corwin, trailing the field in a Port Chester marathon, was taken into custody by police on suspicion of being an escaping lunatic. Once a dog lunged suddenly at De Mar, who kicked at it and tried to get past. The dog's owner smashed De Mar in the face. "Kick my dog, will you?" he shouted. De Mar finished the race with a bleeding face. His gash became infected and cost him ten days' hospitalization.

A marathon runner is likely to be irritable when in high gear, and may kick at anything or anybody who bars his way. In the 1922 Boston Marathon an escort car grazed De Mar, who promptly punched the passenger in the rear seat. In the 1936 race a drunk got between De Mar and the finish, insisting on shaking hands with him; De Mar planted a hard right to the jaw and dashed on, nursing skinned knuckles. De Mar running is a different man from De Mar walking; at rest he is a Scoutmaster and a Sunday School teacher.

No one can predict the psychology of a marathoner in action. Once newsreel cameras were taking shots of De Mar in the middle of the Boston race; Al Pasquale, leading by about fifty yards, turned and ran back to be in the picture. On the other hand, most runners are furious at any delay or distraction. Once a friendly spectator stuck his head out of a car to yell at Stan Pouffe: "I'm rooting for you." Pouffe snarled, "That's right, you look like a hog."

The spectators, both afoot and motorized, are the greatest hazard in marathons. In one freak accident at Boston in 1923, an auto hit a bicycle, which hit De Mar's foot, pulling the heel off his sneaker. Nevertheless he shuffled along with half a shoe, and won the race.

In spite of the ever-present obstruction and meddling by assorted policemen, drunks, well-wishers, bicyclists, officials and dogs, marathon addicts keep running. They are not even stopped by the frank disbelief in their existence expressed by some hardheaded citizens. A skeptic from Georgia encountered De Mar during World War I. De Mar lost the respect of the Southern soldier by saying he had often run twenty-five miles. "Just because I come from Georgia you think I'm a rube," the young man snapped. "Well, I'm not rube enough to fall for that kind of fertilizer. I know blamed well nobody could run anywhere near twenty-five miles." ##



"Hair nets—patterns—thread and rings—
corsets—slips and underthings"

**The nation's champion riddle resolver
discourses on the chestnuts, hoary and
otherwise, which have pleased him most**

My All-Time Favorite Puzzles

by **DAVID SHULMAN**

EDITOR'S NOTE: David Shulman has devoted most of his working lifetime to an unusual career—solving puzzles. He got so good at this that he combined it with inventing puzzles for others to solve. He has done so well at both that he is recognized as *Champion Puzzler of America*.

HAVE you ever heard the puzzle about the fox, the goose and the corn? Even in Alaska, where you might expect the natives to be above or below such things, I encountered this classic. An Eskimo seal hunter brought it up when I confessed I liked puzzles.

If you are one of those rare persons who has never pondered this riddle, here's how it goes: A man has a fox, a goose and some corn. He must cross a river; however, he can take only one at a time. If he leaves the goose with the corn to take the fox over, the goose will devour the corn. If he leaves the fox alone with the goose, Reynard will devour the gander. How shall he get them all across?

I could not blame my Eskimo friend for citing this chestnut. A decade ago I edited a puzzle column for the New York *World-Telegram*. While Heywood Broun sat at a near-by desk solving the problems of the world, I was deluged by problems my readers presented which were entirely out of this world.

I found that many of these problems derived from the days when you were a Roman emperor and I was a Christian slave.

Unlike best sellers, song hits, mahjong, and other transients, good puzzles will endure as long as there are people who enjoy them. Any puzzle stands a chance of being good if it is repeated often enough. But those that look deceptively easy, and are easy to remember, stand the best chance of survival.

I once used a brainteaser in my column known as a cryptarithm, which poses a problem in addition, subtraction, division or multiplication with letters instead of numbers. The object is to find the numbers. One problem I concocted was in addition, thus:

H O C U S
P O C U S
P R E S T O

I did not like it as much as some others I had concocted employing all the digits from 0 to 9. (The above problem uses only nine

digits.) So I was rather surprised to find it reprinted with a detailed solution in a recent textbook on mathematics.

Perhaps the best way to illustrate what makes a good puzzle is to present my favorites of all the old-timers. If I were cast away on an island, I would use the following eight puzzles to confuse the natives.

If you wish to try them, give yourself $12\frac{1}{2}$ points for each correct answer. If you score 100, kudos to you—you are a good puzzler!

1. Two books, Volumes 1 and 2, stand side by side in order from left to right on a bookshelf. Not including bindings, each book is one inch thick; the bindings are each an eighth of an inch thick. Starting from page one, Volume 1, a hungry bookworm eats its way to the last page of Volume 2. How many inches did he consume?

2. A circular pool, twenty-five feet in diameter, has a remarkable lily in its center. This lily grows by doubling its area each day. At the end of thirty days, the lily exactly covers the pool. In how many days does this lily cover half the pool's area?

3. An observant person noted a rope ladder dangling from a ship in a harbor, with its bottom six rungs underwater. Also, he saw that each rung was four inches wide and that the rungs were ten inches apart. If the tide rose at the rate of five inches per hour, how many rungs would be submerged in three hours?

4. Richard Roe met a friend wearing a lieutenant's uniform. They shook hands and greeted each other warmly as they had not seen one another in ten years. With his friend was a little girl: "I've been married since you saw me the last time to someone you don't know," said the lieutenant. "This girl is my daughter." Richard asked the child's name, and she replied that it was the same as her mother's. "So your name is Margaret!" How did he know?

5. What four weights would you use for a scale to weigh any number of pounds from one to forty inclusive?

6. Three railway men named Smith, Robinson, and Jones, and three businessmen similarly named, live in the State of New York. The businessman Robinson and the brakeman live in Albany, the businessman Jones and the fireman live in Rochester, while the businessman Smith and the engineer live halfway between these two cities. The brakeman's namesake earns \$3500 a year; the engineer earns one-third of the businessman nearest him. The railway man Smith beats the fireman at billiards. Name the engineer.

7. A strange island is inhabited by pure-blooded and half-breed natives who look alike, but the half-breeds always lie, whereas the pure-blooded always tell the truth. A visitor on the island meets three natives. He asks them whether they are half-breeds or pure-blooded. The first native mutters something inaudible. The second, pointing to the first, says, "He says that he is pure-blooded." The third, pointing to the second, says, "He lies." Knowing beforehand that only one of the natives is a half-breed, the visitor concludes what each of the three is. Can you?

8. Three men, A, B, and C, are tested for quick thinking. On the forehead of each a cross is marked which, they are told, may be either blue or white. They are then taken to an empty room. None of the three knows the color of his own cross or is allowed to speak to the others, but each one is told he may leave the room if he either sees two white crosses or determines the color of his own cross. A is a sharp fellow. He notes that both B and C have blue crosses, and after a few seconds of quick thinking, he leaves the room, having determined the color of his own cross. What was the process by which he determined the answer, and what was the color of his cross? (Answers are on page 156)



"Oh boy! And tomorrow is Friday"



"Let's see now—have we got everything?"



"Thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not kill—now they tell me"



WM. DuBOIS

She carried her drinks like a lady, but
it was easy to see she needed a guide

I Stick My Neck Out for Nobody

by J. EDGAR GROVE

"IN PARIS," Frank said, picking a quarter from the table and making it spin with a quick flick of his forefinger, "near the Arch of Triumph and just off the Rue de something or other, there is a little gin shop called the Café Nicety, and in the evenings a blonde girl walks from table to table and sings the songs of the provinces. Play *I'll Follow My Secret Heart* another time."

I inserted a nickel in the wall box, without a doubt that he spoke the truth. It is foolhardy to doubt Frank, even though I know that he has never been farther west than Pittsburgh or farther out to sea than Staten Island. It is one of the things one must put up with in Frank, and some say it is his greatest charm:

And then there was the girl's voice, the one I was listening for: "I'd like another Tom Collins, please." I frowned. I had heard this voice a number of times before and each time it had been saying the same thing. I had used the tone too often myself not to know what it meant.

"It is said that one can live in Guatemala on fifteen cents a day," I said, to make conversation.

"So it is," Frank said. "But do you want to live in Guatemala?"

"Not especially."

"Well then." He looked at me. "Listen," he said. "Listen, stop worrying about the little girl. She knows what she is doing."

"She has had seven Tom Collinses."

"That is her business."

"I don't think she can pay for them."

"That too is her business."

I sighed and stole another glance at the little brunette. She was sipping slowly, and there was a very real frown on her face. She had been there when we came in and she was still there, and I wasn't sure just when I got the idea that she was broke and only ordering to stall off the final reckoning. But as I say, I have been in that position myself, and know the symptoms. In my case, I would wait until both bartenders were occupied and then I would make a dash for the door. The little brunette, from what I could see of her, was not up to this. She sat very straight at her solitary table and made pensive doodles on the napkin with a pencil. I looked back at Frank, and he seemed to read my thoughts.

"I stick my neck out for nobody," he said. "It is a policy of mine."

"Still—"

"We are only guessing anyway. She is very pretty."

She was all of that. Her dark hair was long and cascaded to her shoulders like a silken waterfall, shrouded by the night. Her mouth, pursed just now in thought, was full with color, and her nose was the kind of snub that is all too loosely applied to the heroines of love stories. I don't know what it was about her. She was nicely turned out, even, if you stretched a point, smartly. But it was not New York. Something about the whole of her said: "Small town," and I liked this. It made my synopsis of her position the more believable.

"Look, Frank," I said, and he took his eyes from the brunette. He sighed.

"You have surely not forgotten the last brunette," he said.

"No, of course not—"

"You are not planning to get yourself in such a mess again?"

"Hell, no, but listen—"

"It's your funeral," he sighed. "Get her over here."

"Oughtn't we to go over there?" I had just begun to think, and it occurred to me that we had no money.

"Definitely not. Get her over here. If she is broke, she will come readily enough."

I didn't feel good about doing it. The waiters had been watching her with what I think is called the steely eye, and they were not at all pleased about transporting our note. When they did, she read it over many times before reaching a decision, and she kept looking back and forth from the note to our table like a spectator at a tennis match. Then she pushed back her chair and summoned a pleasant smile. We made room for her and she sat a little nervously.

Frank went straight to the root.

"Why are you buying drinks you cannot pay for?" he said.

She studied him, and she did not look drunk. She was too worried. I didn't think it would occur to her until much later that she was ever so slightly high.

"Who says I can't pay for them?" she said.

"We do. We have been wrong before. Can you pay for them?"

"Well—" Her long hair swept lightly as she turned her head to look for the waiters. "No," she said.

"Ah!" I said, but Frank was in ahead of me. (Continued on page 144)



LESTER

Cook's Tour: Camille Virla

If *Ciro's* is stamping grounds for movie shots in search of the complete evening (and it is) the gentleman above should plead guilty to enticing and holding that swank retreat's clientele. He is Paris-trained Camille Virla, chef to Alfonso of Spain before the royal roof fell in, and now custodian of cuisine at *Ciro's*. Though the stars plead for more of his guinea hen, creamed chicken maison d'or and crêpes suzette, it's his curry of lamb that sends them home babbling: Brown lightly four lbs. lamb (cut in half-inch squares) in hot saucepan with two tbs. oil and a chopped onion. Add two tbs. curry powder and two tbs. bread flour. Stir well, add a sliced apple, a quart lamb stock, a half cup catsup, a tsp. salt, and bring to boil. Let simmer for 90 minutes. Remove meat from gravy, strain, add a cup cream and cup of mixed candied fruits, including raisins. (Boil raisins for ten minutes and wash sugar from fruits first.) Pour over meat and serve with boiled rice.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

Princeton University

A warm salute to a charter member of the Ivy League, two centuries old this year

by WILLIAM A. DE WITT



AT Yale, Harvard and elsewhere in the Ivy League, cynics point to the school and make snide remarks about its resemblance to a "country club." And, in a way, they're right, for Princeton's 1270 acres of trimly landscaped and Gothic campus houses all the accoutrements of a swank gentlemen's haven. They're also wrong, however, for the University, which has stood quite gloriously at the same stand for two hundred years, is, of course, far more than a convenient collegiate Riviera for the idler sons of wealthy men.

Princeton is a tradition-rich institution, old enough in fact to antedate the United States, young enough in spirit to be a proving ground of college men's fashions. A Revolutionary War battleground, it was, in the truest sense, a World War II battleground as well, for among its most distinguished residents were several top physicist-prophets of the atomic age.

The ex-G.I.s now returned to Princeton have various impressive and happy things to ponder as they climb old Nassau's stone steps, eroded by two centuries of student boots. The handful of pre-Revolution scholars who studied under early Presidents Aaron Burr, Sr., and John Witherspoon, back in the days when alumnus James Madison was taking notes at the Constitutional Convention, have now expanded to an army approaching 4000. Where once the college had considered an offer of *anschluss* with the rival academy in New Brunswick, today a \$41,000,000 endowment fund keeps students'

base expenses low and is a guard against future merger dangers.

Princeton scientists, with important research on the atomic bomb, helped end World War II in time to arrange an elaborate bicentennial program for the 1946-47 academic year. Less gay than the sesquicentennial in 1896, the ceremonies have consisted mainly of conferences at which Class A thinkers from all over the world grappled with the macabre problems currently facing mankind.

The University also used the occasion to announce a new educational scheme, part of which requires summer work—at least during one vacation—in the field a student expects to make his career. A local wit deprecated this as a "compromise between Nantucket and Antioch," but college authorities see it as a worthy step forward in the progressive tradition of Woodrow Wilson, who started Princeton's famous preceptorial system.

The large proportion of ex-service undergraduates gives a somewhat unfamiliar air of earnestness to Princeton these days, as it does to other colleges. Instructors are kept hewing to the line; the old debating societies, Whig and Clio, revive prodigiously; there is real interest in the bicentennial conferences. But a good share of gaiety remains, and Scott Fitzgerald's Amory Blaine would not find the atmosphere too much changed.

Neatly filled nylons and sleek fur coats from Park Avenue and the Main Line returned last fall along with the football week end. At Christmas the Triangle Club, founded in 1893 by Booth Tarkington, for the first time since the war made its merry circuit of six cities and Orange, New Jersey, with a musical comedy satirizing the bicentennial. Proms came back and there were full-scale spring house parties at the upperclassmen's eating clubs on Prospect Avenue.

Looking down from the Graduate School's austere Cleveland Tower, you see a beautifully groomed and well-populated golf course stretching across to the terrace of the Inn, where cocktails are pleasant on a sunny afternoon. Uptown, in the new square off Nassau Street, scholars may ease the pain of learning in the Tavern's tempting taproom.

Yet Princeton, rare among nonsectarian institutions, continues to demand attendance at religious services, at least a fraction of Sundays. And the ban on motorcars has stood for twenty years—since the happy Prohibition days when a now staid banker, surveying the remnants of his jalousy, explained: "I thought the train was going the other way."

There are other things Princeton men will have you know when the conversation becomes reminiscent: the honor system, say, which works; college football, which really started on that pioneer gridiron where a Rutgers rooter first looked into the determined face of a Princeton husky and muttered grimly, "I'd die for dear old Rutgers"; the odd balance of Northerners and Southerners in the student body, which suggests a weird displacement of the Mason and Dixon Line.

Among the noteworthy items is an old and pleasing custom. On warm spring evenings seniors sit on the front steps of Nassau Hall, up which Lighthouse Harry Lee once rode his legendary horse, and softly sing the college songs. *Going Back to Nassau Hall* is one—perhaps the most popular of all Princeton songs, with its comforting implication that college ties will not be altogether broken.

Feeling thus, Princetonians owe thanks to a British governor who declined to have the building named for him, suggested King William III's House of Nassau. The governor's name was Belcher. #



CARICATON BY JEDLA

A PHIL BAKER CLASSIC

"When I told my wife I'd like to see myself washing the dishes—she put a mirror over the sink"



PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

The hoary view of Nassau Hall and the "1947" stamped on the Senior Class beer mug tell the Princeton story like an epigram. Two hundred years old and still growing, the Jersey member of the Ivy League has been ever a pacemaker. Maybe the

glory of the gridiron Tiger has faded some since he helped invent college football, but alumni and undergrads will hasten to remind you that the big cat managed enough brawn to topple formidable Pennsylvania in 1946. And always there is

the Princeton that was, even before football, commemorated so pertinently in the Mather Sundial, copied from Turnbull Sundial of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For among the myriads she mothered, ancient Oxford mothered Princeton too.

New pages for your files on wearables for links and campus, rainwear and hats, plus color tips for town and country, and the outer man in May

Spring Board of Fashion

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

IT MATTERS little what your handicap is, just so long as it isn't your golf clothes. Whether you go round in the middle seventies or spend most of your time in the traps, what you're wearing has a lot to do with the final figure on your score card. Golf is a game that reflects clothing hazards as quickly as it does an uninhibited hook or too much push in your putt.

Rule No. 1 in every golfer's game book should say, "Get a jacket that doesn't interfere with your swing," and the current selections offer a multitude of choices. There are some in processed cotton that will be seen wherever foresomes in the know tee-off, for this practical model has a slide-fastener closure, slanting pockets, a convertible collar and bellows pleats at shoulders. Those bellows pleats

are swing approved, so there goes another alibi for a slice. Transparent plastic jackets are also being shown, and this particular number has a slide fastener on chest pocket as well as in front. It fits easily and hangs loosely at the bottom.

Long sleeves are being seen on sport shirts made of knitted wool jersey, and this fabric is fundamentally a functional one. There's plenty of "give" to it, and it takes to perspiration well. As any trainer will tell you, don't cool off too quickly and you'll be around to play next week end. These collar-attached shirts in striped patterns, as well as lightweight plaid flannel and plain cotton shirts, ought to be in your clubhouse locker, ready for your choice of the moment. And go for color, for there's no need to be funereal about

your game, even if you have an affinity for the sand traps.

Of course, if you wish to go bareheaded in the hot sun, well, it's your head and hair. For those, though, who see the sense in a golf hat, you'll like the round-crown processed-cotton hats you may recognize as offspring of the golf and tennis hats of yesteryear, and long-time accepted. Their rebirth has been accompanied by brighter colors, particularly blue and yellow. And looking down for a moment, the slack field has been invaded by checks and plaids, in addition to the plain flannels. All are fully cut (be sure yours aren't too snug, particularly around the waist and thighs), and if you prefer gabardine, well and good. They hold their shape and retain creases nicely. Speaking of waists, try one of the new leather belts with tongue buckles. They've been seen lately, as have the western-type belts, silvery buckles, hand carving and all.

It's open season on pull-overs and one practical affair combines woven and knitted fabrics. The tan gabardine front is backed by a separate piece of vividly colored wool tartan, and seems ideal for blustery days. There's warmth in the knitted back and sleeves as well as elasticity. Solid-color wool cardigans, particularly the sleeveless models, have found new fans.

There are a number of new ideas in the golf-shoe world, and mighty welcome they are. Too often shoes and socks are chosen with too little consideration for the job facing them and so, for a more comfortable game, give thought to your footwear. A new moccasin-pattern golf shoe is available, and is made of one piece from toe to heel on each side. It comes in natural tan leather, lighter in weight than its predecessors, has a sturdily built storm welt, and gives a straight-side effect. Steel spikes are supported in thick leather soles. There's a newcomer in the golf shoe line-up, and it's our old friend the chukka boot, but with spike soles. The fact that this ankle-high shoe will keep the sand out need be no reflection on your game. Be sure, too, that your socks will stand the gaff of eighteen holes of wear and tear. The old stand-bys are still around, and so there's a choice of plain ribbed or patterned wool, or ribbed cotton with extra fleece on the inside of the sole.

Short-fingered gloves, either left or right hand, and knitted wool mittens that identify your woods ought to wind up your needs for the moment. Except, of course, your special equipment for playing the nineteenth hole. ##





SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT

Drawing by A. J. Pimsler

Mark our words, that young fellow will go places. He's getting more out of college than a smattering of both Plinys. Note his enlistment of a blue-blazerred freshman to lug his gal's luggage (she's up for the spring house party). And his stud-

ied choice of a blue and brown tweed jacket and brown flannel slacks. At noon they see their crew sunk, but how can one so well-clad despair too long? A straw sennit, a grey and white striped seersucker jacket, and all-white buckskin shoes are an-

tidotes for any defeat. Dancing cheek to cheek that evening, he's impeccable in double-breasted midnight blue. The shawl-collared wolf cub cutting in is the freshman who knows a thing or two and believes that one good turn deserves another.



LONDON'S FASHION LANDMARKS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Perhaps you won't remember seeing this quaint shop in London's Haymarket, just off Piccadilly. With kaleidoscopic memory of nocturnal ack-ack symphonies, V's and black-out, the location of the city's oldest tobacconist might be a bit dim.

You'll find it easily enough next time you're in London though, via bus No. 88 from Piccadilly to Westminster. You might even spot these wet-weather-clad patrons of, the weed in rainwear that may give an idea or two. For instance, the gen-

tleman in the bowler wears a single-breasted, fly-front, belted coat that flares at bottom. Very popular over there. His companion with the printed Paisley scarf is element proof in the loose-fitting, slash-pocket raglan style we know so well here.



HAT HUES

Drawing by M. Murley

With good-looking toppers available this spring, you'll have to rummage for a mighty good reason to explain the lease on life you've given your ancient fedora. If, as you might say, you cherish its weather-beaten hue, then we offer for diametric compari-

son the lovat-colored pork pie circled with a narrow ribbon band. Or that crayon-brown type with an insouciant air to its upturned brim. And for good measure, there's a snap-brim model with welt edge in the hatter's version of Bedlington grey (from the

terrier of the same name). Here, crown pinching offers variations of the same theme. Viewed collectively, there's little you can offer in defense of your battered but faithful bowler. Sentiment? Perhaps. And a try-on of any of these will cure that.



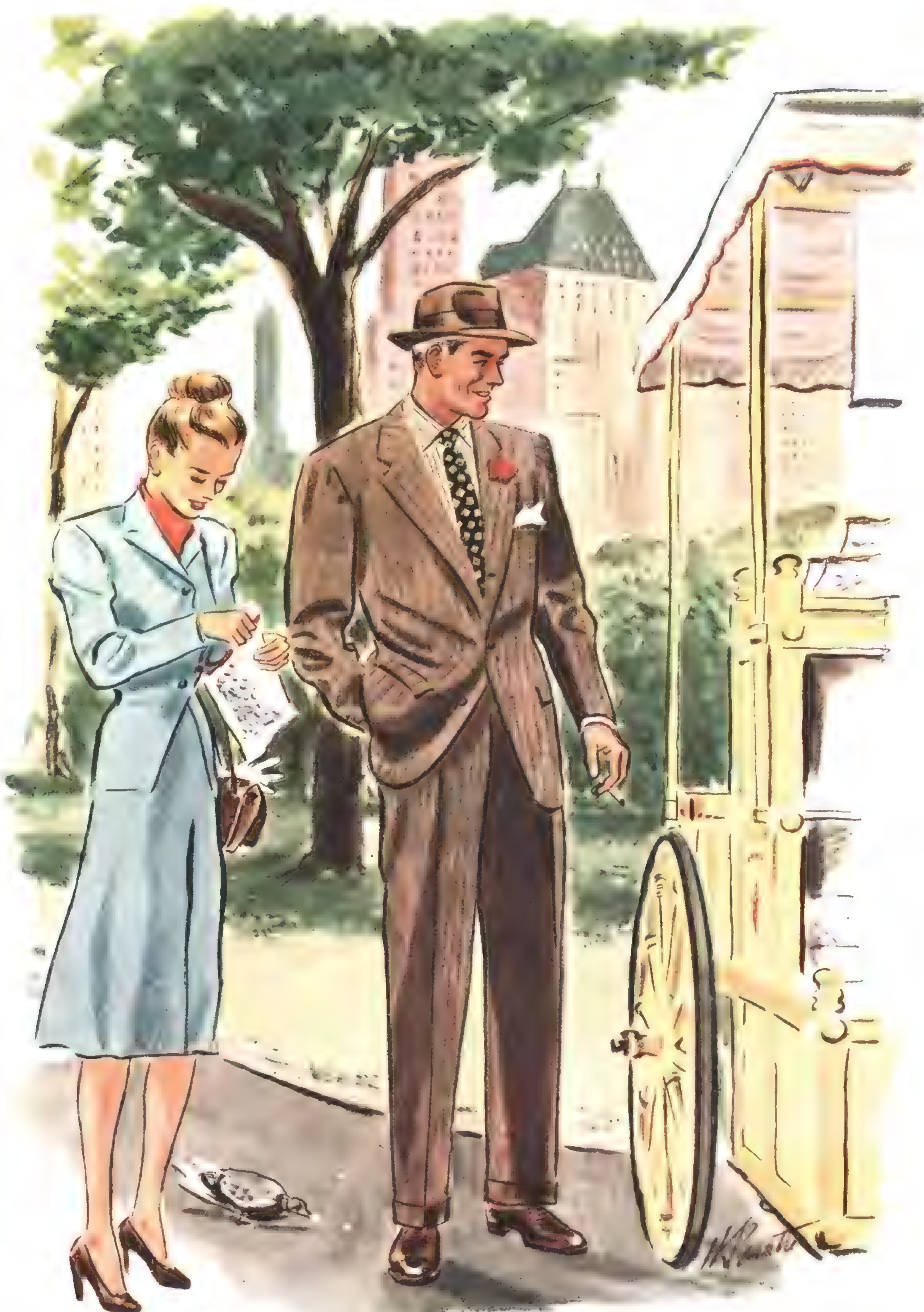
STRICTLY ENTRE NOUS

Drawing by K. Milrov

By the very look of things, we hardly expect his new lightweight jacket to be the subject of this garden party tête-à-tête. However, during the course of the compliments, she will have her say about the toned down effects which are prevalent in coun-

try clothes. And being an observant lass, she's apt to notice also that it's a characteristic of those new warm weather tweeds. As for his thoughts, well planned as they are when combining tan flannels and bluish grey tweeds, considerably more chitchat

will be bantered before they hie off to inspect the prize-winning Orchidaceae. With the object of his intentions as lovely as she is, this chap is to be commended for displaying all-around good taste. You had better stay close, Blaze, you may be needed.



LUNCHEON A LA CART

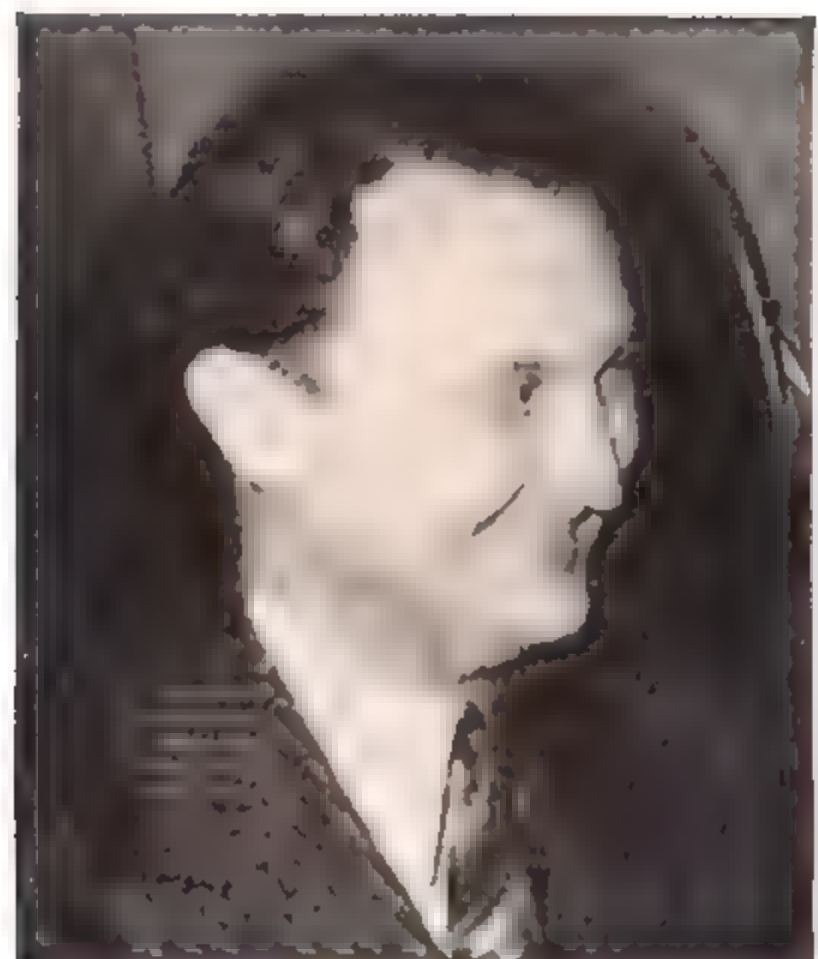
Drawing by H. Runnette

Having an appetite like a bird may impress some men, but he's not a bit fooled by her popcorn whim. It may be "21" next. But no matter where they do their al fresco dining, his blue stripe, three-button, crayon-brown suit will be very much in order.

If she were not concentrating on her pre-luncheon nibble, she'd notice his well-chosen blue foulard tie with cream-and-gold figures. The wide-spread collar on his cream shirt (it has blue-and-brown candy stripes) makes the perfect niche for the Wind-

sor knot. Being a sensible chap, we doubt whether he will give in to his impulse to join her, ruining his appetite too. While he's mulling it over, jot down mentally the fact that brown and blue harmonize nicely. It's Spring's smart color combination.

it's a man's world



WILLIAM BENTON

When this eminent ad-man, statesman and educator was a Yale student, he had a blueprint for living. He told his classmate, Robert Hutchins, he would make a fortune before he was 35 and retire to enjoy it. As President of Benton & Bowles he made his fortune at 36 and did retire from advertising but not from world affairs. As Vice-President of the University of Chicago he developed adult education via radio and classroom motion pictures. When the University absorbed *Encyclopaedia Britannica* he became chairman of the board's U. S., Canadian and British companies. Vice-President of the Committee for Economic Development, he made that body articulate through magazine articles. In 1940 he played knowing rich uncle to the then-infant newspaper, *TIME*. Since his appointment as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Public Affairs, in '45, he has worked from 12 to 14 hours daily, and heading our UNESCO delegation accounts for his leisure time. Taking dictaphone to swimming pool, he dictates between dives. His half-smile stems from life's little joke on the man who planned an infinite holiday.



RAYMOND LOEWY

On the capable shoulders of spirited, urbane, fiftyish Raymond Loewy rests one of the world's first and largest organizations of designers, architects and engineers. Design consultants for ninety-two Swedish, British and United States Corporations, Raymond Loewy Associates create new trends in transportation, product, package and specialized building design, as well as retail planning. Raymond Loewy, Paris-born and educated, filed away the medals he won as Captain of the French Engineers and came to this country after World War I, full of ideas for improving tractors, toothbrushes, locomotives and trucks. The graduate engineer began as a fashion illustrator, switched to automobile patterns, and became a pioneer in industrial design. An American citizen, he is absorbed in people as well as products and his diverse activities include lecturing at Harvard and New York University, advising the New York City Board of Education, and presiding over the Society of Industrial Designers. He is at home in the Waldorf Towers, at Sands Point, L. I., Palm Springs, California, and the Château de la Cense, near Paris.



voted most likely to succeed

University undergraduates have voiced their campus fashion preferences and here's how the poll shapes up: contrasting jacket and slacks, button-down collar shirts, wing-tip shoes and strong emphasis on hats. Accordingly, you'll do well with grey flannels, a brown tweed jacket, blue Oxford shirt with yellow foulard tie, and khaki snap brim.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Ladies in Stripes

Continued from page 72

have a change of heart when she donated money for a home for wayward girls, but died in luxury after devoting her later years to managing her large properties.

While Sophie was cruel in fleecing widows with her fake bank, she was nowhere as heartless as Lyda Trueblood Dooley McHaffie Myer Southard, who appears in court records as Lyda Myer. Lyda entered the hall of infamy not because she was a mass murderer, but because of the way this beautiful blue-eyed girl laughed.

Some thought it was hysteria when her roar of mirth split the air while the body of Ed Myer, her husband of one month, was lowered into its grave, but there were others who wondered out loud. One of these skeptics was Deputy Sheriff Virgil Ormsby, who set out to investigate. Almost everybody in Twin Falls, Idaho, knew twenty-seven-year-old Lyda, who liked handsome men, uniforms, and a good laugh.

There was nothing about the opening phases of the investigation to indicate that anything was wrong. Lyda and Ed Myer had kept their marriage a secret at first, spending only their wedding night together, and then Ed had returned to the ranch where he was foreman, and waited for Lyda to finish up some business matters. Three weeks later she spent her second night with her new husband. He was sick the next day, and died in the hospital.

Lyda was a widow when she wed Myer. She had been married before to Bill McHaffie, owner of a prosperous café in Twin Falls. McHaffie sold out the café, bought a ranch in Montana and had gone there with Lyda. He died a year later during the flu epidemic and she returned to Twin Falls.

Ormsby heard rumors that McHaffie wasn't her first husband. At Keytesville, Missouri, Lyda's birthplace, he found that at the age of nineteen she had married her childhood sweetheart, Bob Dooley. Bob and Lyda went to the Far West to open a ranch. Bob's brother, Ed, went along to help them. They were gone about a year when Ed was brought back in a box for burial. It was hard to tell whether Lyda was sobbing or chuckling during the funeral services. A month later Lyda was back with another box. Her husband, Bob, had died suddenly, too. This time Dooley's father was certain she laughed. Lyda left with the proceeds of the Dooley brothers' insurance policies.

With three sudden deaths scored up for Lyda, Ormsby hurried to Montana. The doctor wasn't too sure that McHaffie had died of flu, but it was during the epidemic and it seemed reasonable. He admitted that the symptoms might have been poison. Ormsby then picked up word that after McHaffie had died Lyda had been seen with Harlan C. Dewis, a truck salesman, and so he checked

the death records. Lyda had married him and he had died suddenly, and hilariously.

With such facts Ormsby had no difficulty getting the bodies exhumed, and each one was found loaded with arsenic. Lyda had built up a handsome fortune on insurance plus the properties of her various husbands.

The undercover investigation lasted over six months and by this time Lyda was gone from Twin Falls. Ormsby began a hurried search for her. In San Francisco he discovered she had married again. Her new husband was a sailor named Southard. The sailor was traced to Honolulu where Hawaiian police picked up Lyda and reported Southard still alive. Lyda was convicted of the murder of Ed Myer and sentenced to ten years to life imprisonment at the Idaho State Penitentiary. In 1931 she escaped, but was picked up the next year in Topeka, Kansas.

Con men are considered the top group, the intellectual giants of the criminal world. Con artists such as Yellow Kid Weil and Fred (Deacon) Buckminster, have boasted how they took suckers over in deals ranging from \$25,000 to \$100,000. They are penny-ante characters compared to Cassie Lydia Chadwick.

For most confidence work the choice victim is a successful businessman, puffed up with his own importance, who is like a fish out of water in any field outside of his own. He is sucked into the deal through what the Yellow Kid called "a touch of larceny in his heart," plus an elaborate build-up that requires several good men and a few lesser fry.

But Cassie had her own methods. First of all she operated alone and, for her suckers, selected levelheaded successful bankers equally at home in any kind of a business deal. Her entire equipment consisted of an eyebrow-lifting story and an envelope of worthless paper. Her take was somewhere between three and thirteen million dollars. She caused at least one bank failure

and was responsible for runs on dozens of financial institutions.

Cassie was born plain Lizzie Bigley, one of many children of a poor Canadian farmer. While still in her teens she breezed into Ontario, handed shopkeepers her visiting card which read, "Miss Bigley, heiress to \$15,000," and ran up large charge accounts. She tried forging a note, after disillusioned merchants recalled their goods, and was arrested. When witnesses testified that she appeared in a barbershop, had her hair cut short, and asked for a false mustache, the jury acquitted her on grounds of insanity. She was crazy like a fox.

Now ready for richer game, she crossed the border into Cleveland and for the next decade various wealthy men and women in Cleveland and Toledo who had strayed from the straight and narrow marital path received subtle communications from a fortune-telling Miss Bigley. However, if her palm was crossed with currency, she lost all memory. In Toledo she lapsed into her old habit of forgery and was sent away for ten years but after a stay of only three she was released, changed Lizzie into Cassie, and was ready for her life's work.

Dr. LeRoy S. Chadwick, twenty years her senior and a member of the very upper crust in Cleveland, admired Cassie when she massaged his foot against a pain. He wound up by offering her marriage.

Cassie whipped through the doctor's fortune in short order, and with her credit well-established, put her master plan in operation.

One Sunday she waited after the sermon to discuss a personal matter with the pastor of a wealthy church attended by John D. Rockefeller, Sr. She hinted that there was something deep dark and hush-hush in her past and asked him to introduce her to a reputable banker who would keep her secret. The pastor gave her a letter to a Boston banker.

After pledging him to silence, Cassie told the banker she was the illegitimate daughter of Andrew

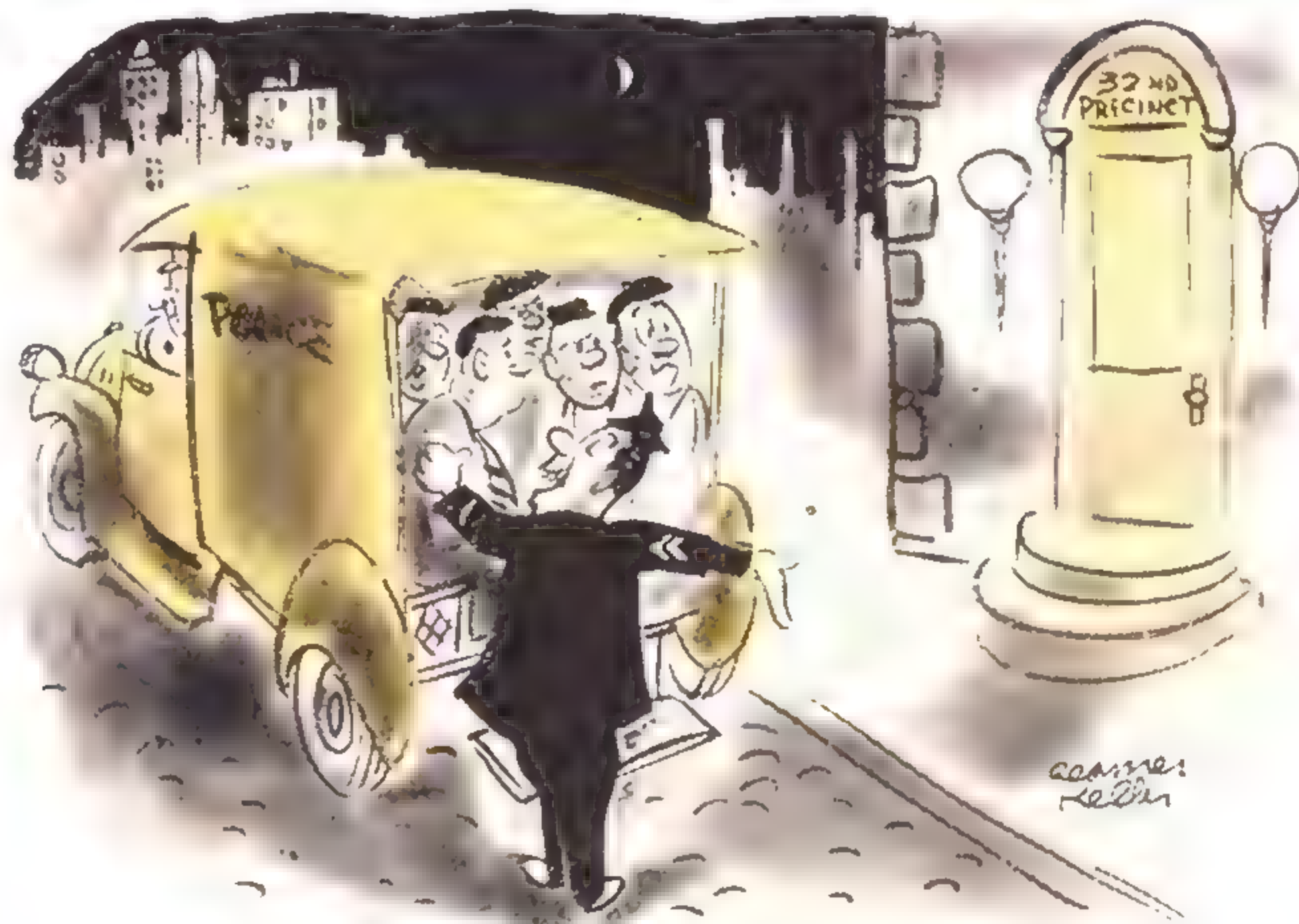
Carnegie, the steel king, then still alive. When the banker asked for some proof, she was ready with her coup. Witnesses accompanied her to New York where she drove up to Carnegie's town house. They saw her ring the bell, disappear from view and appear a half hour later with a large envelope in her hands. She sped back to Boston and produced a promissory note for a half-million supposedly signed by Carnegie. The banker was properly impressed. Cassie made the banker promise that he never would let Carnegie know that she was borrowing money, since "father won't like it."

Cassie made several loans and repaid them promptly, even throwing in a bonus, but each time she borrowed the bite became larger and larger. With part of the money she purchased some good sound securities and one day invited Ira Reynolds, Cleveland banker, to her home. She also confided her deep dark secret to him while she was busy placing securities in a folder. The good securities were where banker Reynolds could see them without any trouble. She stuffed the folder full and told Reynolds that it contained stocks and bonds worth fourteen million. After sealing it with wax, she asked if he could keep it in the bank vault. She added that he could open the package and inspect the securities. After glancing at the good ones still on the desk he gallantly brushed aside the suggestion and issued a receipt showing that Cassie L. Chadwick had placed in the bank vault for safekeeping a folder containing securities valued at fourteen million.

Armed with the receipt, Cassie told her story and borrowed from bankers left and right. She paid off her loan to one with sums from another, with the amounts borrowed pyramiding up. She went along for years until the original Boston banker got cold feet about the size of the loan and brought suit against Reynolds to forbid him to dispose of the "fourteen million" in the folder. Far too late Reynolds caught onto Cassie's game. Other bankers presented their claims. C. T. Beckwith, head of the Citizens National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, which went bankrupt, advanced her \$240,000 in bank funds and \$102,000 personally. He died a few weeks after the exposé.

The dam burst when a group of bankers went to Carnegie and the steel king said the note bearing his signature was a forgery and added most emphatically that he did not have any illegitimate daughters. The folder was opened and found to be stuffed with worthless paper. Cassie was arrested, convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to the Ohio State Penitentiary for ten years. In October, 1907, she died in prison.

Needless to say, con men are still shooting at her record. #



"All out, boys. We're home"

Singular Senegalese

Continued from page 62

round. The world had a new light-heavyweight champion. And Paris had a new idol.

The Siki yen for indulgence, never really inhibited in the past, burst berserk. He had the glutinous and drunken time of his life. He promenaded the boulevards outfitted in a frock coat and monocle, with a monkey on his shoulder and a lion cub on a leash. He slapped waiters playfully, like a bear, and wrecked pubs and bistros out of sheer animal exuberance. Everywhere he went, admiring Frenchmen followed him about and sang hymns to the new king.

Siki took his childlike grin and reputation to Holland where he contracted a common-law marriage with a white girl, and made a movie. "Me Siki," he told the world, and the world gave him what he wanted. He was big and boyish, yet there were those who somehow could never appreciate the juvenile, animal humor in him. He was tossed out of a Vienna hotel for nonpayment of his bill. When a Paris doctor refused to attend him, he tossed the medic's furniture into the street, posted a sign: "Place closed by Siki."

And so it was that the Jungle Boy repeatedly clashed with the authorities and they repeatedly parted friends. Bartenders hated him; so did cabbies. But once in court, Siki flashed the innocent grin, took his reprimand and departed to brawl again. And finally, with money running low, he signed to defend his championship in what was perhaps the most ridiculous piece of match-making in the fight business.

He agreed to meet Mike McTigue, an Irish-American, in Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day.

He couldn't win with brass knuckles. He couldn't win if he carried a horseshoe into the ring.

The way it turned out, though, it didn't make much difference. Siki showed up in pitiful condition, reeking from a week-long debauch, only recently recovered from knife wounds received in a Paris brawl. McTigue was a far from spectacular performer, but he was in condition, and he was an Irish-American fighting in Dublin. And he could box. He did the proper and the careful thing. He kept away from Siki for so long that even the Irishmen hooted. Then he jabbed the Senegalese for a few rounds and the fight ended with Siki gasping, dead tired, and, of course, still on his feet. The world had another light-heavyweight champion and Siki, still undaunted, was ready for the most dramatic chapter of his career—his American venture.

In November, 1923, Siki staggered through the ropes of Madison Square Garden and faced a Kid Norfolk already frightened by tales of his savagery. The Kid was a better-than-fair boy, particularly tough against opposition he felt he could lick. He didn't

feel that way about Siki, but Siki was in no condition to take advantage of the fact. A case of beer had been smuggled into his dressing room before the fight and he had demolished most of it.

The fight ended according to the new Siki pattern. He was on his feet. He had taken an unmerciful beating, going down twice. The winner was Norfolk and the sports writers were kind to the Senegalese. "Last night," wrote the *New York World*, "Siki proved his gameness when he endured a fearful beating, yet never took a backward step."

Well, anyway, he was dead game and impossible to bring down, and perhaps that was all the respect the child brain demanded so long as its vagaries were tolerated. Siki wasn't fighting to win any more. He was fighting for money with which to purchase the night life which had become his only reason for living. With the skids greased, he was ready to slide down, secure in an ignorance that assured him that "everyone like Siki, he big heart."

Now the pattern quickened. He was arrested in Weehawken for passing out money on a street corner. He had a squabble with New York police over a new routine he'd developed in the States that had to do with cab drivers. He would hop into a cab, stick his big, patent-leather-shod feet out of the window and tell the cabbie to drive. After he'd run up a big fare on the meter, he'd grin drunkenly at the cabbie and offer to fight him for the money.

Headlines continued to develop out of Siki's penchant for musing up people while inebriated. He slashed a cop's uniform with a knife and grinned naively while the judge fined him five and told him not to do it again. He wandered to Havana where somebody caromed a sugar bowl off his crown and sent him to the hospital. He got out, developed pneumonia and was returned to sick bay half-dead. Two days following, he leaped out of his second-floor window and was recovered

several hours later in a saloon.

In the ring, he drew crowds, but only because he had become a good, game clown. In Memphis he battered a tanker named Young Norfolk into the ropes, moved into a clinch and called over his shoulder to the ringsiders, "What Siki do?" The fans howled and Siki dropped his arms, turned his back, and sauntered away.

By 1924, he still had a bit of time left, though it was running out rapidly. He had earned a hundred thousand dollars in the States and while it lasted he squandered it on his usual hobbies. He became a familiar sight on Broadway in top hat, opera cape, dress suit, monocle, brown shoes and yellow gloves, leading a lion cub on a leash, followed by a gigantic Senegalese retainer toting two gallon jugs of wine.

The Siki retinue entered Penn Station one night, with Siki well-oiled. He approached the stationmaster and asked when the next train left for Memphis. The information clerk told him the last train had just departed. For a full week, the scene was repeated. Each night Siki arrived too late for the Memphis train, argued heatedly with the slight, grey-haired clerk, and stormed out dragging the lion after him. Finally, on one excursion he collapsed, altogether plastered, and the clerk threw him bodily out of the station. Siki sat down on the curb and bawled like a kid while the lion licked his cheek.

The deterioration of the great Senegalese went on. He blundered from one street brawl to another, practically never sober. Once picked up for dead with two knife wounds in his chest, he seized a reporter who had come to his bedside for an interview, tucked him under his arm and departed in his pajamas.

Briefly, he tasted a bit of glory again. They threw him into the ring against Paul Berlenbach, the light-heavy who hit like a heavy. Drunk and sick, Siki stood with his hands at his side, took the murderous Berlenbach right as

long as Paul could throw it, and grinned and didn't go down.

And then it was just about over for the Jungle Boy. What remained was almost anti-climactic. He drank more all the time. His money ran out. He was bounced from speaks where formerly he had set 'em up for the house. Big as he was, strong as he was, when his star started falling, it fell like the stars of the mighty.

On the night of December 15, 1925, they found a big, blue-black colored man lying in a Hell's Kitchen gutter, face down on the cold, wet cobblestones. Even in the lackluster light under the Ninth Avenue El at three a.m. the cop had no trouble identifying his man. The reek of Siki's latest and last debauch still cloyed the air over his body. He was dead from two bullets in his back.

The primordial killer with the child brain was no more. Some said he was done in by a bootlegger to whom he owed \$20. The police noted that the last time he was seen alive was in a greasy spoon where he'd come for a cup of coffee on his way home from the bars. But he was so drunk they threw him out.

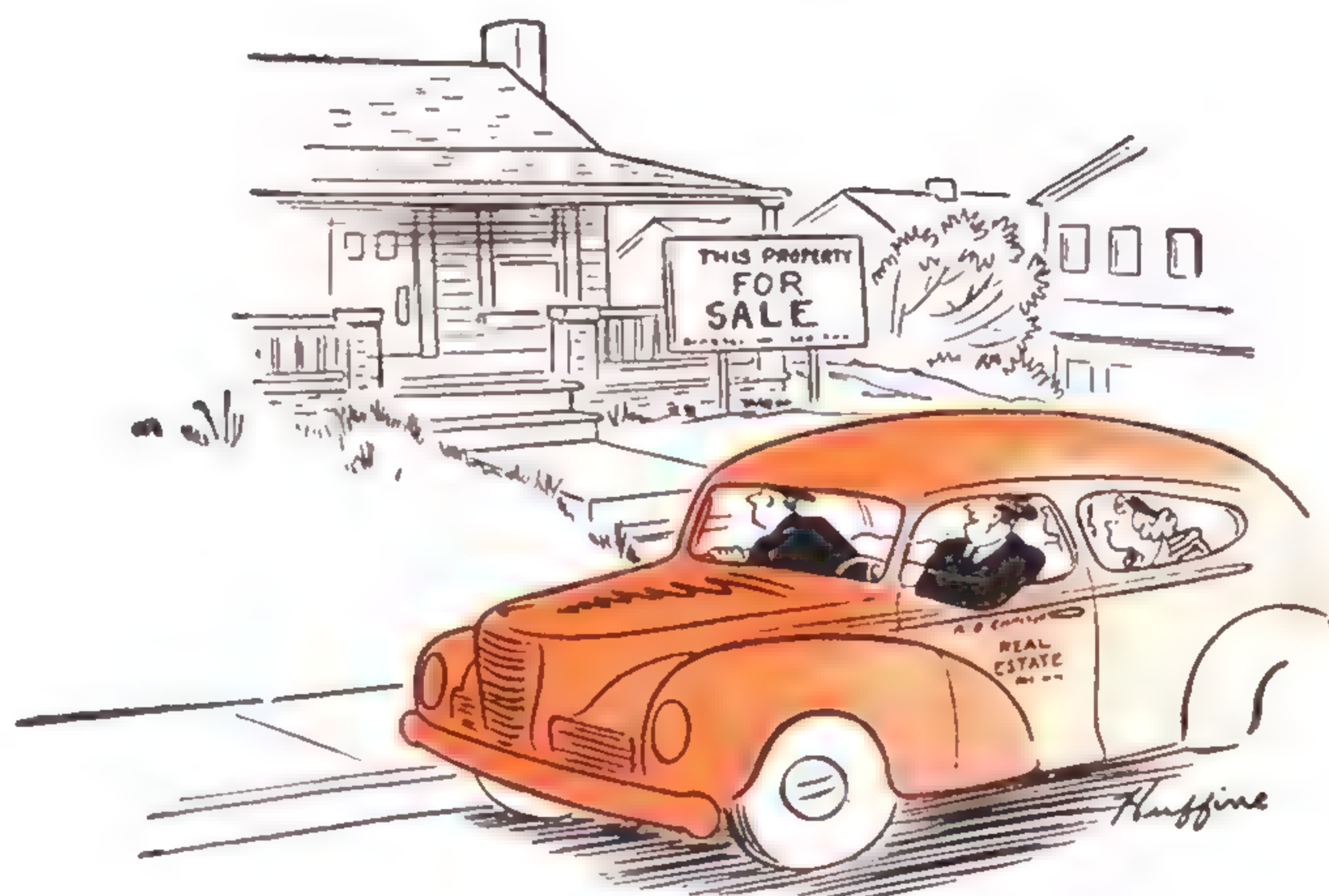
Three thousand people came to his funeral. There were eight floral tributes. Six Moslem pallbearers in fez chanted as they bore his remains to the cemetery. Fittingly enough, the funeral services were conducted in a bizarre hybrid style that was half-Christian and half-Mohammedan.

His wife said, "He used to do all the cooking and when we did the wash he scrubbed and I rinsed. He was a good boy."

Said his Senegalese friends, "Great was our brother Siki."

Reverend A. Clayton Powell delivered a short oration over the Jungle Boy's corpse. "A man born twenty-eight years ago who could win a Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honor . . . must have had something that educated people should have developed . . . No man ever came out of Africa who lived a more dramatic life or had a more tragic end. A lack of proper preparation and a noble purpose were the two most dreadful mistakes of his life. Our civilization is perhaps more to blame for these mistakes than he was."

And the *New York World*, shocked into profound philosophical reflection, provided perhaps the most fitting epitaph for the boy from St. Louis de Senegal. He was a man cursed with the soul of a god, said the *World*. What were his vagaries, his gross moods, but "the sulks and tempers of Achilles, the prank of Siegfried and the boars, the strutting of Beowulf, the amours of Lemminkainen? We have had a walking image of our beginnings among us and did not know it. Let us pause and admire ourselves. If we had such an ancestor, we had something of which we can be proud." #



"Well, don't make me turn off my motor!
Do you want it, or don't you?"

The Bad Time of Hollywood's Bad Men

Continued from page 86

astic public have been signals for excessively vigorous receptions. In ostensible quests for souvenirs, impetuous females tore his cuticle, ripped and shredded his garments, and muscled him about in a strenuous manner. In the confusion Cagney also was given bumps by male fans who were suspected of avenging themselves for mistakes they had made in imitating Jimmy and whacking dolls who departed from the script and became resentful instead of loving.

Cagney has paid a painful penalty for being so natural in briskly applying his palm to an actress. He made feeble-minded patrons of the pictures think it is correct procedure for the dominant male. But he did not commit the error of applying the practice in his own social relations although he has been sorely tempted.

Among the peculiar broads who infest Hollywood and who plague a male cinema celebrity when he is circulating away from "Make-Believeland," there are those who are convinced they can do better for nothing what actresses get paid for. Notwithstanding that in many instances they may be right in their surmise, it has been tough on Cagney to have these aspirants try to provoke him into smacking their faces. The type is addicted to getting a load of grog under the girdle by way of stimulating the mood and in this condition should be worked on with a ball bat instead of bare hands. Cagney has shown superb restraint.

It takes patience, art and courage for a sensible fellow to escape Hollywood's strait jacket of typing. Cagney has these qualifications. Had he remained a moll-mauler, a challenged public would have slugged him full of welts years ago.

One picture can type an actor so the ham of high or low degree is virtually doomed to the same type of roles for years. In the case of the moving-picture hard guy, escape is especially difficult. He sees many demonstrations of hoodlums searing a gigantic industry into frightened docility. On that account he may get the subconscious hunch that pretending he's a Willie Bioff off the film, as well as a very tough hombre on, is the surest way of attaining economic security in the Hollywood rat race.

Happily for the synthetically rugged parties of the Western pictures, their opportunities for drawing firearms or fists on cattle rustlers or treacherous redskins in real life are nil. Hence their imitations of themselves as actors are limited to the wearing of dude-ranch garb, the riding of highly intelligent and photogenic horses, and the moaning of cowboy songs, which is a form of indigestible native art caused by wretched cooking at the chuck wagon and on the lone prairie.

The ace tough guys of the Wild West routine have noble traits of

popular tradition to live up to. They would step out of character in exceedingly bad taste were they to be aggressively belligerent. Thus they have been spared the embarrassment of carrying their make-believe too far. Bill Boyd, a former movie extra; Gene Autry, a former telegrapher; and Roy Rogers, an ex-farm hand from the roaring frontier of Ohio are pleasant, peaceful citizens who do not take their business into their private lives in a way that constitutes a bad example for Junior or older addicts of the equine operas.

Outside of being in the Western pictures, which even to all but the goofiest juvenile become "just pretend" pieces immediately after the picture finishes, there is only one sure way of a prominent tough-guy actor snapping himself out of assault and battery atmosphere after he wipes off the make-up. That is the Humphrey Bogart procedure of becoming married with such nationwide ballyhoo of the hymeneal rites the populace forever after expects him to be just another husband after the studio whistle blows. The Bogart-Bacall affair was solemnized after preliminary publicity second only to that of Edward Windsor and Wallis Warfield. Because of the Bogart's prolonged and detailed courtship, no excitable fan with diluted inhibitions seems to feel that Bogey should be thrown up for grabs as punishment for being a tough character of pictures. Thus Mrs. Bogart must be credited with an assist in preserving

her spouse from the physical abuse of those who believe too deeply in tough-guy make-believe.

Hollywood tough-guy actors get whammed about, not because of their attitude of living too completely in sinister roles which are of their director's making, but because of their flagrantly phony style of acting as tough guys. It incites vigorous criticism from a public that is not as stupid as Hollywood imagines.

The newspaperman who has violent pangs of nausea overtake him as he views the screen version of a managing editor or reporter knows what crimes are committed as Hollywood's concession to public ignorance. The fight fan too—or even the handy man at bar-room brawling—thoughtfully observes the picture pattern of personal hostilities and arrives at the conclusion he can lick all the Hollywood tough guys plus two gorillas.

Nevertheless Hollywood has had many a competent fighter playing in pictures. Their performances as fighters clashed with what the public has been taught to expect of actors. In swinging punches with various degrees of proficiency, the fighters stunk as actors.

Max Baer in that classic which chased many a cockroach from an ancient picture house, *The Prizefighter and the Lady*, is a case in point. For the benefit of those who don't remember the picture or who have been successful in trying to forget it, Max played

the prize fighter. The picture proved beyond doubt that prize fighters are prize fighters and actors are actors. Nobody can recall what it proved about ladies.

Mushy Callahan, Freddie Steele, Frank Moran, Eddie Simms, Jimmy McLarnin, Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom, Ceferino Garcia, Artie Dorell, Henry Armstrong and others have had bit parts or roles slightly stronger in pictures, but none of them ever have been able to delude the customers into belief that they were actors.

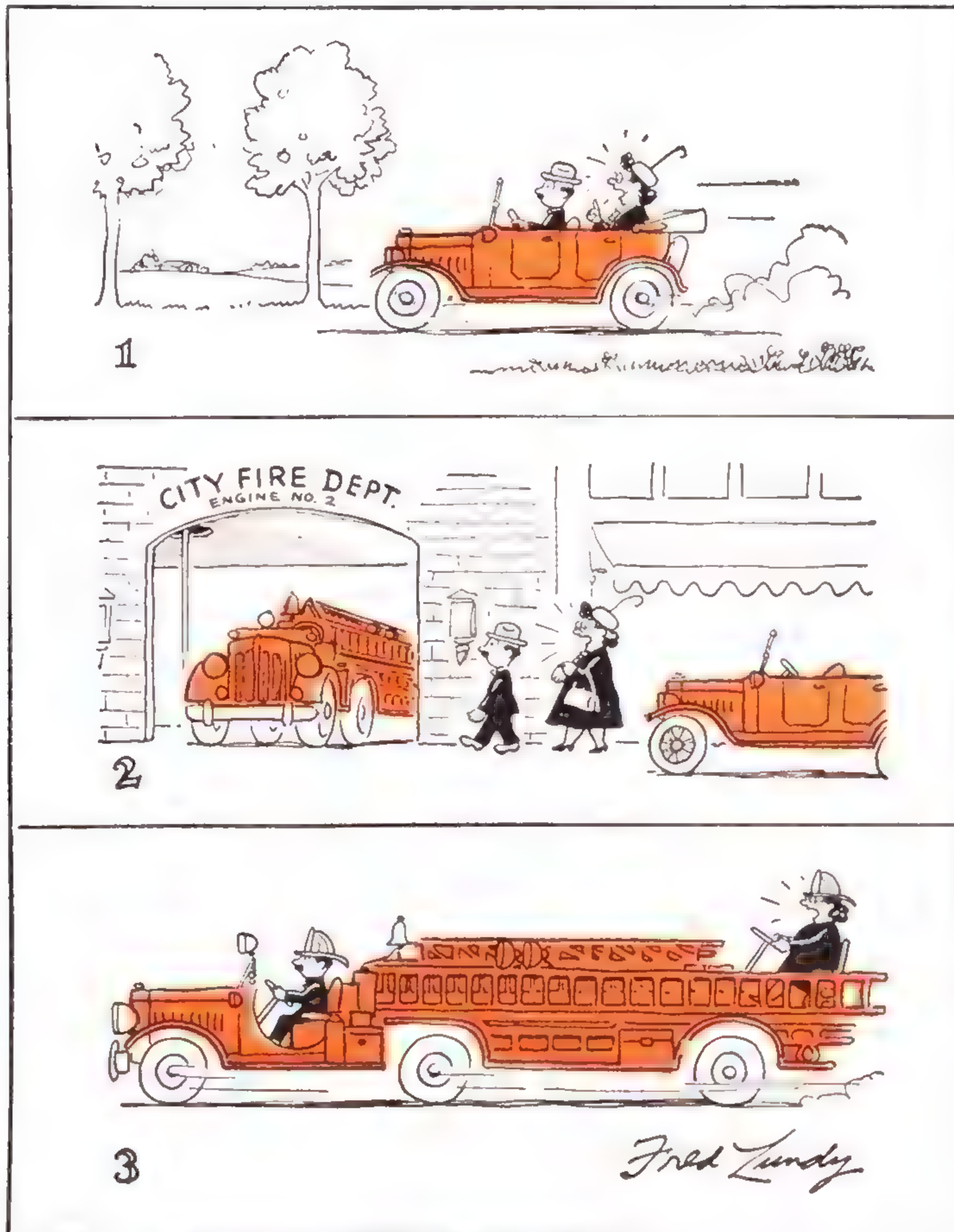
The problem of fooling the trade into believing that the actor of the tough-guy role is a fighter has given employment to Johnny Indrisano, a former welterweight who quit before he got punchy. He has been hailed far and wide as the technical mastermind who taught Ingrid Bergman how to put up her dukes in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. That's a way to fame and fortune in Hollywood.

Now Indrisano is the noted counselor who is assigned to seeing that John Garfield and Canada Lee enact convincing footage with their fists. Garfield was a New York East Side Dead-Ender who was a pretty fair water-front slugger as a kid. Angelo Patri, the expert on child training, happened to be principal of the school Garfield—then known as Jules Garfinkel—attended when so inclined. Patri got the Garfinkel boy interested in oratory and detoured him from Madison Square Garden to Hollywood. Lee was a third-rate pug who found the competition in acting easier than it was in the ring. Garfield and Lee are two fellows who, left to their own atavistic devices with their fists away from cameras, might be engaged in a reasonable facsimile of a sure-enough brawl if they could get heated up on something to fight about.

Playing the part of a bold bad man is for wrestlers, not for actors or fighters. Nobody, except humans of very low I.Q.s, gets genuinely irate with wrestlers. The citizenry thinks of a wrestler as a brawny, spectacular actor who holds malice toward none. The bad-man actor for some queer reason, usually himself, often is expected to be a bad actor twenty-four hours a day. The tough-guy actor is no more on the level about being bad than the wrestler is, but the actor gets into more trouble in sustaining the sham which makes him a living.

When to stop faking and when to keep at it is the public-relations problem of the Hollywood tough guy. The wrestler learned the answer long ago.

Eventually the Hollywood tough-guy actors will realize how much they have to gain, personally and professionally, by attaining the high-art level of the wrestlers. When that stage of picture history is reached, life will become much more tranquil for the screen bad men and their public. #



The Big Revival at White's Hotel

Continued from page 67

dance-hall girls in her bedroom with her throat cut.

"Some more of Maples' work!" cried the salesman. "He'll prow around this hotel all night and murder people in their beds. Looks mean nothing to him. And he has already threatened me, saying that I signed my death warrant when I told him I was a peddler of intoxicating liquors."

The drunken hide hunter, Joe Hilton, still wearing the blonde scalp dangling from his hair, came into the lobby, waving a Colt .41.

"Where's that preacher who got Felix and Lucian?" Joe kept repeating. "I'm going to splatter him all over the premises."

"You'd better go out in your wagon and sleep it off, Joe," Murdo suggested.

The deep voice of Reverend Maples sounded at the head of the stairs. He was standing there with the girl beside him, clinging to his arm. He said to Hilton:

"I am sorry you feel you have a grievance against me, sir. The lady and I were about to have dinner. Won't you join us? Perhaps we can become friends. At any rate, let's wait until after dinner to quarrel."

The girl had pressed the mustard-colored dress, and her hair, which was dark and yet with a rusty-red glint to it, was piled high and shining on her small head. She squeezed her eyes together and gave Joe a forced smile. Then she gave Maples a full smile as they descended the stairs. It must have been her radiance which made Joe Hilton accept the invitation to dinner. Joe said:

"I wouldn't want to send you to hell on an empty stomach, Reverend, though you ain't fit to sit and eat with a hog. But I'll be proud to sit down with you, lady."

"Better go out to your wagon and sleep it off, Joe," Murdo repeated.

But Joe ignored the warning and offered the girl an arm. She walked gaily between the giant hide hunter and the stocky preacher through the swinging doors and into the dining room. Joe stuffed the blonde scalp into a pocket as they were sitting down at their table and Maples commented:

"This is truly a strange and violent land. Only a few days ago, a beautiful woman may have been wearing that hair in your pocket. Judging by the hair, she must have been gorgeous. Then a Comanche killed her and took her scalp. Then, only this morning, you slew the Comanche and took the blonde trophy. And, who knows, sir, you may be dead before morning, and someone may be removing that souvenir from your pocket. I think I'm going to like Texas very much."

Back in the lobby a freighter, who'd had a lot to drink, was saying that he'd not stand idly by and see his friend Joe killed by that tricky preacher. The freighter

took a .50 caliber rifle from the lobby wall and, with the great gun on cock, walked through the swinging doors into the dining room. But he was too late to rescue Hilton.

Maples had said grace over the soup. The preacher said: "Amen," and then spoke in a low voice to Hilton:

"Please oblige me by passing the salt, sir."

Joe made a motion to the left, reaching for the salt shaker. This movement was all the pretext Maples needed to produce a deringer in his right hand (the weapon probably coming from his sleeve) and shoot the hide hunter between the eyes. Hilton fell forward, his face going into his soup bowl.

"This consummate image of depravity tried to draw on me," the reverend explained loudly, so that all the diners might hear. "And with a lady present, too."

All the while Maples must have been as alert as a bobcat. He saw the freighter with the buffalo gun on cock part the swinging doors. Maples drew a six-shooter, probably from the hip holster, and started fanning the hammer of it, spraying shots at the freighter in the doorway. The freighter fell, crashingly, on a table containing a lot of glassware. And Maples, satisfied that he was dead, spoke with some feeling:

"Let us pray that yonder misguided fellow, despite his sins, will be admitted to the Glorious Beyond."

He bowed his head, all the while reloading the six-shooter and the derringer. Then he started eating his soup. And the young woman did the same, sipping with a seeming calm, but not looking at the dead man with his face in the soup bowl.

The whiskey drummer risked a peek into the dining room. Then he scurried back and reported to Murdo:

"That girl is sitting there eating her soup with the poor hunter lying dead right across from her. And what a baggage she is!"

The boy porter, Billy, had come up and he said to the salesman:

"You watch what you say, fellow, about Miss Alma. She's a nice girl and she has more guts than ten men like you."

The boy was carrying an armload of dried buffalo dung and he started throwing the chips into the fireplaces. Also, he turned up the wicks of the oil lamps. Soon the lobby was aglare with light.

"What are you trying to do, barbecue us, Billy?" Murdo asked. "And those lamps will eat up more oil than the freighters can haul if you turn them up so high."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Murdo," the boy replied. "I'll turn the lamps down low in a few minutes and I'll open some windows and cool off the place. But right now I think the lobby ought to be lit up like a church for the parson in there. Miss Alma has hired me to do a job on the parson. And I'll need a lot of light to do it."

Murdo noticed that Billy was listing heavily to the right under the weight of a .41 caliber pistol stuck in his belt. Billy moved across the room and stood facing the doorway to the dining room, only he was about twenty yards from the door. He just stood there and waited for a few minutes. The swinging doors parted and Reverend Maples, chatting cheerfully with the smiling girl on his arm, stepped into the lobby.

The glare of the flaming oil lamps and the hot breath of the raging dung fires must have given him some sort of warning, for Maples stopped and then tried to dodge back through the swinging doors. But the girl clung to his arm and then released him and gave him a hard shove farther out into the lobby. The girl went back into the dining room and the preacher was standing there alone with the fur of a big bearskin covering his small, neat feet. He blinked at the firelight and the lamplight and, deftly, he drew a revolver.

At the other end of the room, Billy called:

"You'd better use that gun good,

Parson, or I'll kill you for sure."

Maples fired in the direction of Billy's voice, but his shots were wild and the preacher seemed to be staring into space.

Billy held his heavy pistol with both of his thin paws. He took steady aim and squeezed the trigger twice. The first shot hit the preacher in the pit of the stomach and, as he fell, the second shot caught him in the burr of his left ear and almost tore off one side of his neck.

Maples lay on the bear rug and took several minutes to die.

He must have heard Billy explaining to Murdo:

"I'm sorry I had to do this, Mr. Murdo. But I did it for Miss Alma and not because of anything I had against him. He killed Miss Alma's boy friend back in Dodge City and she couldn't get anyone there to do anything about it. So she just pretended—she's a wonderful actress—that she liked him. She got him to take her with him to Texas because she was broke and couldn't follow him any other way. She studied him for weaknesses and she found he was awfully nearsighted and couldn't see much past ten or fifteen yards. So she was going to stand off at a distance and kill him, herself, tonight. She told me how she was going to kill him after he beat me up in the suite. But I offered to do the job. And because she was so broke, I only took sixty-five cents for doing it, Mr. Murdo. I wouldn't have taken that except that I needed some ammunition."

On the bear skin, Reverend Maples said: "Sixty-five cents." Then he died.

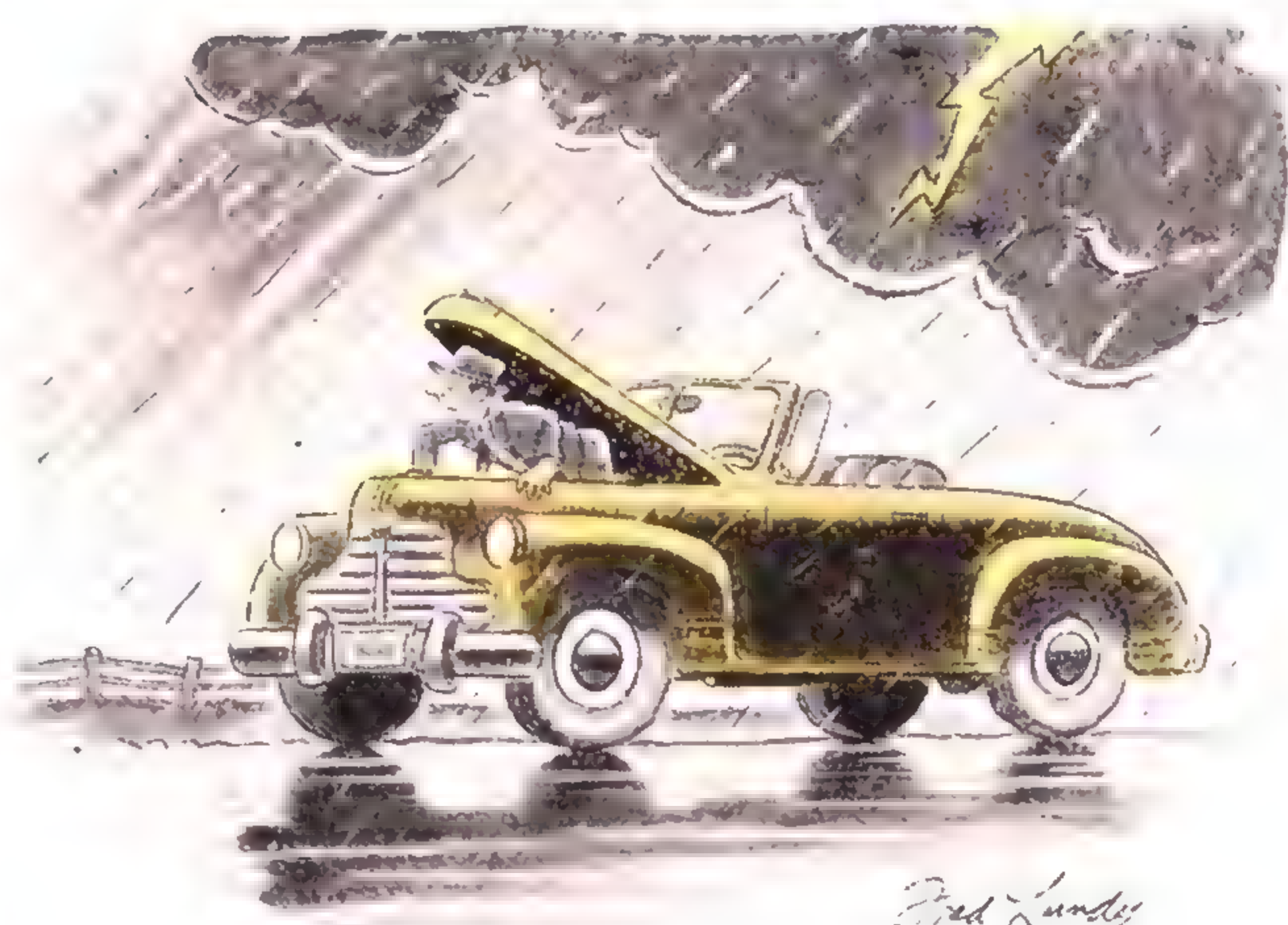
The stage came in from Tascosa. Billy scurried around tidying up the lobby. Cheerfully he dragged all the corpses out back of the hotel. Then he sprinted to the wooden sidewalk and began collecting the luggage of the travelers.

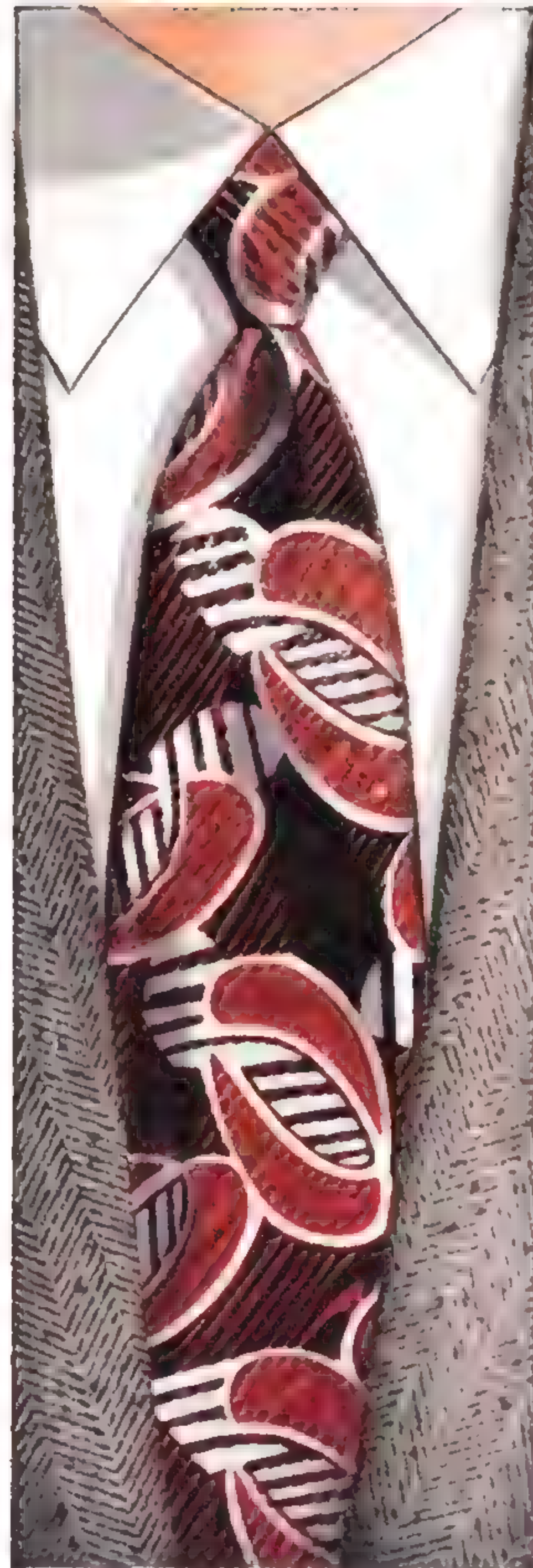
The girl, Alma, sat on the buffalo-skin couch with Murdo and cried for a spell. She said it had been quite a strain pretending to be crazy about Reverend Maples.

Murdo said:

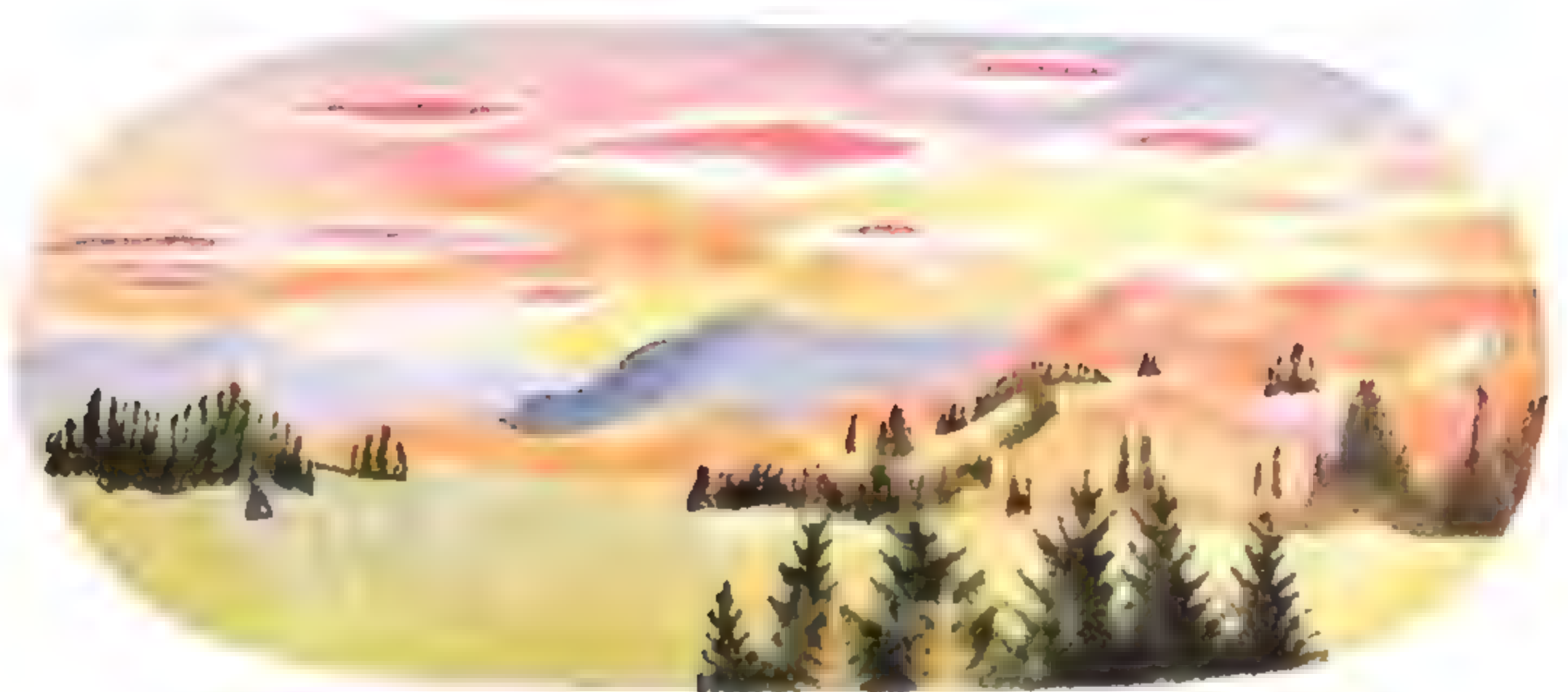
"That boy, Billy. He worries me. He's from the East like you, Alma. His full name is William H. Bonney and he's an orphan, I guess. We call him Billy. Sometimes, Billy the Kid. He's only fourteen and he has killed three men, to my knowledge, counting the reverend. I'm afraid that Billy the Kid is going to grow up and be a bad boy."

The dung fires were getting low in the fireplaces and Billy had turned the lamps down. There were grey clouds of strong tobacco from the hide hunters' pipes. And there was the cheap perfume of the dance-hall girls, swishing through the lobby. And there was the heady, damp smell, somewhere between stale and fresh, of beer and liquor fumes from the saloon. And a beef was roasting in the kitchen. #





*Smart ties, eh?
Their ancestors were
sunsets!*



What do we mean—"their ancestors were sunsets"?
This:

We've sat and marveled at sunsets over the years, and occasionally we've thought: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could only get those colors into a batch of Arrow ties!"

Finally, we *did* it!

We mixed up those unbelievable sunset blues and

crimsons and browns and golds—and put 'em into as fine a rayon fabric as human eye ever gazed upon.

ALL-RAYON moire that shimmers and ripples and delights the beholder! These fine fabrics knot perfectly, drape wonderfully, wear and wear.

P. S. See these eye-popping Arrow COLORAMAS at your nearest Arrow dealer's. See 'em *today*!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW COLORAMA TIES \$150

kenny baker and kids prefer
the comfort of
Rough Rider slacks and cords

Listen to the Kenny
Baker Show on
your ABC Station



"We Bakers are individualists," says Kenny. "That's why we agree on the free-and-easy comfort of Rough Riders." Sons and dads alike appreciate Rough Riders...they're *comfort-cut* to fit right. California styled to look right. Sturdily stitched to wear longer. At the better stores everywhere.


Rough Rider
SLACKS & CORDS
for Men and Boys
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

COMFORT-CUT IN CALIFORNIA...CHOICE FROM COAST TO COAST



*Labeled in the lining
for those who seek the
Finest in Footwear*

TRIM lines help make a winner—and smart styling has long been a Stetson tradition. Created by master shoecrafters . . . chosen by men of taste and action—Stetson Shoes for 60 years have been famous, too, for their superb leathers, unbeatable comfort and long-wearing economy. The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth 90, Massachusetts.



MORE BY THE PAIR . . . LESS BY THE YEAR

shoes by STETSON



MR. CRAIG WOOD, DISTINGUISHED GOLFER—NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPION, 1941-1945.

For Men of Distinction...LORD CALVERT

So rare...so smooth...so mellow...Lord Calvert is a matchless blend of the world's finest spirits and most distinguished whiskies. Produced only in limited quantities, it is intended for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

Kudos for the Kid

Continued from page 59

of Fanny Farmer's. I looked at candies. I looked at you. You looked at me. You know?..."

She retrieved her clipping, tapped it against her lips; then she smiled, not too happily, and she put it in her bag. "That's that. It is very valuable, and it is completely insured, but I'd mighty darned much love to have had it back. It was a gift from my mother."

Contrite but nosy, I said, "How valuable?"

"Each earring is insured for ten thousand dollars."

"How did it happen?"

"Why?"

I showed her my card.

"Oh," she said.

"Maybe I can think of something."

She wrinkled her nose, which is old as Eve, but it always does something new to me; that is, of course, certain noses. "I went with Oliver Tuesday evening; father was too ill. Perhaps I had that one cocktail too many. I missed the earring. We looked for it, reported it, and nothing happened until this ad appeared. The reason we came here is that I had brought the mate from my apartment—I was afraid to handle this alone—and I had left it with daddy. It would have simplified the identification. And daddy was prepared to pay a plump reward."

"Oliver?" I said.

"Oliver Logan. My brother-in-law."

I got my hat off the bed. "I'm terribly sorry."

"It was rather my fault."

"It might be remedied."

"Remedied?"

"Try putting an explanatory ad back in the same paper."

"It's an idea."

"It's the only thing I can think of."

"Thank you."

Fretfully I said, "For what?"

We went back to the livingroom.

I looked at the old man and I didn't like it.

I didn't like the way he hadn't moved; I didn't like the way he was impervious and unflinching to the curtain that was blowing up doodads under his nose; I didn't like the way his left hand, the only one that was visible, was still dangling over the arm of the rocking chair. I went all the way to the other side and looked at the other hand.

It was clamped around a squat unamiable automatic.

I took his chin out of his chest and I looked at his face. I lifted one eyelid. I felt for a pulse in his throat. He wasn't cold yet.

Daddy was dead. I took her to the bedroom and I told her.

I went back and I called Homicide and I looked at him again, more carefully. I couldn't find the wound. I shifted a blob of sitting-posture roll-fat over the stomach and there they were, on top of his belt, two close gun burns in the yellow shirt. I shuf-

fled away from him, very slowly; I was working at my business. I saw the still-wet spot, about ten feet from the rocking chair toward the middle of the room, brownish on the rose carpet. I went close to him again and I put my fingers into his right-hand jacket pocket and I came up with a large beautifully faceted triangular emerald earring.

I brought it to her in the bedroom and she took it, white-mouthed and wordless, and she put it in her bag. Then she fainted. I carried her, a soft, pleasant burden, and I put her on the bed.

Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker, black-browed, unsmiling, rugged as an omnibus and quite as wide, put the boys to work in the living room and came back to the bedroom with little Doc Blender, the medical examiner.

"How long, doc?" Parker said.

"Maybe an hour. No more."

"Means of death?"

"Stop with the lingo, Lieutenant. The guy pushed a gun against his stomach and he shot himself twice and he died. You'll have a full report with all the fancy words in the morning." He looked at Angelica Long. "I'm sorry, Miss. Good-bye, everybody."

Disgruntled, Parker said, "Look, Miss Long, would you know any reason your father had for suicide?"

"Wait... a... minute," I said, pulling it out long like taffy.

"Shut up," Parker said. "I'll come to you later."

Angelica Long said: "Yes."

She sat pillow-propped on the bed and pale, and she looked at me, and it wasn't the way I had thought about it back there on Fifth Avenue, and Parker rumbled in his throat, "Ahem," and he pulled up a chair and he turned off the brusqueness.

"Routine," he said. "If you please..." He asked the questions and she answered them.

There was J. Ambrose Long, a widower, sixty-four years old, and a very rich man from New Hampshire. There was his daughter, Angelica, twenty-six, and his daughter Sondra, twenty-four, and Sondra's husband, Oliver Logan, thirty-six. There was Angelica, who lived at Four Hundred Five East Fifty-fourth Street in New York City, who shopped, ate, drank and studied music; and there was Sondra and Oliver, who lived with J. Ambrose in a thirty-two room house in New Hampshire. There was J. Ambrose again, ill of an intestinal condition which was all the way gone when they'd called in the doctors for diagnosis.

So J. Ambrose had come on to New York with Oliver a week ago (Sondra had stayed home) and he had taken the tower apartment and Oliver had taken what had been offered, two rooms facing an alley on the sixteenth floor. They had planned to stay at the hotel for a month, J. Ambrose to set his affairs in order and to take a series

Continued on page 126

Want a little extra stretch when the seventh inning comes up? Here it is—extra comfort all the time—EXPANSO—it gives.

EXPANSO

IT G-I-V-E-S

Extra Stretch - Extra Freedom - Extra Comfort

Clothing never binds when you wear EXPANSO belts, suspenders, garters and shorts. You can breathe, stretch, bend and stoop—and being EXPANSO they give to give you extra freedom of movement and comfort.

Your clothes hang better, too.

Find out today how good you feel when you wear EXPANSO men's furnishings—and how well groomed you look.



The EXPANSO belt—it gives you an extra inch when you breathe, bend or stoop because of the completely hidden inner springs. Made in fine leathers and fabrics. At better men's stores and dept. stores. From \$1.50.

EXPANSO

BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS • SHORTS

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC. Makers of the Famous Knothe Quality Pajamas

24 WEST 40TH STREET • NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 357512

**Pat. No. 2137796



VAT 69

- the finer-tasting

Scotch Whisky!

"Quality Tells"



PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

Kudos for the Kid

Continued from page 125

of treatments before entering Medical Center for the operation.

Yes, he had been in pain, terrible pain. Yes, he had been depressed. Yes, I am sure he knew that he didn't have long to live. Yes, often he had talked of suicide. Yes, the gun was his, part of the baggage from New Hampshire.

"Thank you," Parker said and he wrapped up his notebook with a case-closed-and-time-for-a-drink snap of the rubber band. He stood up and he called into the living room and sent a man down for Oliver. Oliver wasn't there.

"Where's Oliver?" Parker said, crossly.

"At the Flower Show," Angelica told him. "He planned to spend the day there. He is crazy for orchids."

"To set his affairs in order," I said. "What affairs?"

"Who?" Parker said.

"J. Ambrose."

"I don't know," Angelica said.

"Lawyers in the city?" I said.

"Paigher and Paigher. In the Ward Building."

"Just one minute," Parker said.

"What the devil are you doing here anyway? God. The guy's always in my hair like stickum."

"Lieutenant," I said respectfully. "The lady."

"Sure, sure," Parker grumbled.

"Dave," he yelled at the living room. Dave was a courteous cop with a nose that spanned his face to the cheekbones. "Dave," Parker said. "You will take the lady home. Four O Five East Fifty-fourth. Please remain available at your apartment, Miss Long. In case. It happens we got a genius here. He is going to complain that suicide is not in the stomach. Excuse me."

She shook hands with me. Lingeringly. I was too busy marshaling arguments for Parker.

There was nobody in the living room. The boys had cleaned up and the basket had come and gone for J. Ambrose. Parker sat in the rocking chair and ate his cigar. I walked around for him.

"Maybe," I said, "you ought to call Sondra Logan in New Hampshire and inform her."

"You do it."

I called Sondra Logan in New Hampshire. Collect. I informed her.

"All right," Parker said in a slow voice like momma being patient about junior's wet pants. "So what are you doing here?"

I told him the story from Fanny Farmer's to the time I called Homicide.

"Good enough," he said. "Commence."

I came over and I stood in front of him and I poked at a hole in the air with my index finger. "Suicide with gun," I said firmly. "It doesn't happen downstairs."

"Yeah."

"It happens upstairs."

"Uh huh."

"In the temple. In the mouth. In the eye. Somewhere upstairs.

You know?"

"I know."

"Downstairs it's murder."

"Oh. They got rules."

I resumed with the soft-shoe marathon on the carpet. "Yes. Psychological rules. People play to pattern. They shoot themselves in the head, maybe in the heart, never in the stomach. It's out of line. Maybe, even instinctively, they know that a bullet in the stomach gives with a bellyache faster than a funeral."

Parker's voice was a black radish scraping down on a grate with a handle on top. "Once," he rasped, "it can happen. Once. A guy can make himself the exception. Can't he?"

"The odds are on my side," I said. "Plus"—I pointed with my finger—"on my side, I've got that spot on the floor. Blood."

"And on my side," Parker said, "I've got a locked door."

Bleakly I said, "Please do not start with the locked-door routine. It was shut on one of those switch-button locks. You push the top button and it stays open; you push the bottom one and it locks. So the guy pushes the bottom one and slams the door behind him and it's locked."

He didn't say anything. He got up and he put the mangled cigar in an ash tray. He started to diddle with a nostril. Parker was coming around the mountain. I pressed him.

"You will admit, my dear Parker, he was shot there, where the spot is."

He slammed his palms together. "Quit it. Stop with the 'my dear Parker.' You're not Sherlock Holmes. Not you. Yet."

"So he shoots himself," I said, "twice in the stomach, over there, where the spot is; then he junkets over to the rocking chair by the open window and gets comfortable so he can die with a cool breeze on him. Is that the way you want it?"

Now Parker was walking the floor with me. No case closed. No time for a stall and a few raps of rye and a chin with the bartender. Not Parker. Parker was all cop. Maybe he hadn't seen it my way when I'd started, but he saw it my way now.

Petulant he said, "Perhaps, also, Sherlock, you wish to chip in a statement about whodunit?"

"My dear Parker," I said. "I might at that."

"My dear Parker," he groaned and he looked at the empty rocking chair and then, swiftly, he looked at me. "What?"

"Not what. Who."

"Who?"

"Oliver Logan. That is who."

"You know the guy?"

"No."

"Ever see him?"

"No."

"So why him?"

"Because he fits."

He rubbed an angry hand across the stiff bristle of his hair. "I'll be

Continued on page 128

NO MATTER HOW YOU

Wrinkle



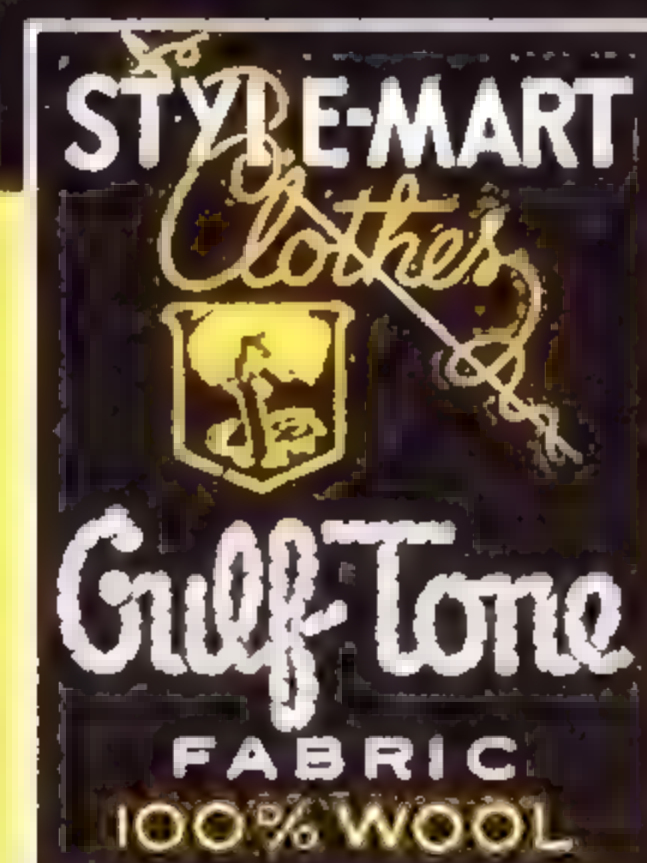
OR
Turn



** Neck Zone Stays Put*

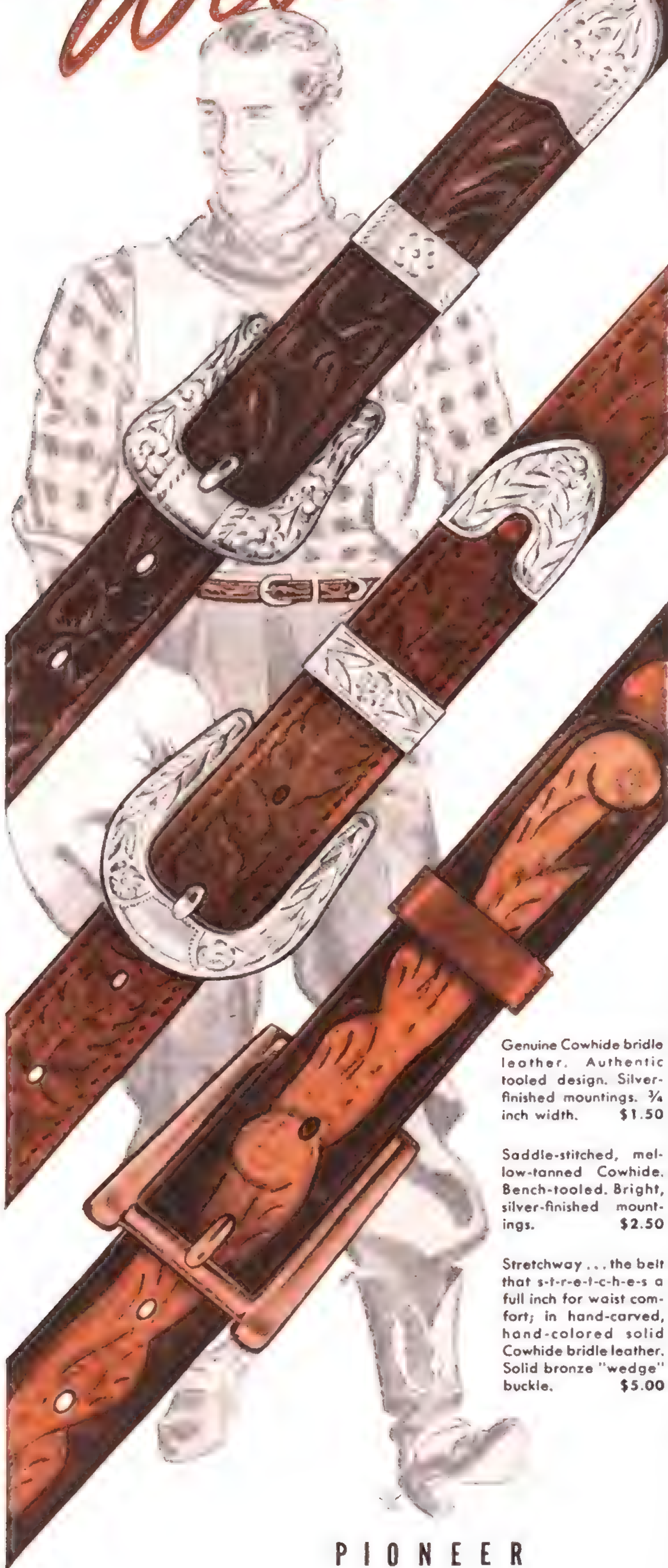


*NECK ZONE — is exclusive with STYLE-MART clothes . . . prevents unsightly wrinkling and bunching around shoulders. "Neck-Zone" and GULF-TONE, 100% fine wool tropical worsted, team up like a handshake for smart, cool, comfort. Yes, they really "do something" for you.



PIONEER

Westerns



Genuine Cowhide bridle leather. Authentic tooled design. Silver-finished mountings. ¾ inch width. \$1.50

Saddle-stitched, mellow-tanned Cowhide. Bench-tooled. Bright, silver-finished mountings. \$2.50

Stretchway... the belt that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s a full inch for waist comfort; in hand-carved, hand-colored solid Cowhide bridle leather. Solid bronze "wedge" buckle. \$5.00

PIONEER

Philadelphia 1, Pa.

ON SALE AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Kudos for the Kid

Continued from page 126

a black son of pitch. What are you? A comic? Or a nut? Or a Humphrey Bogart in the movies?"

"Listen," I said, "and stay with me, because I'm not too sure either. Obviously, it wasn't robbery. Right?"

"Right."

"And it wasn't a stranger."

"Why?"

"Because the guy was shot with his own gun."

"Do that over. Slow."

"Look. Suppose it's a stranger or even an acquaintance. He's gunning for J. Ambrose. So he rings the bell and J. Ambrose opens up and he lets him have it and that's that. He'd use his own gun, not J. Ambrose's."

Parker conjured up a glacial smile, then he put his pinky in the middle of it and clamped down pensively. "Yeah, but suppose he wasn't gunning. Suppose they just got into an argument, and J. Ambrose pulls the thing and the guy takes it away from him and boom boom?"

"That's my point."

"What's your point?"

"What would the guy do then?"

"The guy would blow."

"Exactly. Would he stop to fix up J. Ambrose in a rocking chair? Would he wipe off prints and arrange the gun in his hand?"

"He might. Maybe he's that kind of guy."

"All right, suppose I buy that. So, would anyone, in those circumstances, then smarten up this room so there wouldn't be one blessed sign of a scuffle? A guy that just shot a man in the heat of an argument, who figures out a fastie to make it look like suicide? I was here first and I saw this room. Nothing. You and your boys went over it carefully, experts. Nothing."

He came up close to me and he put his hands behind his back and the breath wheezed out of his nose in whistles and he spread his legs like a sawhorse. "So?"

"So do it the easy way. Someone comes in that J. Ambrose knows. Someone who knows where J. Ambrose packs the pipsqueak. Someone with a clear plan in mind. Someone who slips it out from where it's kept, holds it behind his leg and waits for his moment, and then shoves it up against J. Ambrose and lets him have it. Then he carries him over to the rocking chair, wipes the gun, sticks it into his hand. He dabs at the doorknob for prints, makes sure that the button is fixed so the door will lock, and that's that. No scuffle. No nothing. As is."

Broodingly, Parker said, "Don't stop."

"Who fits?"

"Keep on talking."

"Sondra fits, Angelica fits, Oliver fits. Sondra is in New Hampshire, I just put through a person-to-person call, and I heard the reaction: Angelica was with me. Which leaves the guy who's sup-

posed to be smelling orchids at the Flower Show."

"But why?"

"Let's go find out, Lieutenant."

Paigher and Paigher, Esquires, were on the thirty-first floor in the Ward Building and the girl at the switchboard was a crackerjack surprise with snapping black eyes and an off-the-shoulder blouse and a telephone operator's mouth-piece rising out of what they call décolletage.

"Very refreshing," I said.

"Whom would you wish to see?"

"Paigher."

"Which Mr. Paigher?"

"Any Mr. Paigher," Parker interrupted, unfolding leather and letting the yellow badge shine.

"Oh," the girl said. "Mr. Paigher, senior."

Mr. Paigher, senior, emerged from the recesses of the inner office: a bent, bald old man with thick glasses that put his eyes out a half-inch in front of his face. He gathered in a portion of the loose flesh under his chin and he held it in a fixed pose, observing us. Then, like a rooster with too many hens, he cackled, wearily: "Police? Police? Yes? I am at your service. Of course. Of course."

"About Ambrose Long," Parker said.

"That is Mr. Paigher, junior," Paigher said and retired.

"If you please," the girl said. "One moment." She put a plug into the switchboard and she got cozy, in whispers, with the mouth-piece. Then she smiled at us, upward. "Mr. Paigher, junior, will see you."

"Very good and very nice of him," Parker said.

"Look out for the swinging doors, ha, ha," she said. "Corridor to right, second door to left."

Paigher, junior, was moon-faced, ebullient, bouncy and hand-rubbing, with wisps of straw hair lying across his round baldness. "If you please," he said, waving at comfortable chairs.

"About Ambrose Long," Parker said.

"Yes?"

"You had business with him? Recently?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

Junior stopped rubbing his hands and he held up one plump finger. "Naughty," he said. "Policemen know the rules. It is not allowed. Attorney and client. Doctor and patient. Priest and confessor. Confidential. That sort of thing."

"Ambrose Long was murdered," I said, "this morning."

"Dead." Parker was technical. "Two bullets in the tummy."

P., junior, stopped bouncing his stern against the swivel chair. "J. Ambrose? ..."

"You can help," Parker said with dignity. "And confidential."

"Well," Junior said. "Well."

"About the will..." I guessed.

"How do you know?" he snapped.

"We got a genius," Parker said. Stonily I said: "Oliver Logan told us. And how did he know?"

Junior slumped in his chair giving rise to his potbelly over the rim of the desk. "All right. Last week J. Ambrose came in with the request that we revoke his former will and prepare a new instrument leaving his entire fortune to specified agencies of medical research. He said his children were sufficiently provided for. Oh, that they were, gentlemen. Independently. We have been working on the instrument; he was to come in tomorrow, Saturday, to execute it."

"So?" Parker said. "What's that got to do with Oliver?"

"Under the old will, Paigher and Paigher were executors. Under the new one, the trustees of a medical school were executors. Business. There is the matter of fees and commissions. You can understand, I believe, why I communicated with Oliver Logan in the premises. I hoped he would dissuade his father-in-law. But, please, gentlemen, if you please. This is utterly confidential. Ethics of the profession."

Poor Paigher. His stomach got higher over the desk line.

"When?" I said.

"When—what?"

"When did you communicate? In the premises?"

"Let me see." His eyes rolled up in thought. "Tuesday," he said. "Tuesday morning."

"How much?" Parker said.

Paigher's eyes rolled down. "Upwards, sir, of twenty million dollars."

"Good-bye, Mr. Paigher, and confidential," Parker said. "Utterly."

Outside the revolving door downstairs, Parker pushed a rueful face in front of mine. "You win. A guy kills a sick old man so his wife should inherit ten million dollars. It's reasonable, it's plausible, it's logical."

We waited for Oliver Logan in Oliver Logan's apartment on the sixteenth floor, Parker with a gun in his lap. He showed up at four o'clock and he stopped like odds-on at Belmont, key in hand, surprise creasing his face. He was tall, smoothly black-jawed, in tan tropical worsted, wide in the shoulders, and a Panama with a jaunty band.

Parker showed him the side of the gun. "Detective-lieutenant Parker, Homicide," he said. "Don't take your hat off. You're under arrest for complicity in the murder of J. Ambrose Long." Dear Parker, always technical.

"What? Who? Ambrose? Man, are you mad?"

"Downtown," Parker said, "we will discuss it. Let us go, bub."

I rode down with them, and I pointed a thumb when we got there and Parker knew what I meant. I meant the Lonesome Bar and Grill across the street from Police Headquarters. I went there and I said hello to Luke McCool, my favorite bartender in

all the world: Luke McCool who looked like a grizzly bear with a shave, and Luke said, "Hi, Chambers."

"Luke," I said. "What do you know about stingers?"

"Me? I know everything about stingers. What'll you have?"

"Stingers. Two of them. Double. Wrap them up for me down there in the last booth, rear. I'm waiting for Parker."

"Sure thing."

I sat in the back and I sipped my stingers and I thought about Oliver Logan with sweat on his face under the lights in the hard room. It figured for about two hours. When cops know you done it, brother, and you're an amateur, you'll be a wise guy for part of the way, but then you'll admit it, all the way down to the bottom, unless you're very smart and you've figured a very smart out for yourself, long in advance.

Stingers later, the case comes up and hits me in the head like a beanball at the ball game. I fled the Lonesome Bar and Grill and at the frosted-glass doors I shouted back at Luke McCool: "If he comes, tell him to wait."

I got a cab outside and I said, "Fast. Four Hundred Five Fifty-fourth, East."

"Fast?" he said.

I showed him the buzzer.

"Cop," I said.

"Cop?" he said.

"Cop," I said.

"Let's see that again."

I showed it to him again.

"Private cop?"

"Right."

"I'll go slow."

We got there and I paid him, and for a tip I gave him a brilliant smile, and in the lobby I looked under the bells until I came to A. Long. I pushed and it clicked and upstairs she opened the door for me in black silk pajamas. A stylish blonde in silk pajamas, with sheen, has no effect on me whatever—neither does a Mickey Finn or a declaration of war or a scream in the middle of a dark night in a cemetery. I said, "I'll take the earring."

"But..."

"Look. It's important."

"But..."

"Look. I'm not going to steal it. If I was going to steal it I would have stolen it when I found it in your father's pocket. For goodness sake."

"Yes, but..."

"Look. I'm in a hurry. I'm working on a thing. I've got an outsize hunch I'm going to turn up with the other one. You wouldn't want to queer that? Now would you?"

"No, but..."

"Look. What are you worried about? You told me yourself the damn thing's insured."

Luke McCool said, "He ain't showed up yet," and I said right back at him, "How's with stingers?"

"With stingers it is swell."

"So set me up. Double-head-ers. Back there in the dungeon."

Continued on page 130



Harry Beckhoff sketches the Grafton Rain Topcoat at the Bronx Zoo

Topcoat Smartness plus Showerproof Protection

**Skillfully Tailored of Super Fabrics in Faultless Style
so Smart Appearance Lasts the Long Life of the Garment**

A remarkable advance in smart apparel design now makes one coat do double duty. All that correct styling and skilled tailoring can achieve with fine fabrics makes this garment draw admiring glances when worn as a topcoat. New methods of showerproofing provide protection without closing the pores of the fabric.

Men by the thousands are adopting this garment—the Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. It comes in a variety of fabrics, colors, and styles. Each model with its own distinct attractive features.

See them at finest men's stores everywhere.

Grafton... \$13.75—Made of top quality showerproofed gabardine. Convertible type collar, raglan sleeves. Carefully tailored shoulders, seams, and fly front. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of lustrous rayon. Light Olive and Taupe.

Kent... \$15.00—Similar style, made of fine broadcloth—with snug-fitting notched lapel collar, back vent, slash pockets. Medium Tan.

New free booklet illustrates popular Rainfair styles. Write for it... and for the name of your nearest dealer... today!

RAINFAIR

Racine, Wisconsin

Makers of Smartair Sportswear

Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear



V-SEALD—A 100% waterproof Rainfair—\$8.75. Made from a light serviceweighted war-developed fabric which contains no rubber or oil. Guaranteed not to stick, stiffen or crack. Resists oil, greases, acids, stains. Cleans with a damp cloth. Can be rolled or folded. Stays soft and flexible indefinitely.

Kudos for the Kid

Continued from page 129

I trifled with stingers and after a long while Parker came and poured himself into the other side of the tight booth and he hung up a silent face in front of me that was longer than a lover's kiss.

"What's the matter?" I said.

He glared at the champagne-size cocktail glasses.

"What's that?"

Resolutely eupeptic amidst small belches, I said: "Stingers."

"Stingers," he said witheringly. "Luke," he howled. "Rye. Double. Soda."

"'Kay," said Luke.

"What's the matter?" I insisted.

"It's up the creek, that's what's the matter. It is strictly for the pigs." He snatched the double off Luke's tray and he drank it. "More," he said. "'Kay," said Luke.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"The matter is nothing. Except the guy has got an out."

"My dear Parker," I said. "How?"

He parted the cocktail glasses and he reached a hand through and he pulled me over by my bright long tie. "You will stop with the 'my dear Parker.' I am not in the mood." He released the tie and I settled in a snug corner and I listened. "This," he said, "is how. We give him the once-

over-lightly and right away he sings. Only he doesn't sing the way we want him to sing. He sings like he practised. He tells us about the call from Paigher; so a few days later, which is today, early, before he goes to smell the orchids, he drops in on the old man."

"A real nice stinking son-in-law. What I mean."

"About nine o'clock in the morning. He starts trying to talk him out of charitable donations, and the old man gets sore, and pretty soon they're mixed up in an argument. And it gets worse. Very worse. So then the old man goes and gets out his useful old gun and he waves it around and he starts calling him names and he tells him that he married his daughter because he's what you call a fortune hunter. So now the son-in-law gets sore and he starts trying to take the gun away from the old man and there's a tussle and before you know it, bang bang, the old man winds up with two in the belly and he's an angel. Accident, says Oliver. Only he's scared and he sits down and thinks, and he fixes it up for a suicide because he don't want trouble and he wants to be smart, and that's the way you found old J. Ambrose."

"You believe that?"

"Like hell I do."

"Then add it up, Lieutenant."

"I already added it up. It smells, net and gross. But we strike out, anyway."

"Luke," I yelled. "Fix the man up." To Parker I yelled: "Why?"

"Quiet. The D.A.'s man is there and he says strike-out, too. There isn't even enough evidence for an indictment, let alone a conviction. You and me, we're what you call criminologists, but the Grand Jury, that's people. You and me, we know you can't clean up after that kind of scuffle, even the way he himself tells it, especially not on a red carpet, unless you're an expert with hours and hours to do it. But with the Grand Jury, that's slick bull detective stuff, and they don't go for it and I don't blame them. And if we ever got him into court, which we couldn't, what have we got against a guy who fesses up with sadness and is penitent: he got scared, which is natural enough, so he tried to fix it to look like suicide because he don't want trouble, he's a married man and all that. But basically, his shyster tells them, no crime has been committed, ladies and gentlemen. There was an accidental shooting and it's too damn bad, or good, for an old man which is very sick. That's his story, and for what you

call refutation, we got bubkiss. *There is no witness. There is only him.*"

Parker produced a sigh like the tail end of a fire siren, then, dourly, he dispatched his rye. He looked toward Luke at the bar. Luke was busy.

"The boys go over his rooms?" I said.

"Of course."

"Anybody come up with a baggage check? Or a key to one of those check-boxes?"

Parker looked from me to stinger and back to me. "No."

"Anything like that on his person?"

"No."

I killed the stinger. With a flourish.

"I have a witness," I said.

Parker ignored me.

"Murder," I said. "First-degree murder, premeditated murder, and calculated; with a witness that's going to square down that guy's backside flush in the chair."

"You," Parker said, "are very drunk."

I took out the emerald.

It brightened up the saloon.

"Stingers," I said. "You drink stingers and you stop thinking fancy. You think common sense. It's all there. It's only how you look at it. With stingers, after a

Aristogram hip pocket size—\$5.00

Aristogram breast pocket size—\$7.50



*Extra special gift
for an Extra special man*

*Want to please someone especially? A fine
wallet is a gift that never
misses. And when it's made by SWANK, and bears
his own initials—as these are and do—
you're sure to touch his heart. They're rich-looking, roomy,
in genuine morocco, black or brown.*

Always look for the name

*Men prefer
SWANK*



while, you look at it with common sense. Listen. Did you ever hear of anybody finding an earring and putting an ad in the paper telling you to meet them in front of Fanny Farmer's on Fifth Avenue between nine and ten? Never, you did. People don't do it. They give you a phone number, or an address or a box to write them a letter. Check?"

Parker's jaw grew lumps like the calves of a ballet queen. "Check," he said.

"There it is," I said. "The guy knows he won't be able to talk the old man out of it. Paigher calls him Tuesday morning and puts eggs in his head. All day long they rattle around incubating. Indiscriminately."

"Stop with eggs," Parker said. "Talk English."

"And then that evening at the ball, he hatches one. She's wearing her expensive earrings. So he feeds her a few extra and he clips one with a fast pass. Then he puts an ad in the paper; he's the one that probably brought it to her attention (we can check on that later). So now, between nine and ten Friday morning, the day before the old man is supposed to go down to sign the new will, he's got Angelica posted out in front of Fanny Farmer's—the one person in town that could possibly barge in and crimp it. He's got a full hour to pull it, uninterrupted. So he pulls it. Like we figured it back there talking in the tower apartment, and he blows. And here is your witness."

I twisted dangling green fire in front of him.

"How?" Parker said, with hope.

"Where do you think this came from?"

"How would I know?"

"From Oliver Logan's two rooms to the alley."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"We go, Lieutenant," I said, "from common sense to psychology. Different words—same thing. People act like people. Nobody throws away ten-thousand-dollars'-worth of bauble. There are a million good hiding places, safe in your own rooms—from the classic down-the-drain to sticking it into your favorite cake of shaving soap. And the guy wasn't worried. He figured his suicide plant for a cuckoo; in a week, he'd be packing for home."

I squeezed out of the booth and I gave him the earring.

"Go on up there and shove it down his throat. But good."

So I waited again, patiently, in the Lonesome Bar and Grill and I traded stories with Luke McCool, when he had the time, and I narrowed down to single stingers, but when Parker came and slapped me on the back, with enthusiasm, stingers shook in me, gurglingly, all the way up to the larynx.

"Got him," the detective-lieutenant gloated, bawlingly. "Got him, got him, got him. Full confession. The works."

I sipped my drink. I was stiff as the waxed ends of a grand

duke's mustache. Swiftiness had gone out of stingers. Onion soup in a long-stemmed glass. "All right," I said. "I will take me emerald."

"You crazy? It's impounded. It's evidence."

"That's not the one."

"Come again."

"Not the one."

"Once more," he said, with hyphens. "But slow."

"That is not the one. That is the mate. The one that the fair Angelica retained."

"What?"

"I pushed for the jack pot with a slug, sort of. If I was wrong, you'd be the blushing fall guy. Not me. I'd be an ossified cop in a back booth, swacked on stingers and psychology."

"Do it slower," Parker said. "If you please."

"I wasn't sure he had the thing in those rooms smack-dab against the alley. That is only what I thought. So I had to put it over on you while it was hot so you could put it over on him and shove it up his eye before a smart lawyer got him out of the pokey and into the conference room and talk, talk, talk, and wisened him up to the kind of dynamite he had tied to his pinky, so he could drop it in the river for him first chance he had time. So now you take a couple of your boys and spread open those hotel rooms and find me the emerald. Because now it's got to be there—otherwise you wouldn't have that confession you're so busting proud about. Then you give it to me and I give it to Angelica and you keep the one you've got. Impounded. For evidence. Who knows the difference? *So the guy fries on the wrong earring.* Good for him."

Parker was rigid and silent for a moment and then he rapped the meat of his hand flat down on the bar, which can give you the jumps for a week if you're drinking, and he roared until the crocodiles came. "Great. Swell. Good. Marvelous. Today you have really been working. Call me 'my dear Parker.' Any time."

"Kudos," I mourned to my stingless stinger. "Kudos for the kid. Blah. And blah."

"Cuties?" Parker said with interest. "What's with cuties, and who is the kid?"

"Kudos," I said. "Glory, approbation; and I am the kid. Figure of speech."

"I don't get it."

"I'm a detective. Remember?"

"Who says no?"

"A professional detective."

"Still who says no?"

"A professional detective doesn't work for kudos."

"Now I get it."

"So this one's on the house," I said sadly. "For free."

Parker took time out for performance with double rye. He grunted and he wiped his mouth. "Not entirely, I wouldn't say. Not the way that Angelica cookie was batting eyelashes at you. Or didn't you notice?"

My dear Parker . . . #

Continued from page 59



GGG "architects of men's clothing" present

Comfort-Blade

Easy is the man who wears this town version.

Sold in America's finest stores.

Write for free color book of the newest GGG models.

WM. P. GOLDMAN & BROS., INC.
12 EAST 14th STREET NEW YORK 3

*Lined with Celanese Rayon *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Founded **P&T** in 1840

PARK & TILFORD

Private Stock

America's Luxury Whiskey



*From the
Treasured Stocks of a
Century Old House*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

Lady Baseball Scout

**Concerning very rare Edith Houghton,
the world's only distaff ivory hunter**

by **BILL BURTON**

THERE is no doubt that Edie is a lady, Edie in this instance being Miss Edith Houghton, a five-foot-seven brunette from Philadelphia. If there is an occasional eyebrow lifted, it is because Edie is also without any doubt at all a major-league baseball scout.

There have been women in baseball before. Some have owned clubs. Others have seemed to own ball players. Edith is the first bona fide ivory hunter. With a directness remarkable in her sex Edith got the job by calling Bob Carpenter, the Philly prexy, and asking for it.

The announcement of her signing was greeted with a certain amount of cynical comment by citizens who smelled a publicity stunt. But when Edith was signed to a new contract this spring, even skeptics admitted the thirty-four-year-old Quaker City miss must be the McCoy.

To her the job is by no means a gag. Though none of her ivory has shown under the Big Tent yet, she has several handy-looking rookies attached to farm clubs who are on their way up.

In addition last summer she uncovered a school-boy hurler whose high hard one has Manager Ben Chapman and Herb Penneck, who used to be something of a pitcher himself, dreaming of another Feller.

The kid, who is being guarded like the atom bomb by the Phil high command, was playing first base when Edith spotted him. He came in as a relief pitcher, never having thrown a game in his life, and as soon as he went into his motion Edith knew she had something. She told him that he was a pitcher and in his first two starts he tossed one-hitters.

Edith has never been very much impressed by For Men Only signs. Since she was a very small girl she has been playing boys' games better than the boys. When she was eight she joined a girls' professional outfit called the Philadelphia Bobbies, whose next youngest member was sixteen. The girls played hardball on a regulation ninety-foot diamond and little Edith held down a regular berth at shortstop.

In 1925 the Bobbies went to Japan and toured against the top college nines, breaking about even. They were supplemented by a male battery, the backstop in which was Eddie Ainsmith, who had caught Walter Johnson in his heyday.

Ainsmith had his doubts about how well a thirteen-year-old girl

could handle his peg to second and promised Edith a yen for every one she did not drop. As Edith recalls, she snagged them all and Ainsmith dropped a considerable number of yen.

After the Japanese tour, Edith appeared with a variety of distaff ball clubs from Hollywood to New York's Madison Square Garden where she managed the Roverettes before the war. She took her turn on the mound, played shortstop the rest of the time and batted number four in the cleanup slot.

Came Pearl Harbor and Edith was among the first Wave recruits. She was rated Chief Storekeeper and assigned to the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts in Washington where, besides keeping her ledgers in order, she managed to play with a half-dozen service ball teams, including one otherwise all-male outfit.

She played first base. In extremely unwomanly fashion she had decided that she was getting too old to cover the short field the way she used to. In an interview printed in the Busanda paper she declared that when she was released from the Navy she wanted to become a major-league baseball scout.

Being a determined young lady she got what she wanted.

Mr. Carpenter has no complaints. In her first season she was signed on a commission basis to scout sandlot and semi-pro games in the Philadelphia area. She was what is known in the language of the trade as a bird dog.

"I'm supposed to point to the prospect with one hand," she explained, "and wave to Mr. Carpenter with the other."

Being a woman was no handicap. Her publicity brought her letters from all over the country from people who thought they had a prospect. Whenever she appeared at a ball game people recognized her and came up to ask her opinion about the players.

This season the Phillies signed her to a regular salary contract. Now she works part time as the representative of a Dutch bulb company and spends the rest of her day watching ball games. This seems to her an ideal existence. In fact, her only regret is that she wasn't born a man.

In that event, she could have fulfilled her lifelong ambition to be a big-league ball player. At the moment, however, she'll be satisfied if some day one of the kids she's picked off the sandlots makes the grade. #



this ball player is set for many seasons

We're not referring to contracts, but to clothing. And this ball player knows his clothes will hold their smartness, season after season, for years. That's important to any man — and Timely Clothes makes it possible at a moderate price. The secret is Balanced Tailoring . . . a tested combination of lots of hand tailoring for smart shapeliness . . . and sturdy machine stitching to make that shapeliness last and last!

For the name of store nearest you, write:
TIMELY CLOTHES, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Also ask to see Plateau — "The Suit With the Weightless Feel" — fabric by Pacific Mills.*

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer



**Precious Leisure Moments
Deserve Distinctive Casual Clothes**

To Find Leisure Wear Correctly Styled, of Fine Fabrics, With Custom Standards of Tailoring—See Your Smartair Dealer

You plan ahead for leisure time. You enjoy it in anticipation and in memory. It is a time to dress casually—to let the finest of leisure clothes contribute to your full measure of enjoyment.

Smartair stylists have created slacks, shirts, and leisure coats that contribute *handsomely*. Their design is for comfort on smart, correctly proportioned lines. The fabrics are of the finest. The workmanship rivals the custom-tailored.

See this choice selection at your Smartair dealer's. Prepare for leisure time; dressing the part brings added enjoyment.

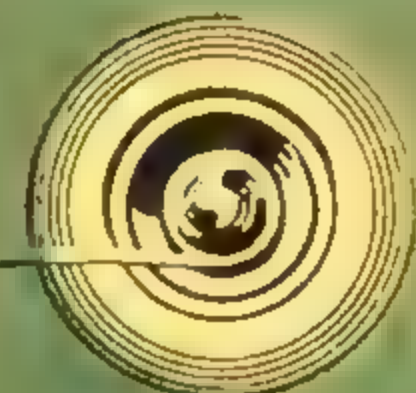
SMARTAIR, Racine, Wisconsin
Division of Rainfair, Inc., Makers of Rain Topcoats

MEN'S FINE LEISURE WEAR . . BY

Smartair

SPORT SHIRTS
SLACKS
LEISURE COATS

A STEP TO *Luxurious Comfort* Airfilm Shoes by Crosby Square



YOU RIDE ON AIR . . . NOW WALK ON AIR



When you slip on these Airfilm Shoes, be ready for a new experience in healthful, restful ease!

Between the insole and outsole — from heel to toe — of these unique shoes, there is a honeycombed layer of air cells. This springy Airfilm material — actually 61% air — protects your feet against pavement-pound-

ing, just as your car tires cushion the bumps. And it insulates against summer heat and winter cold. Airfilm is a patented material, an exclusive Crosby Square feature.

Your Crosby Square dealer has a selection of styles. *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*



Crosby Square in London, England . . . a source of inspiration for these fine American-made shoes.



Airfilm Shoes available at medium prices • Pre-Flex and Authentic Fashion grades, somewhat less.

The world agrees on "Gilbey's please"



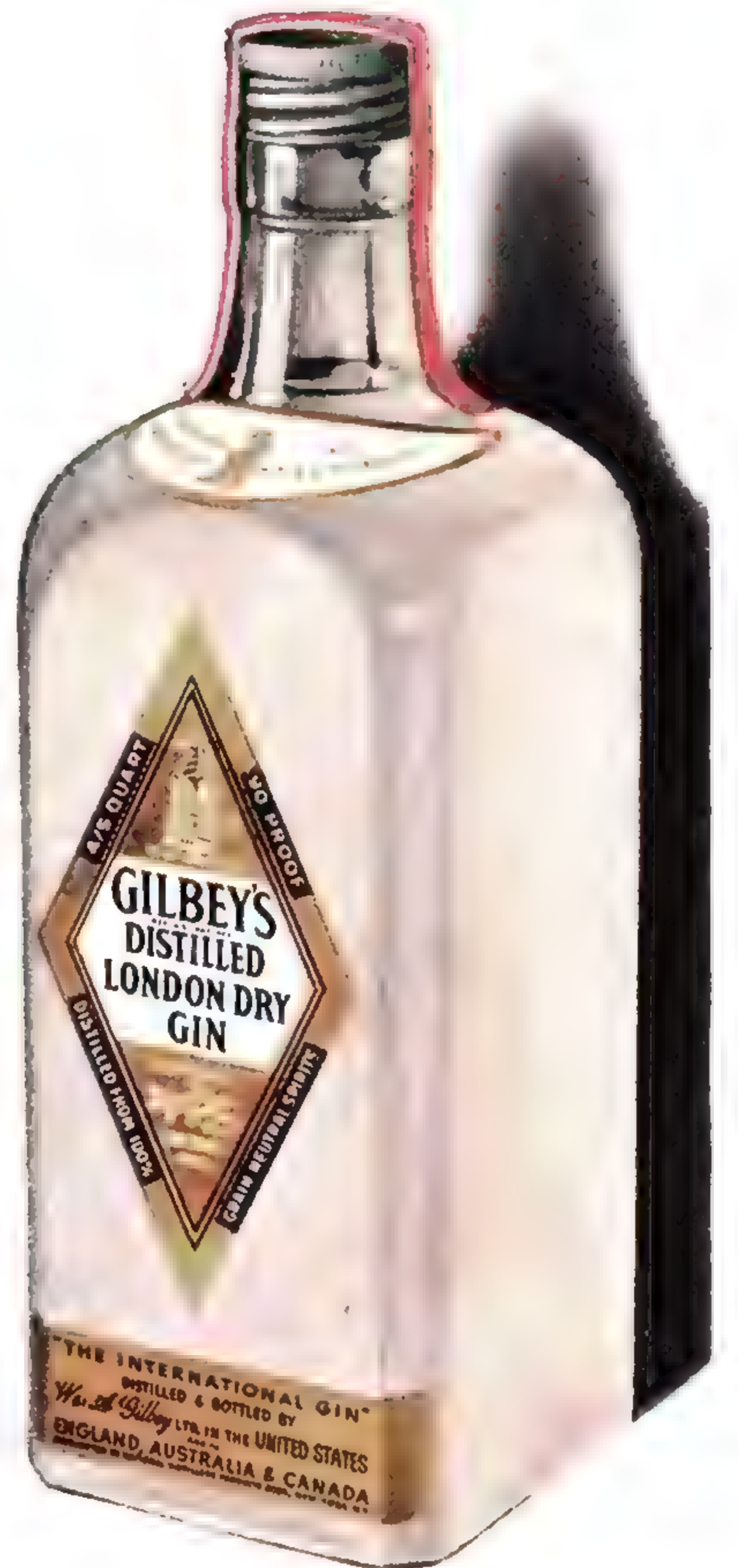
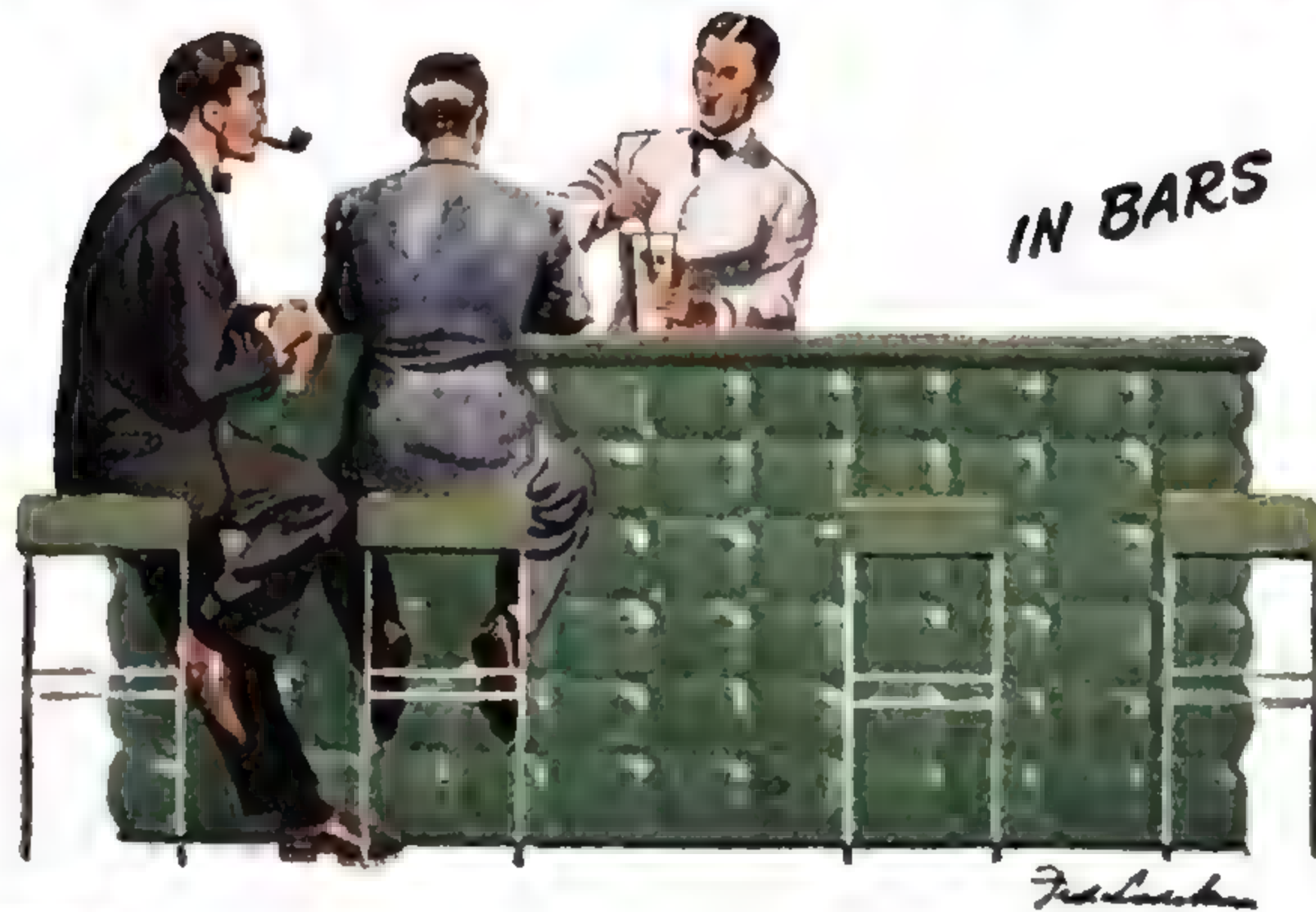
IN HOTELS



IN RESTAURANTS



IN BARS



World's favorite for nearly a century

Send for free 12-page folder "Gilbey's Primer of Famous Gin Drinks"—an attractive collection of International recipes which should be at every mixer's right hand. Write National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. E-5A, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Station, N.Y.C.

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA AND CANADA
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. 90 Proof. London Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

Book Briefs

New biographies of five literary giants featured in this month's review of reading for him and her

LEGEND: ● gifts for him ○ gifts for her ● fun to read ○ brainfood

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
Balzac by Stefan Zweig (Viking, \$3.75) This last, posthumous work of a popular biographer deals colorfully with the life of the most turbulently prolific and vigorous figure in the history of letters. Balzac's life was characterized by extreme intensity and the book is filled with his extravagances of every description.	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○		
	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○	

Firebrand (Dostoevsky) by Henry Troyat (Roy, \$3.75) A brisk, dramatic and readable account of the soul-searching Russian whose joys and agonies kept him on a roller coaster. Most of his life was hounded by poverty, doubt and critical abuse, but he managed to die famous and happy. Woodcut illustrations.	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○		
	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○	

Stendhal by Matthew Josephson (Doubleday, \$4.00) A long and careful book on Marie Henri Beyle (Stendhal), the witty pleasure-hunter of France who craved love affairs above all else and had many of them. Sparkling passages of humor from Stendhal's journals embellish the story.	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○	
	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○	

Shelley by Edmund Blunden (Viking, \$3.75) Scholarly is the word for this one. Contains new angles and information for Shelleys and some clear interpretations of the poet's works for laymen. In spite of scrupulous accuracy, the many-sided and sometimes tragic story moves right along.	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○	
	●●●●●	●●●●●		
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○	

Leo Tolstoy by Ernest J. Simmons (Little, Brown, \$6.00) A practically day-by-day record of one of the most amazing lives ever lived. His early years of lusty adventures and soldiering, his middle years of astounding literary creation, and his latter years of spiritual groping are all set down in startling detail.	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●
	○○○○○	○○○○○		
	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	
	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○

For men of action*



QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" . . . Pinch-bottle trio of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, and "Tanbark" Cologne or Scalp Stimulant. \$1.95 plus tax.

Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1947, Lenthéric, Inc.

Cecil Beaton

Continued from page 101

agant efforts to dodge reality. Once the Sitwells hired an auditorium and recited their own poetry through foghorns from behind a curtain of pale pistachio color.

Seeking new worlds, in 1928 he sailed under a barrage of popping champagne corks for the United States where, as he was disarmingly frank to admit, he expected to pocket a few easy dollars.

His disillusionment was complete. The United States had never heard of him. But in January, 1929, Elsie de Wolfe of the ageless legs, later to be Lady Mendl, exhibited his photographs in her gallery. The glitter set lost no time in beating a path to the master's door.

This did very little to improve Cecil's regard for Americans.

Referring to American men, he said, "Those most charming college boys with faces fit for a collar 'ad,' concave figures and fox terrier behinds run to seed at a tragically early age and become grey-haired, bloated and spoilt."

Every continent with the exception of Australia and Antarctica was given a glimpse of Cecil. He went to Greece and luxuriated in the ruins of the Acropolis. He went to North Africa and reveled in the ruins of the Roman Em-

pire. In Spain, Haiti and Yucatan he could be found perched on the crumbling remains of some civilization. He seemed to feel an affinity with ruins.

In 1935 he designed his first ballet for the London producer, Charles B. Cochran. Critics found "his use of mauve and green particularly effective."

His photographs, appearing in Carroll Carstairs' gallery two years later, caused a near-riot in Manhattan. Five thousand people a week flocked to see his portraits of the country's most fashionable ladies. It was the most popular exhibition in New York since the Museum of Modern Art's Van Gogh show.

This was the high point of the Beaton vogue.

He was the favorite photographer of the English royal family.

He was Condé Nast's highest paid photographer.

Edward and Wally had given him exclusive permission to take their pictures before their marriage.

And then the bubble suddenly burst. The February, 1938, issue of *Vogue* reached the newsstands. In it was a Beaton sketch for an article about café society. Its border was decorated by tiny facsimiles of famous newspaper columns. 150,000 copies were on the

street when Walter Winchell revealed that with a magnifying glass he had read the columns. His own column was imitated under the title "Broadway Filth." One of the items contained in it was "Mr. Andrews' ball at El Morocco brought out all the dirty kikes in town." In an imitation of Cholly Knickerbocker's column there were unflattering remarks about Mrs. Louis B. Mayer and Mrs. David O. Selznick.

Condé Nast began to receive telegrams from all parts of the country. The publisher held up the remaining 130,000 copies and ripped fourteen pages of Beaton's work out of his next two issues.

"My periodical has always been free from attacks on any race or creed," he said, "and I am determined that it must remain that way."

Cecil's explanation, that he liked the sound of "kike," did not know it was confined to one racial group and that some of his best friends were Jews, did not seem adequate to Mr. Nast. Cecil was allowed to resign. So he went home, to discover that people were less impressed than they had been. The shadow of Hitler made it difficult to take Mayfair's darling very seriously.

The war found Cecil attached

to the RAF. Other photographers went out to the Middle East and wished they were home. Cecil was made welcome by Egyptian society and generals vied for the honor of being photographed by him.

There was grumbling, but this could be put down to envy. Cecil had discovered realism and he produced three books of war pictures which critics admired.

As the war progressed this caused talk of a new Beaton. It proved premature. When Cecil's photographs began to appear in *Vogue* again they were as glamorous and unreal as ever.

He was still Mayfair's darling.

There are some who think this may not be regarded by Mr. Beaton himself as altogether an unmixed blessing.

Now as he writes the story of his house in England, which is mostly the story of himself, he must recall the people who used to make his world glitter—Tom Mitford, dead in the war; Evelyn Waugh, turned to the Church; Elsa Maxwell, writing a column for a liberal newspaper.

It would be surprising if every once in a while, having achieved success he could only have dreamed of, the once upon a time pride of Mayfair did not pause to wonder if it has really been worth the trouble being Cecil Beaton. #

Afloat or Afoot

Smooth going
really counts

On land or sea, a man wants to travel at ease. That's why the prime favorites for foot-travel are British Walkers. They're the only shoes action-harmonized with patented, Synchro-Flex construction to carry you smoothly, lightly over the miles. As for styling—well, let your eyes decide!

SMITH
SYNCHRO-FLEX
BRITISH WALKERS
For Men and Women

MADE IN THE U. S. A. BY J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., CHICAGO



Here's the latest wing-tip, made in Brown or Black Calf. But it's scarce—as are all British Walkers.

The Barrier Reef

Continued from page 85

ing at work. He would find that he had been standing still to think of water. Water, cool and faintly dark in cedar cisterns. Water splashing in mad abundance from roof gutters in great rains. Water, frosty in myriad pitchers. Water that was not salt to ease the agony of festering cuts, the pain of sunburned skin.

Twice that morning planes like droning silver specks passed to the west. With afternoon, storms swelled up; and their shadow was renewed hope. Thunder shook the mirror of the darkened sea. Fish plopped like raindrops—shied from the lightning flashes. A hot wind came—and great rain behind it! Shaking with haste, he held his mouth to the sky and caught the pelting water in his mouth and cupped hands. He drank hastily from one of his conch shells—and set it to refill. He used all the control of soul and body to avoid drinking too much—drinking until there was the divine inability to drink more. He took a few swallows of water, then counted to one hundred before he let himself drink more. He sloshed himself in the cleanliness of rain water. Rain foamed on the sea, made white, driving beards of spray on the beach and vines. Then the shower passed on, leaving strong, steady wind behind it so that the sea ran white.

Through the fourth day his greatest trouble was fever. He alternated between moments of violent energy, when he was strangely unable to feel personal identity and it seemed to him that it was someone else entirely that was stubbornly tugging and chopping at weeds off the coast of Australia, and moments of drifting weakness when he fell to his knees or swung on his feet in the sunlight in far, pleasant places.

Alternately pulling and chopping with his ineffective shell, he had all the letters dimly shaped by the fourth evening; half of the first S, sharply white with bare coral sand. He was crawling because he could not stand. His eyes were swollen almost shut. He was oppressed by the sense of futility of man. The great Reef, more than a thousand miles in length, teeming, wriggling, violent with incalculable life, dwarfed man to nothingness. It had been growing, teeming, blazing with its incredible color before men nailed Christ to the Cross. Unknowing, unearring, rioting with living flowers, lashing with stupendous virility of existence, it had sweltered and glimmered and thundered with Pacific surge, while western civilization grew. Tiny oil slicks, tiny splinters of wreckage, had touched it in man's greatest war. Its life fought, fed, was fed upon, spawned savagely and indifferently . . . It would perhaps be there, an incredible world within the savage world of the sea, when man was no longer upon earth with his painfully striving

hands, his desperately hoping heart.

He thought: "Does it really matter much? That shark is probably more efficient as a shark than I am as a man. It's got fewer contradictions. It isn't the mixture of good and evil man is. It's all shark—and nothing in the way." He crawled and tottered on his swollen knees as he thought. At times it seemed to him that he touched the ground. At times, that he was swung above it by unseen, sensuous and vast-sweeping arms.

In the fifth morning, he fell in the white curve of the last S—and knew that he could not get up again. Blue dawn was alight and it hurt his eyes. He suffered for a long while before he could make the effort to turn his swollen face away from the morning. All the world swung lightly with him. He thought of the girl: "I'm sorry, darling! I hope you'll know I tried."

The day was a triumphant shout of blue under the fresh wind running out of the morning. The sand made a small whisper as it began to pile against his cheek. The dream of remote things and places held him. He could no longer tell dream from reality. The sun was still on an angle to the east when he heard the planes. A singing drone of great engines far to the west. He was afraid to open his eyes in case the planes too were part of the dream. At last he opened them, saw the planes as tiny silver gnats far to the west. For a minute his heart beat painfully with hope. But the planes moved steadily across the violent blue of the sky where the first thunderheads of the day were building up over the mainland of Australia. The clouds and the planes were very sharp. The men in the planes thought they were simply moving across the sky along the coastline. He shut his eyes. The planes were almost past. Then there was a change in the rhythm of the engines. They seemed louder. He was afraid to open his eyes again in case the change in sound was illusion. He did not open them until the sound was a steady, rising roar. When he looked, the planes were coming fast and low towards the island. So low the engines shook the air. He tried to wave, but he could not raise his arm. It did not matter, they were waving to him. They were dipping their wings so that he would know they had seen him. They went over him three times, their engines shaking his island. Already, their radios would be spitting calls to amphibians or boats. It was just a matter of time until man fished man out of trouble. Nothing in the great and teeming Reef could have done that! Defying time and space to bring help to its kind. Quite suddenly he was quite proud of man. Even a little proud of himself. #

For after dinner enjoyment

CHERRY HEERING

world famous LIQUEUR since 1818

an old delight from Denmark

Your guests will like to linger over Cherry Heering, the delightful liqueur carrying with it the Danish tradition of heartiness. Made in Copenhagen by the same family for over 125 years. As a special treat, serve Cherry Heering chilled.

IMPORTED
by Schenley

49 Proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

The Supersalesman

Continued from page 96

enclosed, in a handy tub of water. When they emerge bone-dry, he points out to the customer that this is how well they are sealed to retain their flavor. Then he takes out his order blank and the dazed customer signs on the dotted line.

Variations on the opening gambit are endless. Britannica salesmen wedge their foot firmly in the door and ask such questions as, "Why do crocuses bloom in the spring?" As the prospect backs slowly away, they step inside, open to the right page, and read the answer.

Salesmen for one vacuum cleaner company approach the customer and his wife, fix him with a beady stare, and ask him if he would spend \$50 to save his wife from a sentence of thirty days hard labor. There is very little that the average husband can say to this with the little lady at his side but Yes. Then, says the salesman, buy a Little Wizard vacuum cleaner and save her from thirty days hard labor every month.

Air-Way vacuum cleaner representatives had a slightly more complicated gimmick for their door-to-door pilgrimages. First they would show the housewife that there was dirt on her rug. Then they would clean it off with an Air-Way. Then they would dump the dirt out of the Air-Way

onto an order blank. A pencil would be placed in the lady's hand and she would be asked to stir the dirt. Then the salesman would empty it off the paper and she would suddenly find herself with a pencil in one hand and an order blank in the other, which made it easy for her to sign.

Ed Rudge, who sold fine printing, used to have two page boys in costume carry his bags and set up his samples for him to impress the prospect. Joe Lowry set up insurance customers by growing maudlin over the pictures of their wives and kids and then remarking, half to himself, that he hoped they would be able to get along all right if something should happen to their father. Once he took a particularly recalcitrant gentleman down to a Bowery beer joint, pointed out the bums and barflies to him, and noted casually that perhaps they had once had fathers who had great hopes for them, but who had neglected to provide for them. The man bought insurance.

John Stevenson of Penn Mutual had another angle. For weeks he tried to sell an executive who would not even talk to him. One day he discovered the man's hobby was betting. When the man's secretary asked his business the next time he called for an appoint-

ment, he answered, "Betting."

He was admitted to the executive's office immediately. "Sir," he told him, "my company would like to wager that you will be alive at the end of this year. We will bet you \$100,000 to \$4000 you will be alive a year from today." The executive took him up.

To make the public conscious of the easy Western Union way of sending birthday, Easter, Christmas, and other greetings, the businesslike black and yellow blanks were dressed up with artists' drawings. Business increased considerably.

Thus various as is the touch, the basic pattern remains unchanged. The trick is to make the prospect cry for the product.

A salesman for a new flavor mix did it by going into soda fountains and asking for a milk drink. No flavor, he would say, and just as it was ready for mixing, he would take a tablet from his pocket and give it to the counterwoman to put in the drink. When it was ready, he would gulp it down with much smacking of lips. By this time the counterwoman would be beside himself with curiosity. The salesman would leave him a couple of tablets to try, and leave without attempting to make a sale. The counterwoman would fall all over herself getting to the

mixer to make himself a drink and soon his wholesaler would get a phone call asking where more of this stuff could be gotten.

After Rube Waddell was through as a pitcher he became for a brief spell a candy salesman. Rube was not considered the brightest man who ever came out of the national pastime, but he had a certain native astuteness. He had all the customers' objections written down on numbered cards and every time one of them would start to protest while Rube was selling him, the eccentric hurler would hold up his hand and show him a numbered card. It sold a lot of candy for Rube.

Charles Schwab, who was a real supersalesman, once tore up a million-dollar contract to prove a point and in the end signed another one for more money; and Herschel Jones, the publisher, began his career by borrowing \$50 he did not need from a bank in order to be able to pay it back and establish credit for himself.

The great salesmen never hesitated at the brink of drama. Henry Ford drove his new car to a world speed record over frozen Lake Sinclair to prove its worth, and Terry Turner started a revolution, which is still in full swing, when he tied Quaker Oats to the stars



"Men of Action
choose.. **BARDON**
CALIFORNIA
SHIRTS"

...California tailored for
action, styled for
leisure. See them in
muted desert tones at
leading stores
throughout the country.
Priced from \$7.50

BARDON *Hollywood*

714 S. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles 14, Calif.

of Claudette Colbert, Joe E. Brown and Clyde Beatty. Since that day almost every lady and gentleman of public prominence has at one time or another attributed his prowess, mental or physical, to the salutary virtues of a breakfast cereal, cigarette or shaving cream.

But of all the salesmen none is greater or more glib than the sometime nasty word called sex. Steve Hannagan sold a whole town with it when he put Miami Beach on the map not because of its laudable climate or excellent facilities, but because of the charming backdrop they created for his luscious ladies in swim suits.

Staid Lewis & Conger in New York sells its sleep window with a mannequin in bed, and Vitalis is for the gentleman's scalp but the promise of a lady sells it. The conservative old telephone company—back in the days when there were more telephones than people who wanted them—advised every young lady to get one. No phone—no date, the phone company warned, shaking its finger like a worried mother with her wall-flower daughter. Selfridge in London created a sensation and blocked traffic by putting a peephole in a curtained window and labeling it: For the clean-minded.

It turned out to be an advertisement for towels.

Indubitably the day of the old-fashioned superseller is at its dusk. In the world of mass production and distribution, the garish individual performer grows increasingly less the bright star he once was.

But even in the mass age the supersalesman is far from a memory.

Too bright yet is the echo of the voices of such masters as William Wrigley who taught a nation to chew gum, and George Washington Hill who made it throat conscious.

The list of contemporary giants stretches to arm's length. There is Bruce Barton who sold religion in easy doses to the skeptical postwar generation. There is Pepsi-Cola's Walter Mack who wrote his product's name in the sky until it became a fad like yo-yo's and handies; and whose singing

jingle over the air paved the way for countless singing commercials.

Foster Gunnison would be on the list. Fifty-year-old son of the late publisher of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he made a fortune installing lighting fixtures in Radio City, after he had given up the study of theology. Now builder of prefabricated homes for U. S. Steel, he is one of the better-known builders of prefabricated homes.

All of his dealers get a one-day course in how to peddle a house. "Remember," Gunnison tells them, "sell to the pregnant woman in the Midwest. Give her what she wants."

Back home the salesman lives in a Gunnison house. Prospects are brought to the happy home. The man is flattered by being told how the house is made. His wife is told how easy it is to keep clean. When they come to the ice box the door is thrown open and there is a cold beer and a fluffy dessert inside. Later the salesman may cook a herring on the built-in stove to prove that the kitchen is perfectly ventilated and the smell will not linger.

Gunnison has a mythical couple named Minnie and Joe in mind. He spends most of his time visiting his homes and talking to the people who live in them to find out what Minnie and Joe are really thinking. He says he does not care whether they want to live in trees or igloos. He just wants to sell houses.

Thus the salesman is keeping pace with the postwar world. Once he sold calicos, now he sells houses made on an assembly line. Atomic, plastic or jet propelled, his business is still selling and he intends to go right on doing it. A funeral parlor runs a safety campaign and people remember the name. A rural insurance salesman milks cows for the farmer while he sells. The man who doesn't want to buy challenges every instinct of these last frontiersmen pushing back the industrial borders.

A joke, a game, a gauntlet thrown down, the art of selling is the great American pastime, and the man who can sell, as much of a hero as Ted Williams or Frank Sinatra. ##



"You say it's a what and does what—?"

FLEX-LET

Expansion Watch Bands

Give Years More Service

- Almost Unbreakable
- Completely Non-Corrosive
- They E-x-p-a-n-d to Fit All Wrists
- Fully Guaranteed One Year
- At Reputable Jewelers Everywhere



Expansion Watch Band for Men

Handsome . . . and so flexible! Gold filled, stainless steel or 10 Kt. gold, from \$7.95.



Presentation Band

Gift with the personal touch. May be inscribed, initialed or mounted with fraternal emblem. Gold filled, \$13.50 tax included.



Ladies' Expansion Watch Band

Magnificently smooth, gleaming and graceful. Gold filled or stainless steel, from \$7.95.

FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS

East Providence, R. I.
Canadian Dist.: Arennes Inc., Montreal

P.S. means Added Custom Craftsmanship



PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

Play it smart and see how fast you'll win admiration. Certainly, it's your "add" in this luxurious Puritan Sport Shirt with its *plus*-harvest of custom detail in styling and workmanship. In a host of rich colors and patterns, here's sparkling service right 'round the months. To make it a winning love-set, make it a complete Puritan affair in all your sportswear. Write for your nearest dealer.



Sweaters • Sport Shirts • Weatherproof Jackets • Beachwear

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., Plant: Altoona, Pa. Showroom: Empire State Bldg., N.Y. 1

In England Now: The Wheel Turns

Continued from page 80

a bit of English history. The modern fashion is for blunt homely talk without fallals. In the van of the movement stands broad-shouldered foursquare Ernie Bevin himself, laying down the model for English as she is now spoke with his famous axiom: "You must 'ave a thing tidy."

The old traditions, however, are not dying without a struggle, and nobody accepted them with more wholehearted alacrity than the late Neville George Clevely Heath, who was hanged at Pentonville Prison last September. From the start Heath's ambitions were strictly social. He dearly loved a lord, and after throwing up his first job as a pound-a-week packer in a warehouse, he elevated himself swiftly to the peerage, selecting the title of the Earl of Dudley. The race frowns upon impersonation, especially when it is accompanied by the forging of checks, and Heath's first little outbreak of wishful thinking ended with the following brief dialogue in a café at Nottingham:

"Are you Lord Dudley?"

"I am, old man."

"I am Inspector Hickman of the Criminal Investigation Department."

"In that case, old man, I am not Lord Dudley."

His manner, be it noticed, already had something of the jolly camaraderie of an Edwardian man-about-town, and as time went on the curiously demodé air which hung about Heath became more marked. His passion for impersonation remained, but now he played safe and drew his inspiration from the personalities of yesteryear, fashioning himself partly on Casanova and partly on Bertie Wooster—as unlikely a combination of models as one would wish to meet. The ex-warehouseman, with his humdrum middle-class background, blossomed out into a stage-door Johnny, a West End playboy in the antique style—the sort of dashing socialite who, back in the nineteen-twenties, used to invite his lady friends with a gay leer to shake a leg and split a bottle of bubbly at the dear old Trocadero. The glamour of uniform also attracted him and at various times, under different names, he established what is, we believe, an all-time record by being dismissed with disgrace once from the British Army, once from the Royal Air Force, and once from the South Africa Air Force.

When at the age of twenty-nine Heath capped an energetic ten years' career punctuated by bouncing checks and bonnets tossed over windmills by killing off two young women in a fortnight, a small group of apologists argued that a bomber pilot who has flirted daily with death cannot be expected to retain the normal sense of proportion about such things. This argument, in our submission, is a little unfair to some thousands of other young

men who, after considerable first-hand experience of enemy flak, are nowadays settling down very nicely in the automobile, hosiery and hardware businesses. The trouble with Heath, we consider, was a peculiarly fierce form of old-fashioned snobbery, which steadily undermined his values. An inveterate actor, he dreamed up for himself a role which grew and grew and was finally about as remote from reality as the portrait of Dorian Gray from the original; and by the end, playing in the super-Atwill manner, he was loftily impersonating a feudal nobleman who claimed not only the *droit de seigneur* but the right to dispose of human lives.

In his letters from prison after the trial he continued the performance as well as he could, complaining petulantly about the general lack of comfort, the shortage of tobacco and the deplorable condition of the prison pens and nibs; and the scene outside the lockup at the time of his execution would have pleased his self-importance. Leaning against the prison wall, a nameless but personable young woman, wearing slacks and sandals, her long hair falling in disorder to her waist, quietly wept her heart out; while up and down the street careened a streamlined automobile, carrying Mrs. Violet Vander Elst, the country's Number One death penalty abolitionist.

Heath, prior to his execution, left a last letter notable for its airy humor and for one playful but barbed little threat. "Cheerio," he wrote. "I don't know what licensing hours they have where I'm off to, but I'll be there at opening time. I hope the beer is better than it is here... Please break your morning egg very gently for the next couple of months, because it may be me." This jocular reference to the doctrine of transmigration temporarily checked people's perpetual grumbles about egg rationing; but that nervous little scare is over and today the weekly egg spoon is once more wielded with gusto. A cool appraisal of Neville George Clevely Heath's career is now possible; and, taken in the round, it suggests to us that instead of building up his dream fantasies around the disappearing Upper Ten, he would have done better for himself if he had just made believe he was the President of the Transport and General Workers' Union. A closer study of the published opinions of Alfred, Lord Tennyson might also have worked wonders. "'Tis only noble to be good," wrote Alfred, Lord Tennyson; and in throwing that one off, the poetic peer, we suspect, said a democratic mouthful.

HEARING that a sharp crisis in Anglo-American relations might shortly blow up in London's law courts, we sped hoof to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice and found one of

England's youngest judges and a perplexed posse of lawyers battling gamely with the word: Oomph.

It seems that the British Registrar-General of Trade Marks did not see eye to eye with La Marquise Footwear, Incorporated—described coldly in the brief as “an American company”—about the use of the word Oomphies as a trade-mark. “Oomphies,” said counsel for the Registrar-General of Trade Marks, selecting his phrase with considerable care, “is a laudatory epithet. And generally speaking, we do not believe in registering such epithets.”

This set the cat among the pigeons, because forty-seven-year-old Judge Evershed was apparently way out of his depth when it came to the meaning of Oomph. And that went for practically everyone else in court too. In a desperate effort to clarify matters, counsel for La Marquise Footwear, Inc. proceeded to read out a letter from the company's New York agents: “Oomph is to Ann Sheridan what It was to Clara Bow. Both words, broadly speaking, are what older generations referred to in somewhat more elegant language as ‘an indefinable *je ne sais quoi*.’”

“This more elegant phrase was converted, when the American doughboys of the First World War reached France, into the more simple but effective, ‘Ooh la la!’, the exclamation point being a part of this phrase.”

Here counsel took a deep breath. We thought he was doing fine; but everywhere we looked, bewigged heads were shaking in a baffled way. Dourly, the counsel read on:

“An oomph girl is a passionate young woman, a hot momma, an actress with sex appeal. Music may be said to have oomph in that it is animated in a spine-tingling way. To some, music with oomph merely causes the hair to stand on end, rather than to tingle the spine—but that is rather beside the point.”

The judge, who had so far been remarkably silent, here put in a snappish: “I agree.” Counsel thought this over for a moment, as if he detected an ambiguity. Then, he completed the letter:

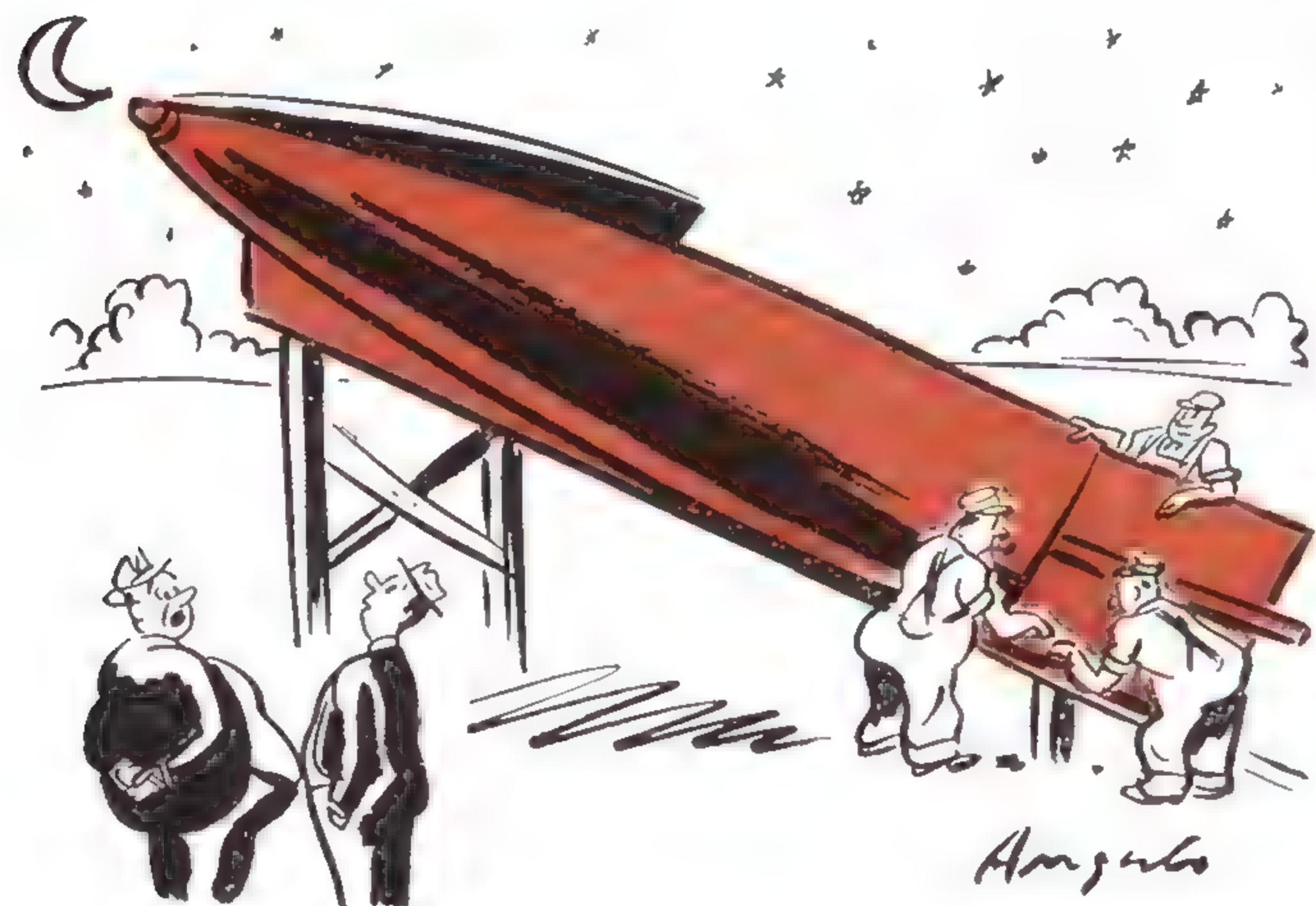
“The foregoing may be said to be solid, brother, eight beats to the bar. It cooks with gas and should really send you.”

There followed an eloquent little pause, after which the judge declared the case adjourned. When it was resumed next day, however, there was a briskness about His Lordship which suggested that his sharp eyes had now pierced the fog and he saw his way clear to a decision. Some confused backing and filing between counsel took place. Then his bewigged audience, spaniel-eyed, looked trustfully up at the Bench as judgment was delivered:

“It is no bad thing that the Registrar should insist on some degree of propriety, ethical and aesthetic,” said Mr. Justice Evershed, not mincing his multisyllabic words. “In speaking of Oomphies,” he went on, “as a word, I pay it a compliment for it barely deserves an appellation which makes it part of articulate speech.” And he slung out a bitter epigram. “Articulate speech,” he remarked, “is said to be the only distinguishing feature between the human race and brute beasts.”

At that moment it looked like curtains for Oomphies; but suddenly His Lordship turned off the heat and visibly relaxed. “Nevertheless,”—he said—and the tell-tale word rang out like a bell—“nevertheless there can be no salacious or improper significance in applying the word oomph to women's footwear. And although in American slang the word is one having the meaning of—or reference to—sex appeal, I do not think, in all the circumstances, that it is just to reject registration on that ground.”

This judgment was greeted with acclamation and relief in several quarters. It pleased the island's millions of cinemaniacs; it pleased everyone who felt it was time the Pin-Up Girl's contribution to victory was fittingly recognized; and presumably it pleased Miss Sheridan's press agent. Nor must we overlook the special pleasure it must have given to La Marquise Footwear, Inc. and their New York agents, whose letter—we forgot to mention—was dated 1943. ##



“It's being sponsored by a labor union. If there's human life on Mars, they want to organize the workers”

FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

NO. 14 OF A SERIES



And they said the coat wouldn't catch on!

Tally-ho the covert cloth coat!

Our ingenious cousins—far removed—devised a riding coat that wouldn't snag on underbrush or hedge. But the coat caught on all right. The covert cloth topcoat is a fashion leader today!

Nettleton shoes caught on, too—with men who demand the utmost in style and comfort in footwear. Made from the finest-grade leathers, easy-going, fashion-right Nettletons are leaders in the field!

A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N. Y.



One of The Famous Algonquins*

*Copyrighted

Nettleton Shoes

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES • AT BETTER STORES—COAST TO COAST

OTIS

UNDERWEAR & HOSIERY
for Men and Boys



OTIS Underwear has these extras
that give you the fullest value...
sturdy fabric for real comfort...
fine finish that marks a well-made
garment. Ask for OTIS by name.

OTIS UNDERWEAR

57 Worth Street, New York, 13, N.Y.

I Stick My Neck Out for Nobody

Continued from page 107

with the inevitable question:

"Then why are you buying them?" he said.

"Do you work here?"

"Don't be silly. Why are you buying them?"

She took a deep breath. "Well, you'll think I'm terribly dumb. But I thought a Tom Collins was thirty cents." She looked up. "They are in Moran's View. That's where I live. You've never heard of it."

"Oh, yes," we lied. The deception seemed to please her, and she stopped to make a careful study of our faces. Only her pencil hand was not stilled. She doodled away like mad—a genuine addict.

"I thought I'd have a Tom Collins since it was Friday. You see, I've been here only a week and I don't get paid until tomorrow. It was raining, so I stayed. I thought my dollar would cover three. But—well, you know. They're seventy-five cents."

I knew this routine so well that I could rattle it off by heart.

"So they brought you the bill, and you ordered another after seeing it. And you kept ordering to keep off the bill."

She nodded sheepishly, and Frank shook his head.

"Foolish," he said. "Very foolish. Fortunate for you we were here. Go and tell the bartender to put it on our bill."

I stared at him. All of our money was spread out on the table, and we could manage only one more for ourselves. The prospect of seven long ones at seventy-five apiece robbed me of speech.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said.

"Afraid you'll have to. Just go over and tell him."

"Well—"

"No strings," he told her. "You've got a nickel? Good. Drop it in *I'll Follow My Secret Heart* on your way out."

"That's awfully kind of you," she said simply, but she smiled for the first time. Not even the dark pallor of the café could dim the sun of her smile.

"Well—" She hesitated again.

"Only one thing more," he said.

"The one bartender is a white slaver and the other sells dope. I wouldn't come back if I were you."

"Oh, I won't!" A look of horror crossed her face and stayed there.

"Good-bye."

She smiled and moved to the bar. I saw the bartenders glance dubiously in our direction as they talked, and then look at us questioningly. Frank nodded, and a smile spread itself over his face with slow reluctance. We caught her smile in mid-air and flipped it deftly around our infield, and then she was moving to the door. The juke box gave a high hiccup and *I'll Follow My Secret Heart* came into the room in her stead.

"Well," I said, "that was all very sporting, and it did my heart good. When do we start?"

"Start?"

"Washing dishes. Or don't they

make you wash dishes any more?"

Frank looked incredulous.

"Don't be foolish," he said. "I am not planning to wash any dishes. Waiter."

The man, a rather big fellow, came bustling over, and Frank said: "Where are the drinks?"

"I didn't know you ordered, sir."

"I signaled the barkeep. But let it ride, we're late. Give us the bill."

It was produced, and I marveled at Frank's face as he studied the bottom entry. I knew well enough what it was. His confusion was really perfect.

"What," he said, "does this signify?"

"That, sir? The young lady's bill. That you agreed to pay."

Frank smiled softly. "I'm afraid you're mistaken."

"But she said—"

"Ah!" His smile became extremely bland. "Yes, I see. I'm afraid, my good man, that you have been taken in."

His good man was not pleased at being taken in. In no time we had collected both bartenders and both waiters at our little table.

"You nodded," the bartender told him. "She said you wanted her bill, and I looked at you and you nodded."

"Well, really, I had no way of knowing what she said, did I?"

"But you nodded."

"I wanted a drink."

"I say you agreed to pay for her," said the bartender.

"And I," said Frank, "say I didn't. Where does this leave us?"

In time, it left us alone at our table. The bartenders were grumbling to themselves; I heard some talk of phoning the girl's description to the police, but we all knew that this was pointless. It seemed to let us out, but I was not anxious to order another drink from them. We were not popular people, and there was something poisonous about the lot of them. Frank was saying things.

"I stick my neck out for nobody," Frank informed me.

"But the girl—"

"Don't give it a thought," he said. He folded the scribbled napkin across, put it in his pocket and leaned back with a dreamy look in his eyes. He took out a nickel. "Once more, *I'll Follow My Secret Heart*."

We went out into the drizzle, and he beamed about him.

"The girl—" I started to say, for our loss was making me sad.

"The girl works in a coffee shop on 45th Street. By the time we get there, she should be on duty."

I did not bother to be surprised.

"You picked her pocketbook."

"Don't be foolish. I read her doodles. Of course, if you don't want coffee—"

"Who said anything about me not wanting coffee?"

As we moved off in the rain, I was surprised to note just how badly I wanted it. #

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD



HAIG & HAIG *The First and Last Word in Scotch*

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK



Animated
Style
in Tropical Worsteds



Even the light
and free-breathing
tropical suit can have its quota of
animated style. This **Wal-Thaire** fabric has crisp,
firm lines because of its 2-ply weave, yet it weighs scant ounces.
Pure chrome dyes make it highly resistant to sun-fading. A treat to wear!

THIS TROPHY HAS BEEN AWARDED TO SELECTED STORES THAT HAVE ATTAINED AND MAINTAINED STYLE EMINENCE.



Copyright Wm. B. Kessler, Inc., 1947

HAMMONTON PARK CLOTHES • 200 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

What a man! ...and what a **Marlboro**



White Dress Shirt
by Marlboro,
smart button-
down collar



Marlboro Loafer
Coat, two-tone
or solid-color
gabardine



Long-sleeved
Marlboro Sport
Shirt, fancy-free
Camo print

WE don't know how your garden grows, Beautiful . . . but the gentleman is clearly an expert at raising the beat of your heart. He just plants himself in a Marlboro sport shirt . . . and lets Spring do the rest!

P.S. . . . Lo-Hi, the original convertible collar . . . equally perfect open or closed . . . helps make Marlboro sport shirts the season's most admired, most desired.

Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Marlboro

SHIRTS



SPORTSWEAR

BOTTLED-BOND

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

"There is nothing better in the market"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

© 1947—B. F. DIST. CORP., INC.

The Slightly Bewildered Gallico

Continued from page 47

better off with less of these bucks since they won't buy anything anyway, and since that will leave us with more of them in our possession, we will be able to manufacture the goods that you won't be able to buy with the dollars we are not going to give you."

Wait a minute, that doesn't sound right, it does seem a little mixed up and not quite bright, but anyway that is what is going on all over the country, so it must be all right and the Gallico Theory of Economics and Finance will eventually catch up with it and explain it satisfactorily. I think the missing link lies in the important Gallico Postulate on the Necessity of Raising Rents, which is now being carried out, or will be shortly when my brochure on the subject appears. By raising rents the remainder of these dollars or pengoes will be removed from the pockets of the people and from the vaults of the industrialists and come to rest in the wallets of the landlords who, faced once more with the Fluctuating Imponderable, or the Sagging Simoleon, will naturally close up their dwellings rather than submit to further such insults, with the result that living an outdoor life we will become a healthier and happier nation. Or take labor, for instance.

Here the Gallico Home School of Economics and Modern Finance is on firm ground. All of the first-class labor leaders are exponents of the Gallico School, and if our country is on a sound financial and economic basis today it is only because of their strict adherence to the immutable laws of my simple hypothesis.

The laborer let us say makes \$50 a week. His leader tells him he ought to be getting \$60 a week and calls a strike. The strike lasts ten weeks, or \$500 worth of wages. He wins and gets the raise and must now work exactly fifty weeks, or one year, before he is back where he started from. Any child can see that this is sound economy. But now he comes up against Gallico's Fluctuating Imponderable, or the law of the Slipping Smacker. The industrialist has his vaults full of these Chinese Dollars, or milreis, which he promptly hands back to the laborer in the form of increased wages and can hardly wait to see the expression on the face of the worker when he goes to the store and tries to buy something with them. Haw haw haw, that's really rich, isn't it?

But the labor leader is no fool. He calls another strike that lasts thirty weeks and forces the industrialist to hire twice as many men to do less work for more money, all payable in Occupation Marks, with the result that at last production goes down to the point where everybody can afford to cut the salaries of white-collar workers, the real villains in the Economic setup, drive school-

teachers to tending bar and foreclose on widows and orphans. Also this does away with such unnecessary evils as savings accounts and money hoarded in insurance policies and war bonds.

I know that this is the right way to run a country, because if you follow newspapers as diligently as I have, you will see that's the way ours is being run, and America, right or wrong, I love you.

Boudoir Department

STATISTICS indicate that more and more parties on the distaff side have been leafing through Esquire during papa's absence at the mines, to see what it is that fascinates him so about the publication, and have themselves been caught up in the enchantment of informative and educational material to be found within its covers. With this in mind your columnist has decided to revive the ever-popular "Ladies Corner," in which from time to time in the past he was able to reach out helpful hints and useful advice to feminine readers to enable them to improve themselves. It will appear hereafter under the more distinguished title, "Boudoir Department." One must keep abreast of advancing civilization.

At the moment I find myself disturbed and exercised over the collections of rag-bag junk that is being peddled to you dears at fancy prices under the guise of ready-to-wear evening dresses. Ready to wear where?

Prior to composing this beef I spent enough hours to total several days sitting on silken chairs and satin couches in those high-priced pitfalls where, labeled as "collections," they hawk the kind of clothes which in my day you would have seen leading the Grand March at the Steam-Fitters Ball or gracing the form divine of Mrs. Rafferty at the lodge social.

And as to what I was doing there, sweet cousins, you will probably not believe this, but it is the humble truth, so help me, and can I help it if I have an eye for duds and the Little Woman trusts me? Anyway, she cabled me from Nassau where she was wintering for her health (photostats of the cable will be sent to unbelievers upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope and a \$50 bill to cover expenses and cost of mailing), and the gist of the communication was that somebody had given her a bum steer on clothes there, the joint was more dressy than she had expected and would I please go out and rifle through the racks of some of those traps on Fifth Avenue, or Fifty-Seventh Street, pick out a first-class formal evening dress for her and air mail it down, something in white, simple, chic, décolleté, size soandso, money no object.

I did. Oh, sisters!

I suppose you know what goes on in those raiment rookeries, but it has been years since I have set

Continued on page 150

CLASS ALWAYS TELLS

by FRANK WILLIAMS

POLO'S LATEST SENSATION

PETER PERKINS

...AT 26, YOUNGEST PLAYER EVER NAMED TO REPRESENT THE U.S. IN INTERNATIONAL MATCHES?

HA! CROQUET ON HORSEBACK

...PETE STARTED PLAYING AT 15...

...COACHED BY HIS FATHER WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE CRACK CALIFORNIA MIDWICK TEAM, 1924 CHAMPIONS.

THIS SURE BEATS WALKING

HE LOOKS

SHARP!

...THE CALIFORNIAN'S BRILLIANT Mallet PLAY SHOWS NO EVIDENCE THAT HE WENT THROUGH THE BATAAN DEATH MARCH AND THREE AND A HALF YEARS IN JAP LABOR CAMPS.

THAT'S GOAL IN THOSE THRILLS!

HE FEELS

SHARP!

...AS HIS HARD RIDING AND SURE HITTING HAVE FOCUSED THE EYES OF THE POLO WORLD UPON HIS EXPLOITS.

HE IS SHARP!

...PETE ENJOYS THE CLEANEST, SMOOTHEST SHAVES A FELLOW CAN HAVE, FOR HE ALWAYS USES GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED. YES, AND HE SAVES MONEY, TOO, FOR DOUBLE EDGES MEAN DOUBLE ECONOMY!

use
Gillette

with the **SHARPEST** edges ever honed!

You *look* sharp for you enjoy the swellest shaves ever. You *feel* sharp because they're refreshing and give you a lift. You *are* sharp for you get far more shaves per blade and save money. Ask for Gillette Blue Blades.

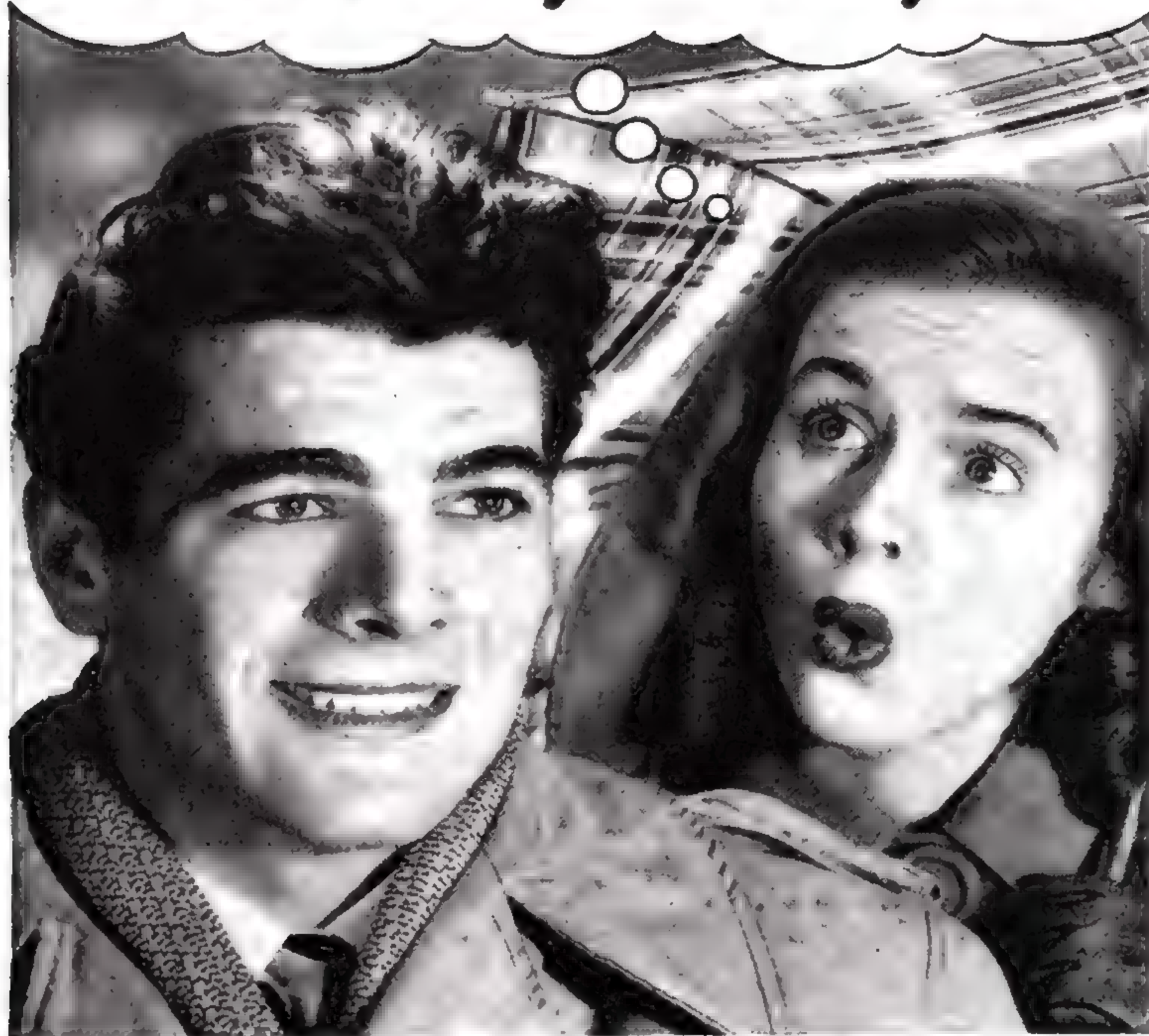
Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.



Copyright, 1947, by Gillette Safety Razor Company

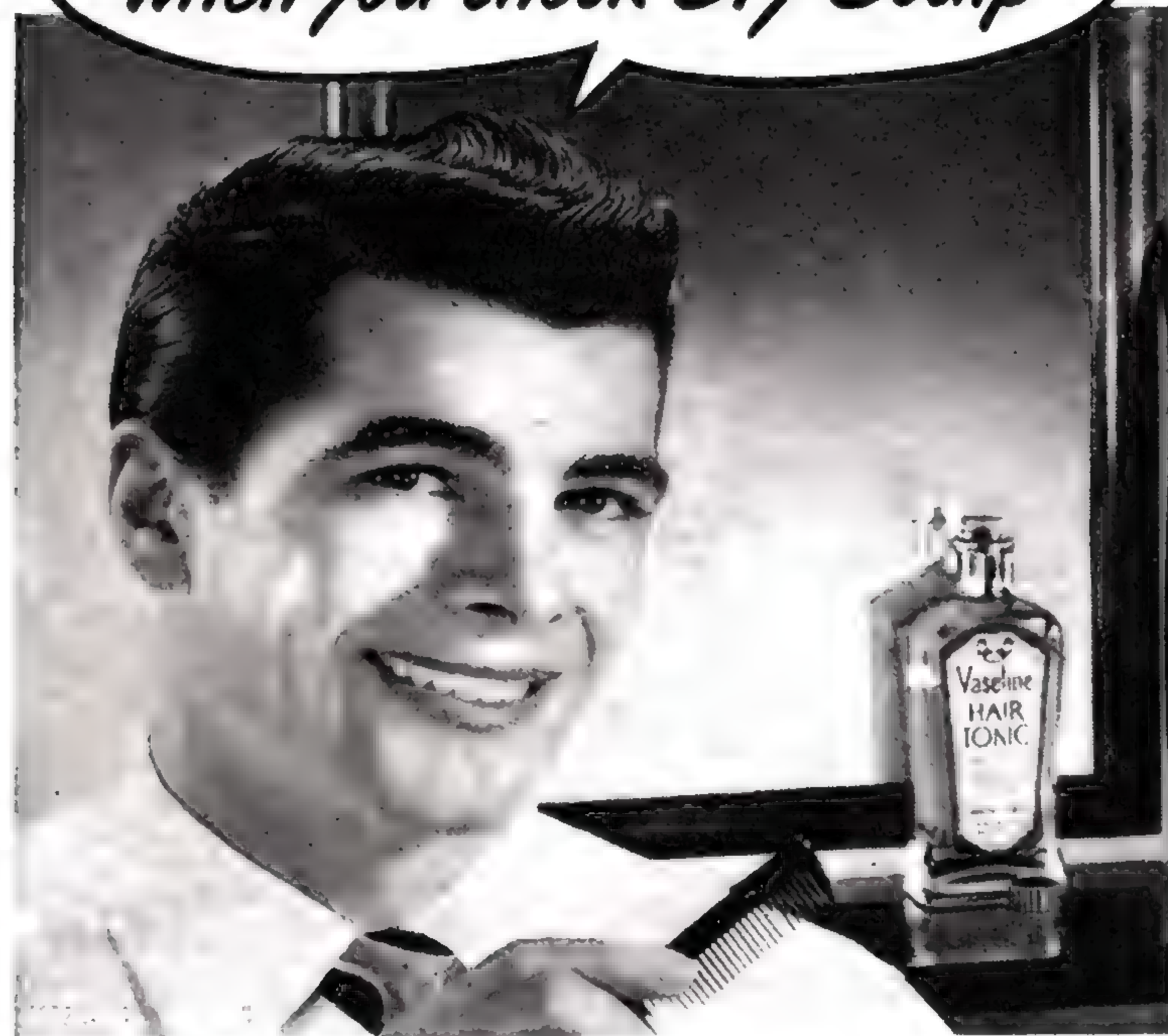
ENJOY BOXING FRIDAYS AT 10 PM EST OVER ABC NETWORK. GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ALSO AIRS THE KENTUCKY DERBY, MAY 3, AND OTHER CLASSICS YEAR 'ROUND.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"WHETHER IT'S RAIN or shine, he *always* has a bedraggled look. His hair never looks combed . . . it's so lifeless and straggly . . . full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him . . . quick . . . about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



WELL-GROOMED HAIR is easy to have—with the daily use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops every morning—and your hair takes on new lustre—new neatness. You check loose dandruff and Dry Scalp. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

The Slightly Bewildered Gallico

Continued from page 149

foot in one of these female apparel parlors and to say that I was shocked at the collection of dishonest trash they are dispensing to you darlings for *our* dough is to put it mildly. Why do you put up with it? When do you start to squawk? Or do I have to do it for you? What is needed is more guys accompanying their ever-lovings, or walking in solo to do their shopping for them.

For one thing we don't get hypnotized by those salesladies the way you do, I mean the ones with bleached hair, wide fannies, powerful jaw lines and piercing eyes, who haul out some colored rag stitched together with spit and a twelve-hour guarantee not to fall apart and hung all over with bugle beads, sequins, reclaimed false teeth and assorted crockery, odds and ends of hardware, rubber flowers and bits of old broccoli, and who fix you with a penetrating glance and say, "Isn't that just too divine? Don't you think it's DAiling? And only \$399.50!"

The straight answer to that one of course is, "No, dearie, I do not think it is darling, I think it sti—, I mean it's an eyesore and will you please take it the hell away from here where I cannot see it any more."

A simpler gambit is to move in as soon as she hangs up the particular piece of sequin-studded phony silk sacking she is forced to try to palm off for the company, and before she can make the pitch say, "Oh, Good God! Isn't that awful?" It works. Several times I surprised a saleslady into admitting it. They blush and hurriedly remove the things out back where they apparently keep them at stud.

However, what baffles me is the why? Why are American evening dresses so appalling? What is so tough about designing, cutting and sewing up a few patches of silk and chiffon so that the result looks smart, simple and alluring, with lines designed to blend with the proportions of the body and a lady's appurtenances?

It is obvious to anyone with half an eye for clothes, which is all I claim to have, that the incredible amount of confetti, garden vegetables, steel shavings and tutti-frutti with which today's dresses are cluttered are designed to conceal the fact that they are poorly cut, stupidly designed and cheaply made. The eye is supposed to be captured by the bunch of asparagus or rhododendrons suspended over the clavicle, or small bits of glass, broken mirrors or plumbers' washers pasted over the midriff, and look no further.

The mark-up on these dresses must be something fantastic, for nowhere did I see anything that seems to contain more than fifteen dollars' worth of assorted scraps by actual weight or volume, and if you ask me to what kind of places I went to I will just ask you to name the top dress dens in New York and that's where I was.

Stylish simplicity and eye-soothing line is apparently unobtainable. When I asked to be shown something unencumbered by clusters of bananas, fringes, flowers and isinglass, a young lady appeared wearing something that looked as though she had been caught in a hotel fire and had had to flee in her long underwear.

And as for the models that parade these turkeys, wow, but wow in lower case. Where do they dig those up? And how can you tell from looking at them what goes on with a garment anywhere? Faceless, chestless, hipless, graceless creatures, whose odd, unfeminine shapes lend to clothes all of the allure and appeal of a broomstick; they march in, tripping lightly over their own feet and march out again.

There must be some special rookery where they breed them for the modeling trade, sexless and bony, because I do not see these types anywhere else in the normal walks of life, and why you sweet ladies wish to see them inhabiting the clothes you eventually expect to wear is more than I can understand, because *you* don't look like them, which is a lucky thing since if you did you wouldn't be able to get us, and there would be an end to procreation and the world would become a waste and a desert.

So there you are. I am quite baffled with what is being put over on you in your best shops and why you stand for it, because I have now seen it with my own eyes and I hereby pass it along to you to do something about it.

Little Horror Story

PEOPLE, I am informed, enjoy a good shudder every so often, and here is your one-way ticket to as fine a shiver as I have encountered in many a month, and it came up when an Englishman friend of mine, a former commander in the British Navy, and myself were scaring ourselves with bringing up things we wouldn't much care about doing and situations in which we would be uneager to find ourselves, and the story he told me about the Harbor Master of Gibraltar took the cake and brought the conversation to an end.

It seems that during the war a neutral old freighter tied up at Spanish Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, with the connivance of that tender-hearted neutral Franco, only inside it wasn't a neutral old freighter at all, but a completely equipped sabotage and underwater blasting shop manned by a mess of Italians who were really experts at that sort of thing, and during the night they would swim across, or ride astraddle tiny one- or two-man submarines, enter Gibraltar Harbor and attach limpet mines, torpedoes, time bombs, depth charges and other destructive toys to British property floating in the Harbor and blow holes in it, causing it to settle quietly in

the harbor mud and block traffic, thus holding up the war.

The British Navy's winning battle over this crack team of undersea saboteurs is another story which I will get my British friend to tell me some time, but this one deals with a successful foray made by one of these teams, only they got their signals crossed and dynamited the bottom of a British merchant ship that happened to have some 200 Italian prisoners in the hold awaiting transport from Africa to England. With a dreadful bubbling, the merchant ship settled into the silt at the bottom of Gibraltar. None of the 200 Italians survived the error of their countrymen.

After awhile, complaints began to come in that the waters of the harbor were being polluted and that somebody had better do something about it, and this is where the Harbor Master, an old veteran of the British Navy, and among his other accomplishments a master diver, came in. It was his job to get the Italians out of the hold and up to the surface where they could be decently buried. This he undertook to do with a couple of assistant divers and about six o'clock in the morning when there was enough light to illuminate things down below, he and his assistants in diving gear would take turns entering the sunken craft through the bomb hole, which was big enough to drive a truck through, and start batches of the unfortunate victims aloft.

It was during this operation that my commander friend kept overhearing the Harbor Master referring to his two pals who were being of inestimable assistance in the highly unpleasant and ghoul-ish disposal job; he kept speaking of these two chaps in the highest terms, as loyal and indefatigable workers, and above all, dependable. At night, when the Master and his assistants terminated the day's work, these pals apparently continued on with such a zeal to aid the British Empire in its temporary embarrassment that the Commander finally so far sacrificed his British reserve as to inquire of the Harbor Master as to the nature of his two comrades of whom he spoke so glowingly.

My Commander friend told me that he wished he had not been so nosy, because the grizzled old Harbor Master's reply gave him the cold night sweats for a week, inasmuch as the Commander himself at the time was fooling around the bottom of the bay with various contraptions in an experimental way. The dear pals of the H. M. turned out to be a huge shark and an enormous octopus.

They had set up housekeeping in the torn hold of the ship. Every morning when the Master crawled in through the jagged rent in the side of the merchantman, there they were. The shark, the Harbor Master said, was inclined to be edgy and no sooner did a diver appear but he came sailing out of the dark interior of the

hold and went elsewhere, but not far; they could see his shadow hovering. Not so the octopus. *He* knew a good thing when he saw it and wasn't leaving for anyone. He merely retired deeper into the cavernous interior of the ship, and lurked. When the sun came up over the Mediterranean, and light filtered down through the water, the Harbor Master could see his saucerlike eyes staring out of the darkness, and the gentle rippling of his tentacles.

When at the end of his shift, the Master left the premises to return to the surface, a great, swift, dark shadow would pass him going the other way. It would be the nerry shark returning. "Regular pals," said the Harbor Master. "You could depend on 'em. Good thing they couldn't count, though, or know what we was up to, is wot I say."

Eventually, between the five of them, the job was finished.

Brief but vital items

MR. Harry Ruskin, the M-G-M screen writer, says the reason this is such a wonderful country is because we have two kinds of guys in it; the one in minority, the other in felicitous majority.

He says you are standing on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, and a big, black, shiny limousine driven by a chauffeur slides by. Inside is sitting a beautiful blonde with a lovely shape. She is wearing diamond bracelets on both wrists and has a Pekinese sitting on her lap.

Sascha Minority glowers as it passes and says, "I'm gonna blow that car up."

Bill Majority grins and says, "Ya see that car? Well, someday I'm gonna get me one four feet longer with a chauffeur and a footman, and a redhead inside with bigger—well never mind about that, but she's gonna have bracelets right up to her shoulders, and *she's* gonna be sitting in a Great Dane's lap. You watch..."

* * *

Is there anything that can be done about barbers who when they dry your face after giving you a shave, wipe out the inside of your ears with the towel and then rub same all over your kisser?

* * *

Mr. Sidney Skolsky, the columnist and moving picture producer, is highly allergic to air travel, but from time to time finds it necessary to get to New York in a thumping hurry. At such moments he drives to the airport, accompanied by his physician. He arranges himself comfortably in his seat, fastens the seat belt and says, "Now." The physician jabs him in the arm with a needle containing a mild anesthetic. Fourteen hours later when Sidney opens his eyes and murmurs, "Where am I?" the porter replies, "La Guardia Field, sir. Will you be wanting a cab?"

This is probably the most perfect solution to air travel as yet devised by man. #

Continued from page 47

The Vodka of the Czars —now made in America



the greatest name
in
VODKA

For three generations, Smirnoff was the only Vodka served in the household of the Russian Czars.

Now made in America from selected grains by the exclusive Smirnoff process. It is the perfect mixer... losing itself in the flavor and aroma of the other ingredients of a drink. You taste *them*—not *it*!

80 or 100 proof—
made from 100% grain neutral spirits

STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS., INC.
Hartford, Conn.

Sole U. S. Distributors
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC., Hartford, Conn.

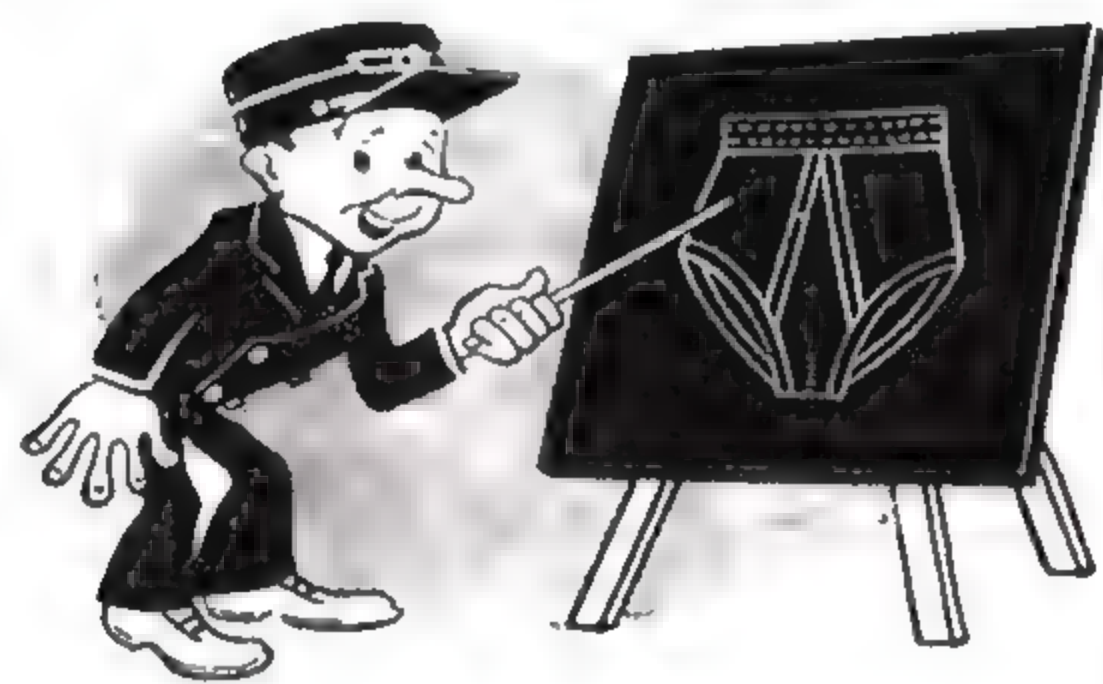


Formerly purveyors to the Imperial Russian Court



MEN—Do You think knitted Briefs are all alike?

... then
Take a look at REIS Scandals



LOOK at Scandals' extra-value features. Patented, non-sag pouch for mild support. "Hi-Waist" design for better fit. Elastic waistband. Full-cut seamless seat.



LOOK at Scandals' extra-fine workmanship. Quality knitting and superior yarns mean longer wear. Holds shape better, even after repeated washings.



LOOK at the Scandals' matching shirt. Superbly knit for better fit and longer wear. Specially shaped at bottom to be worn with Scandals briefs.



LOOK how Scandals come to you—individually packaged for your protection. So always ask for Reis Scandals by name.

LOOK for the name *Scandals* when you ask for knitted briefs and shirts—and see how much more your money buys! More in quality... more in value. Scandals are knit better to fit better...to wear longer and keep their shape and "springiness" longer. Ask for Scandals by name—at better retailers everywhere.

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY
2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



SPORTSWEAR UNDERWEAR PAJAMAS HOSE



CHANGE TO

1885

REIS

1947

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Continued from page 76

a man whose evolutionary influence Chambers feels fortunate in having avoided. Chambers carries a picture of Uncle Percy in his wallet at all times—a truly sentimental gesture—and flashes it with or without provocation. The photo shows Percy in a long funeral overcoat, holding a race horse by a bridle. For Uncle Percy loved gambling dearly and the love hustled him along through life and to the grave a thoroughly happy and impoverished man.

Uncle Percy and Chambers did pretty well together, though Percy could never quite decide between horses and hearses. Then, one day in 1911, Chambers realized that his carriage wheels had only begun to explore the fertile Valley of the River Jordan.

"While supplying thirty undertakers I began to see the inside workings of the profession and discovered that the profits were great," he reminisces in the manner of a pugilist discussing his first winning fight. "The public was paying \$150 for an \$18 casket. I discovered that they were embalming a body with less than \$1.50 worth of fluid and getting anywheres from \$15 to \$30 for doing it. I saw it just took a couple of hours. So with the approximate average of \$30 for their \$1.50 worth of fluid and about

sixty other services additionally charged for, they were making about three times what it really should be. I decided I'd better take a course in embalming and go into the business. I had been losing this cream long enough."

To hurry his education, Chambers hired one Professor Hallman from an embalming college. "I wanted him to give it to me quick."

"Sure," says William Chambers, "after I seen an \$18 casket selling for \$150 and the government giving you a license to do it, it looked ten times finer and greater than Uncle Percy's race-track activities. And between the two of us, his gambling and the \$18 casket for \$150, who would you judge would be the honestest man?"

At no point, Chambers protests, has he ceased to consult his conscience. "I was always kindhearted and charitable. I wouldn't take \$150. I let it go for about \$95. I didn't read the *Racing Form*. I read the Bible wherein one part said, 'Be you merciful to those of the less fortunate.' So I became a cut-rate undertaker with an awful reduction of price. And I never done much for the public; the public always done something for me. They gave me a big and handsome price even with all of my cut rates, which have rewarded me to the present



Down in three!



He knows his golf . . . and he knows real down-to-earth foot comfort because he's wearing Bass Sportocasins! True Indian Moccasin construction means extra foot ease, a firm comfortable stance for every shot. For smoother drives, lower scores, smarter appearance . . . try Bass Sportocasins!

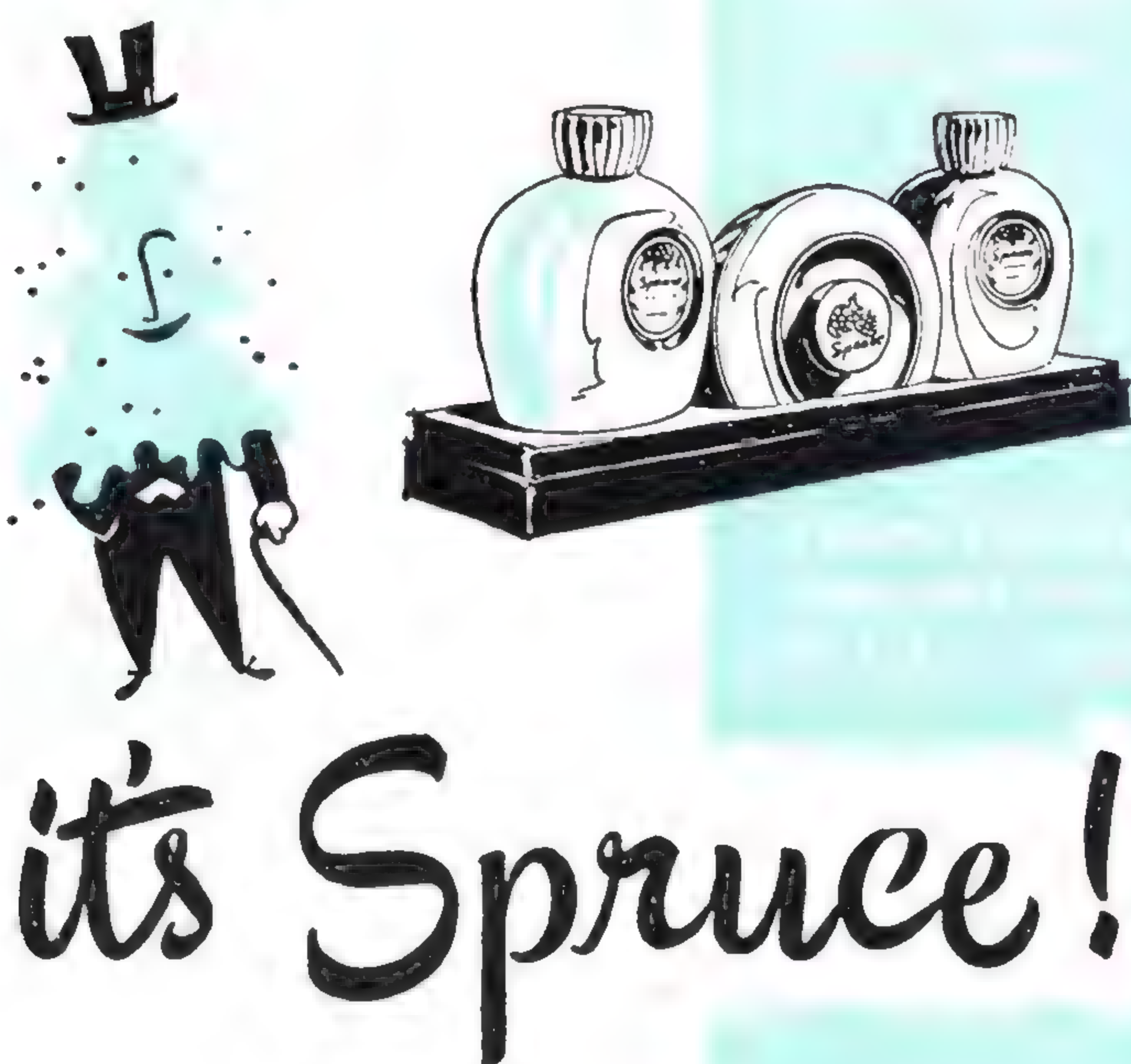
P.S. Golfing gals will go for ladies' smart Sportocasins, too!

G. H. BASS & COMPANY
55 MAIN ST., WILTON, MAINE

After the last putt . . . for putting around . . . it's Bass Weejuns!

BASS Sportocasins

FOR BETTER GOLF, START FROM THE GROUND UP



Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Continued from page 153

the whole undertaking business sound ridiculously simple.

"It takes very little capital for an undertaker to get started," he says. "He can start in a little hole in the wall, hire a hearse from some livery company, a limousine from a hacker, buy his casket today for fifty-four dollars and get five hundred dollars for a funeral with a handsome profit of \$300 for one week's work, which consists of something like this: answering the first call, three hours; arrangements, two hours; two hours a day services for the three days before the burial, and three hours for the funeral, the longest. It's something like fourteen hours for the entire job at a big profit. I never heard of an undertaker dying from overwork," he says.

Chambers belays the public conception of the curtain of mystery which mercifully conceals the body once the undertaker takes over. "Any good plumber could learn to embalm a body in sixty days. I guarantee that I can teach any good mechanic to embalm on the demonstration of twenty-five bodies. And as for the educational requirements that the State Boards prescribe, they are primarily interested in keeping down competition in this highly specialized racket which I, W. W. Chambers, exposed two years ago

at the Maryland Legislature."

On that occasion, Mister Chambers stood alone, embattled, flailing away. The solemn hearing on a bill relating to licensing measures produced some scintillating facts in substance, as follows:

"What is the cost of embalming a body?"

"What do you mean, the cost?" asked Mr. Chambers.

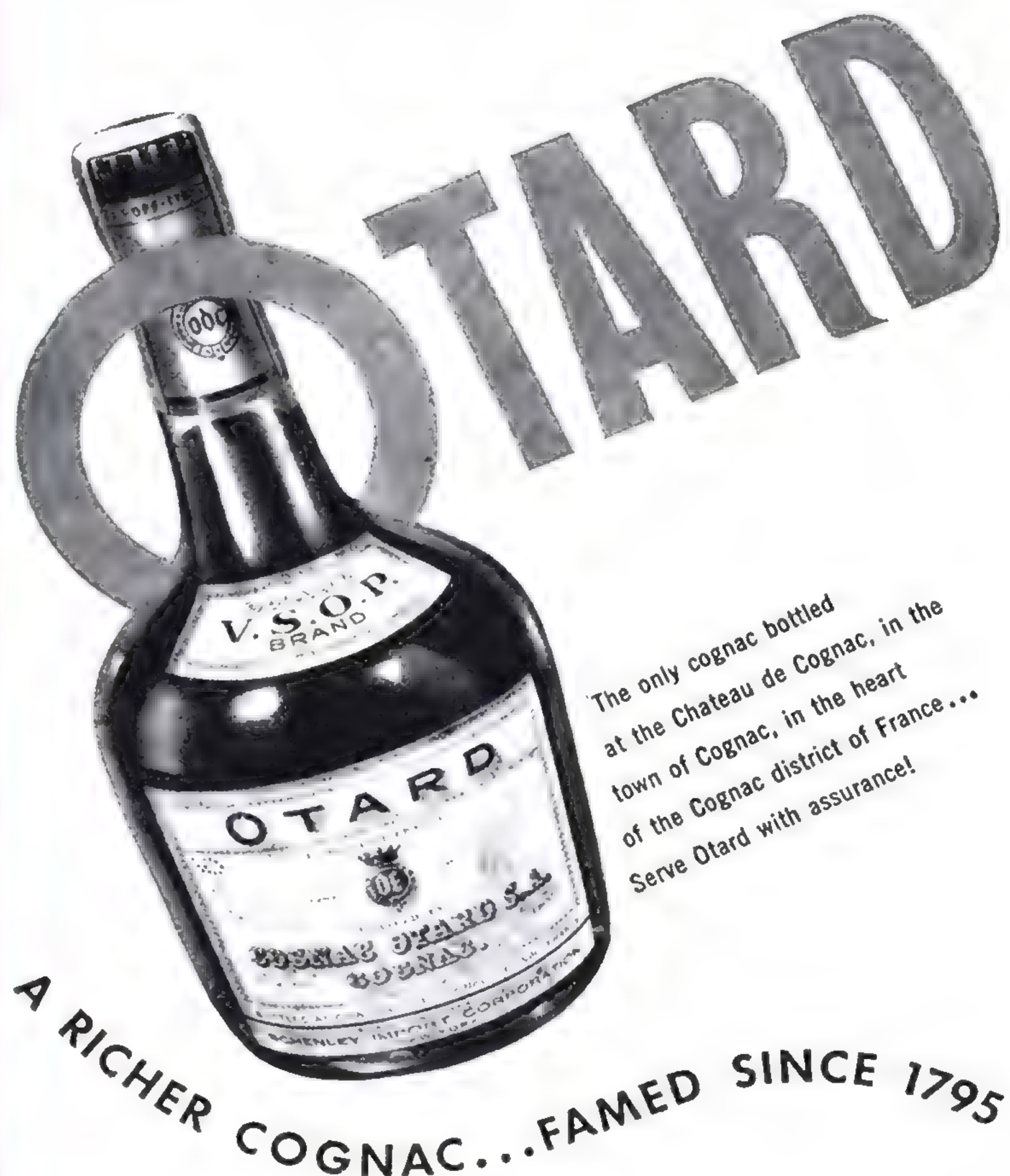
"I mean what would the chemicals cost?"

"Well," said Mister Chambers, "being one of the largest undertakers in the world, we manufacture our own fluid at about forty cents a bottle, or maybe thirty-five cents. I could embalm a human body for forty cents, if necessary."

"Then he says to me," reported Mister Chambers, "'You mean to tell me you can embalm a large human body for forty cents?' I says, 'I can embalm an elephant for a dollar and a half.'"

Chambers' great exposé, of course, widened to Grand Canyon proportions the already unleapable rift between him and his fellow morticians. But there were no voluble public reactions. Chambers himself spent some \$70,000 for advertising his cut-rate specials and handed the Government \$75,000 for income taxes.

To the high caliber of his cli-



IMPORTED
by *Schenley*

OTARD VSOP 80 PROOF • OTARD 3 STAR 84 PROOF
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK

entle Mister Chambers makes an acknowledging bow. "My business has reached from the lowliest shanty to the highest, most dignified home in the United States, located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House. Therein W. W. Chambers had three funerals of distinguished people during the Roosevelt Administration."

A man, of course, gets lonely standing on the hard rock of his convictions. And in this loneliness he will almost certainly begin to evangelize. So with thirty-five others, W. W. Chambers flung himself into the Advertising Funeral Directors of America. He speaks of its leadership:

"The president is Mayor McKinley, a distant relative of the late President McKinley, president of the Utter-McKinley Mortuaries in Los Angeles. When he made my acquaintance he was burying only a few people at high prices. Seeing and being converted to my method, he has gone me one better with a \$68 funeral. My lowest is \$95. Today he claims one of the fastest growing mortuaries in the world. His home cost a couple hundred thousand dollars to build and furnish. Doesn't this prove there is sugar in the undertaking business?"

Flowers, the ancient symbolic wreaths, the tender buds of sentiment, work wonders on the balance sheets. Thus—Flowers By Chambers. The fragrant sales have

touched nearly \$70,000 yearly.

It is Chambers' emphatic opinion that the undertaker should not bring a gloomy face into a home already sorrow-touched.

"I never enter a house of mourning with a long face like I was going to haunt the house, making matters worse than they are. I conduct my business in a natural way, just having enough conscience not to charge them too much in their distress, but, at that, charging them plenty."

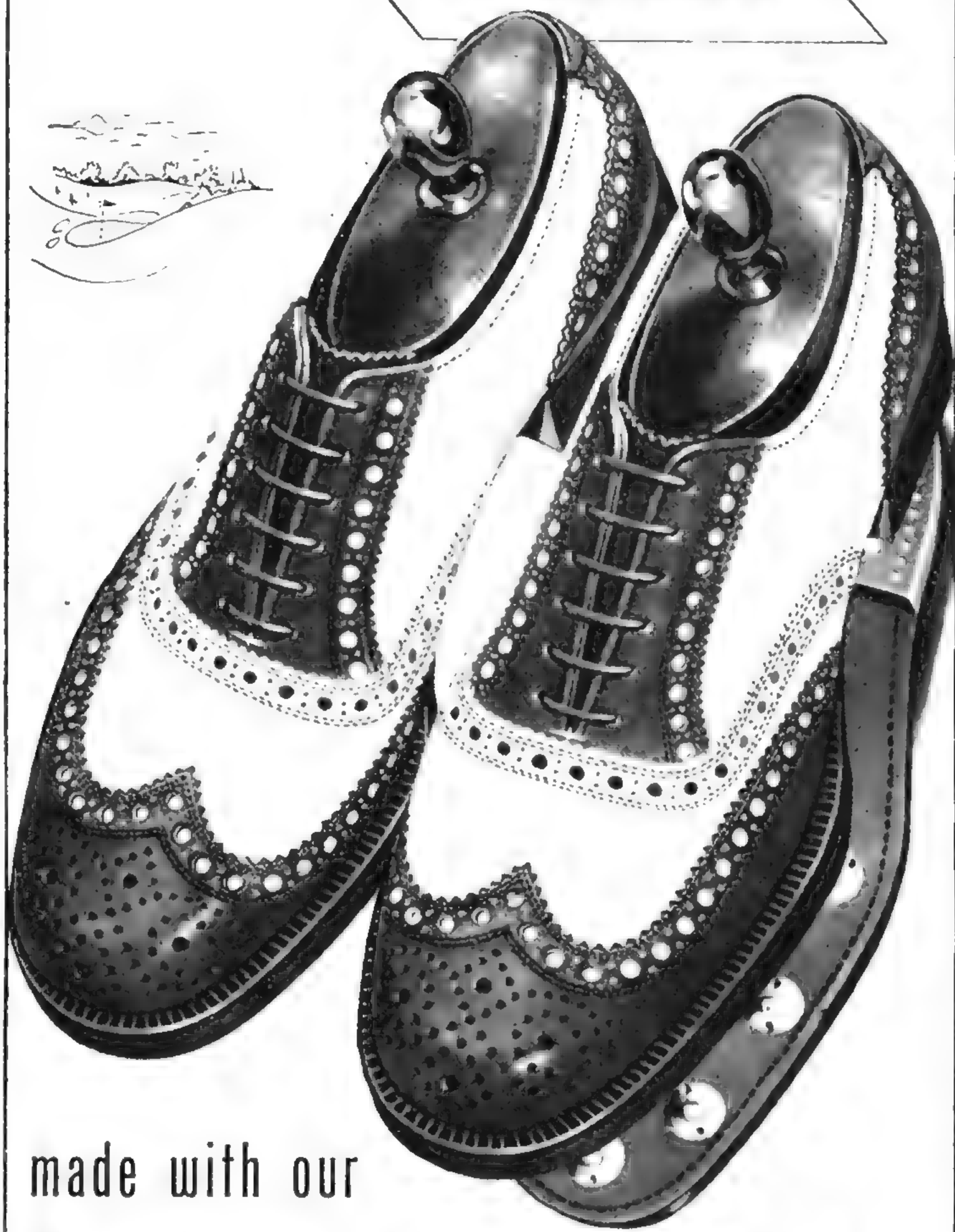
The pale horse, of course, comes to all men, and when it came to E. Percy Chambers at sixty-six, his nephew saw "the greatest death of any man I have ever seen." From his deathbed in Washington's Providence Hospital, Chambers told his nephew he had put \$100 at three-to-one odds on the Chicago Cubs in the then-raging 1945 World's Series. But he did not expect to survive the contest. Chambers was consequently instructed to give the winnings to the hospital should the Cubs come through. Should the Cubs lose, he was asked to pay off the losing bet. The Cubs lost and Chambers faithfully squared up the last mortal transaction of his uncle. In only one respect did he fail to comply with a deathbed request. E. Percy Chambers asked to be buried with the *Racing Form* in his hand. Chambers declined, but came through with one of his handsomest funerals. #

Continued from page 76

"ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST GOLF SHOES"

by

*French,
Shriner
& Urner*

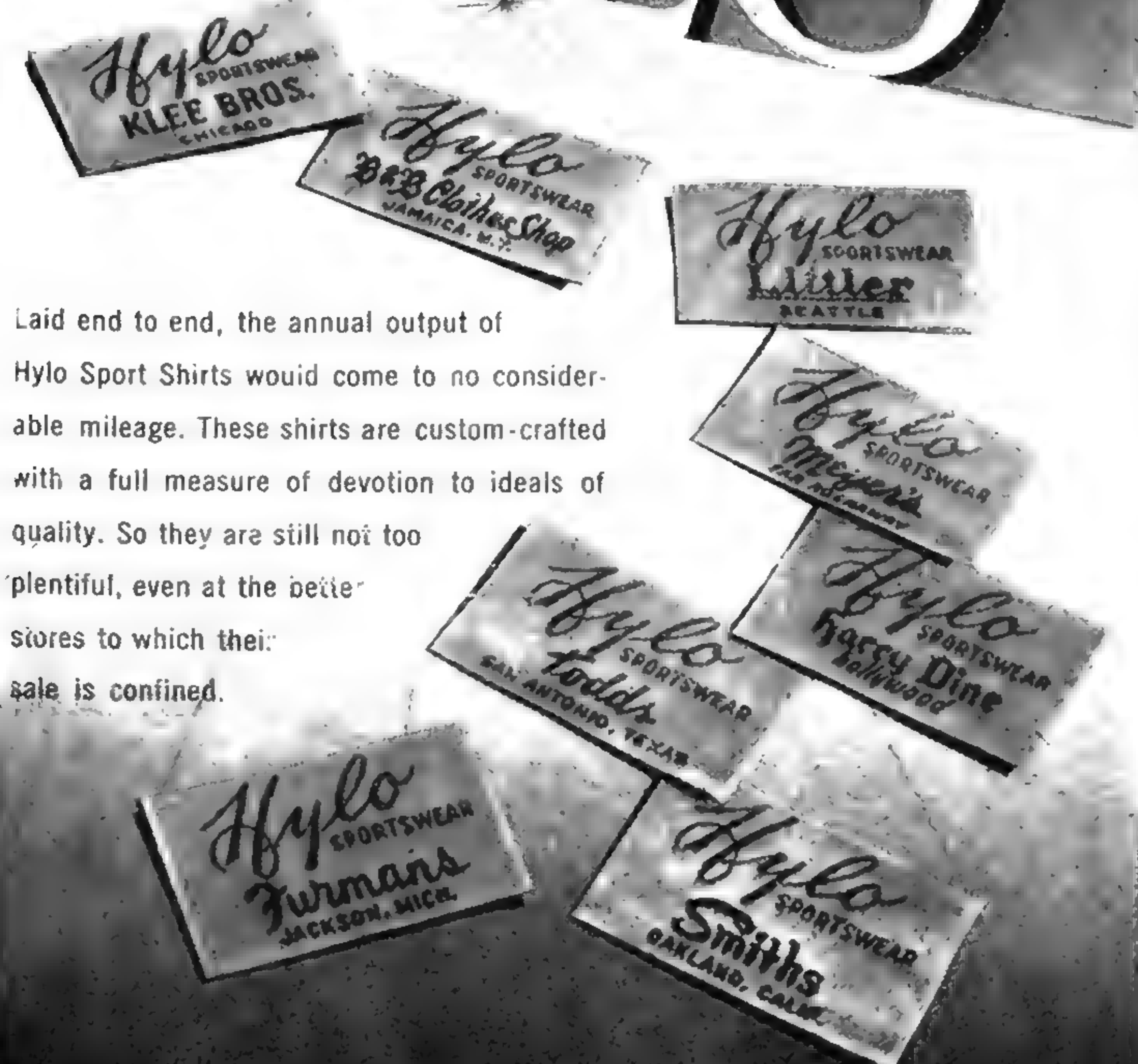


made with our
New flexible wood mid-sole!

- ✓ KEEPS SOLES LEVEL AND SPIKES STRAIGHT. Prevents spikes from pressing up into soles of the feet.
- ✓ KEEPS SHOES DRYER IN WET WEATHER as processed wood mid-sole and intermediate layer of plasticized fabric repel moisture.
- ✓ GIVES A FLAT, FLEXIBLE TREAD eliminating muscular strain, lessening foot-fatigue.
- ✓ PROTECTS FEET FROM HEAT OR COLD because wood mid-sole gives maximum insulation.
- ✓ ALLOWS SHOES TO RETAIN THEIR ORIGINAL SHAPE INDEFINITELY as wood mid-sole, when wet, will not shrink or stretch.
- ✓ GIVES SOLID UNDERFOOT SUPPORT, ensuring better balance and firmer stance.

STORES - DEPARTMENTS and DEALERS COAST to COAST

FACTORY & EXECUTIVE OFFICES
63 MELCHER STREET · BOSTON



Laid end to end, the annual output of Hylo Sport Shirts would come to no considerable mileage. These shirts are custom-crafted with a full measure of devotion to ideals of quality. So they are still not too plentiful, even at the better stores to which their sale is confined.

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS by LARRY R. ENGELSON of NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA

KREML *Hair Tonic*

DOES LOTS MORE THAN KEEP HAIR LOOKING HANDSOME!



This Special Combination of Hair Grooming
Ingredients Is Found In NO OTHER Hair Tonic

Men, be smart! Take better care of the hair you've got. One of the first requisites of handsome, healthy-looking hair is a 'hygienic' scalp.

So why settle for just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the extra advantages of a HIGHLY SPECIALIZED hair tonic like KREML!



NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH GREASY GOO!

Kreml contains a special combination of hair grooming ingredients which is found in NO OTHER hair tonic. This is why it keeps hair neatly in place longer with a rich, healthy-looking lustre.

Yet Kreml never gives hair that cheap, greasy, patent leather look. It never leaves hair feeling sticky, gummy or dirty.

IS YOUR HAIR SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS?

Kreml is fine to lubricate a dry scalp. And if your hair is so dry it breaks and falls when you comb it—start using Kreml at once. Let it make your hair feel softer, more pliable and look as if it had some 'body' to it. At the same time Kreml removes itchy loose dandruff. Notice how alive—how 'HYGIENIC' your scalp feels.

So men—use Kreml every morning to have that handsome clean-cut appearance—to help keep your scalp 'HYGIENIC'!

Ask for a Kreml application at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter.



A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Listen to "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" every Monday night coast-to-coast on ABC network. See local newspaper for time.

Answers to My All-Time Favorite Puzzles

Continued from page 104

1. The bookworm consumed only a quarter of an inch. When two volumes are in order from left to right on a bookshelf, the first page of Volume I and the last page of Volume II are separated only by the two covers.

2. Twenty-nine days.

3. Six rungs would still be submerged. The ship with the ladder rises with the tide, of course!

4. The friend that Richard Roe happened to meet was a Wac lieutenant, see?

5. 1, 3, 9, 27 pounds.

6. Smith. The businessman living nearest to the engineer is named Smith, and the engineer's income is exactly a third of his. Therefore, this businessman cannot be the brakeman's namesake as the latter earns \$3500 which is not divisible by three. Hence, the brakeman's name is not Smith. Neither is the fireman's name Smith since railway man Smith beats him at billiards and so must be a person with a different name. This leaves the engineer to whom the name Smith may be correctly applied, thus answering the question.

7. If we assume that the third native told the truth about the second, then the second is lying and that makes the first a half-breed. Since two of the natives lied, there are two half-breeds,

but it was stated that there was only one half-breed, making our original assumption incorrect. Assuming the other alternative that the third native was lying, the correct conclusion is that the first and second natives are pure-blooded and the third is a half-breed.

8. A's cross was blue. He figured it this way: "If I were white, B would decide he is blue, for otherwise C would see two whites, and would leave the room. Likewise, C would know that he is blue or else B would have gone out. Since both of them stay in the room, I must be blue also."

Oh, yes, if you haven't solved the fox, goose, and corn problem, there are two ways of getting them across: He first takes the goose, returns and fetches the fox and takes back the goose. He leaves the goose at the starting point and takes over the corn, and then returns and fetches the goose. Or, for variety, he can take over the goose, return and fetch the corn, at which time he takes back the goose. Then he leaves the goose at the starting point and takes over the fox, after which he returns and fetches the goose.

Finally, the answer to HOCUS plus POCUS equals PRESTO is 92836 plus 12836 equals 105672. That's all, brother! #

DISTINCTION

The gentlemen who wear J & M shoes appreciate that certain perfection of workmanship and styling that is the result of a ceaseless effort for nearly a century to produce the nation's finest shoes.



THE KENT: Made over a custom last . . . the perfect proportions and smart appearance of this popular wing-tip oxford make it the first choice in the shoe wardrobe of well-groomed men.

THE
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
SHOE

JOHNSTON & MURPHY, NEWARK 3, N. J.

JOHNNIE WALKER

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH

BORN 1820
still going strong

On almost every traveler's lips there's a name that recurs again and again . . . Johnnie Walker. It's a name that means smoothness in any language—a golden mellowness that makes leisurely moments *memorable* moments.

JOHNNIE WALKER BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
(Red Label) Both 86.8 Proof (Black Label)

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York. *Sole Importer*

that man Sherman!
... now he's invented the

DoubleLife tie

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. APP. FOR



it's
reversible!

Like two ties for the price of one! See them right now at any wide-awake men's store from Maine to Hollywood. Just say, "show me those Sherman DoubleLife Panel Ties, \$2.50" or "those Sherman DoubleLife Panel Bows, \$2.50" or "those Sherman *Clipper Bows, \$1.50." And send for "That Man Sherman!" Free booklet, "How To Tie A Bow Tie". Pictures and everything!

Sherman Bows

1200 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



BUR-MIL* FABRICS TRAVEL FIRST CLASS

As like as not, you'll see them in the Club car, or at your Country Club.

Because suits and slacks, of BUR-MIL fabrics, lend themselves to gracious living and easy comfort.

You'll know them by the BUR-MIL label, and they say "Quality" on sight.

BUR-MIL Men's Wear fabrics are woven of rayon (sometimes blended with wool).

The cloth is cool, and kind to the touch. Wrinkle resisting, and planned for enduring wear.

Handsomely styled in lightweight clothes that are easy on the budget,

and mighty pleasing to the eye.

BURLINGTON MILLS

CORPORATION OF NEW YORK
450 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

*Registered Trade Mark



How you talk through your hat



1880 A language of hats? It goes like this. Imagine yourself driving in a silk topper. In 1880 that would have tagged you as "Mr. Big." In this 22nd year after the name Corby's came to Canada, hats were a tip on worldly position.



1923 In the "Roaring Twenties" hats recounted a new story. Headgear told the world where you were going, what you were going to do. Floppy white hats symbolized golf, when the name Corby's went into its 65th year of Canadian fame.



1935 A careful observer might well have guessed that the man sporting a suave Homburg was definitely "city"—a commuter, and probably an Easterner. Hats said much 77 years after the name Corby's first won acclaim in Canada.



1947 Hats are still talking—they are a tip on who you are, where you're from. Try to spot the hats in this group that say, "New York"—"Chicago"—"Tulsa." Regardless of how you guess in this "hat game," the name Corby's is a sure choice for a light, sociable whiskey. May we suggest that you remember this grand old Canadian name when you order your next drink? Corby's has a way of putting new enjoyment into old favorites from the bar.



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender

86 Proof- 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

Killing Power

Continued from page 53

tually been killed by such concussion and which, when examined, had not a single mark on them anywhere. The force of the bullet was so great that the concussion had the same effect as a heavy blow on the head. The late Dr. J. M. Hall, a fine sportsman all his eighty-five years, once told me of killing a heavy grizzly bear outright with a single shot by the force of concussion alone.

The neck is probably the second-best place for a killing shot. Reason: if the large veins in the neck are severed, death from hemorrhage always results, and it is almost impossible to shoot an animal in the neck without severing veins or arteries. Expert hunters favor neck shots. Of course, the neck is a small part of the animal to strike in comparison with the body, but if a man can place his shots, he can get dropping kills from the neck better than from any part of the animal, with the exception of the head.



There is a persistent belief that heart shots are the most fatal, but this is not true. There is an old man living in the Mongollon Mountains in New Mexico who will tell you graphically that it isn't. Grizzly Bob they call him, and he lives as a hermit because the whole lower half of his face is gone. He told me about it one sunny day when I sat with him on the step of his little cabin. I was one of the few men he had seen since the accident occurred nearly thirty years ago.

Bob was trailing a grizzly through some brush, and the bear backtracked on him. Bob turned to see the grizzly towering above him and just a few feet away. He was a calm man and an experienced bear hunter, so he took deliberate aim with his heavy rifle and fired at the heart of the bear. He hit what he was shooting at, too, but it didn't stop the grizzly. He plunged on, struck Bob down with one of his paws and pro-

Continued on page 162

"You'd never guess

we're towing a

roomy, comfortable

cottage!"



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES the Higgins Camp Trailer* (so compactly designed it can be up-ended and stored in your garage) opens into a comfortable dwelling for two or four. Snug, sturdy, aluminum-framed tent opens easily. Nylon screened windows and door, built-in ice box, air mattresses, lots of storage space.



NO MORE WORRY ABOUT RESERVATIONS—bring along your own week-end resort. Lightweight, steel-braced aluminum body rides without drag or sway, handles smoothly in traffic. Easy on your gas budget. Moderately priced, available now for prompt delivery. Dealers in all major cities.

*Patent Pending

Higgins
INCORPORATED "NEW ORLEANS"

**CAMP
TRAILER**

Write today!

Higgins, Inc.
Department F,
New Orleans, La.

Please send me free Camp Trailer folder and address of my nearest Higgins dealer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZO. _____ ST. _____

ARISTOCRATS OF THE PIPE RACK

SMOKE
Weber
NONE BETTER

Hand finished of rare imported briar. Unsurpassed smoking qualities. Fashioned with the new moisture-proof "Dri-Smoker" for more coolness. At better pipe shops everywhere. **\$3.50 to \$15**

No increase in price for finer quality.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Facts about
IMPORTED BRIAR PIPES"

Illustrated is the Poker, Old Standard \$3.50

C. B. WEBER & CO. • Manufacturers • 140 CATOR AVE., JERSEY CITY 5, N. J.

IN PARIS... DINNER ENDS WITH

MARIE BRIZARD

FRENCH LIQUEURS

Famous since 1755

Where gracious living prevails, these world's finest Liqueurs by Marie Brizard add an incomparable French accent... superb after dinner, delicious in highballs, cocktails or frappé.



Apry—Apricot Liqueur: 80 proof. Anisette: 50 proof. Creme de Cacao: 50 proof. Blackberry: 60 proof. Menthe Brizard (green or white): 60 proof. Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Killing Power

Continued from page 161

ceeded to maul him. Several hours later when the two were found, the bear was dead, the man almost dead. The bear had been shot right through the heart, yet that hadn't kept him from completing the charge and mauling the hunter.

I think that the fatal effects of a heart shot depend pretty largely upon two things; namely, which part of the heart is penetrated by the bullet and whether that part of the heart is empty or full of blood at the time.

As a general thing, however, a heart shot is fatal; immediately in some cases, very quickly in others. It is only the exception when the heart-shot animal gets away, or charges its attacker, as did Grizzly Bob's bear. The difficulty of the heart shot, of course, is that the heart is not a large object to shoot at, and that if it is missed, and the animal is merely shot through the lungs, fatal results may not come at all, and the animal may get away to die a lingering death miles in the wilds.

The old-time buffalo hunters always used to shoot the first animal of the herd in the lungs. They invariably selected a cow for the purpose. Ordinarily she would not fall from the shot, but would instead brace herself and stand, pinkish blood flowing through her

mouth and nostrils. The other animals, smelling this, would begin to mill around, an easy prey for the hide hunters. I have seen deer and elk go for several hundred yards after being fairly shot through the lungs, if no bones were broken when the bullet passed through. They leave a trail of blood, which is the only good thing about such a shot.

A shot through the digestive region of the animal's body or through the intestines is not always immediately fatal either, though it might be, because the nerves supplying the stomach and intestines originate from the semi-lunar ganglia, the largest in the body. If these are sufficiently shocked by the bullet, they check or even stop the action of the heart.

Injuries to the limbs of four-legged animals sometimes do not impede the escape of the animal very much. Most hunters have had the experience of trying to run down a three-legged deer, or even a jack rabbit with one of its legs hanging helpless. I once saw an antelope with a broken leg actually outrun two fast saddle horses, and get away. These are the kinds of things hunters do not like to experience.

I am inclined to think that most bungling jobs of killing animals



Gale & Lord, Inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.



CRAMERTON MILLS, A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION

can be traced to the rifleman, rather than to the rifle. The man who goes deer hunting, for instance, sees not a particular portion of the deer, but the deer. It's a large target, roughly two-by-four feet in size. He shoots at the target, instead of at a vulnerable part. Result: he hits the deer too low, or he merely breaks a leg, or he shoots too far back, and the deer gets away. A man who kills game animals has a much more difficult job than one who shoots at a target, for the animal hunter's target is measured by inches, not feet.

An old frontiersman in Wyoming once outlined to me a sound theory about merciful hunting. He told me he believed that no man should ever take the field unless he could hit an eight-inch bull's-eye at 200 yards, for that is the size of the target that a man has when he goes hunting, regardless of how large the animal is; about an eight-inch vital region, whether in the head, the neck or the heart, is all you have to shoot at. If

your psychology and training have involved hitting an object which is fully two-feet-by-four in size, you naturally are not going to look for a target that is only eight inches.

If a man wants to hunt, it is his humane duty to learn where these vital regions are, and then, in his practice, learn how to hit them. Of course, if he is shooting at an animal, it is only natural that occasionally he will become nervous and not pay as much attention to this small spot as if he were shooting at a target. Furthermore, some shots are at impossible angles. But if a hunter is humane, if he is a sportsman, he will pass every opportunity that

doesn't give him a chance to hit one of the vital spots. He won't just shoot because there is an animal to shoot at—he will wait until he is fairly sure that when he does shoot, he will hit a vital zone that will result in instant, painless death.

A man who will not do that is not a sportsman. #

Continued from page 53



"Oh, I'm sorry—we were looking for the billiard room"

PERSONNALLY Speaking:

"Zese blades give more encores zan I do!"

words and pictures by

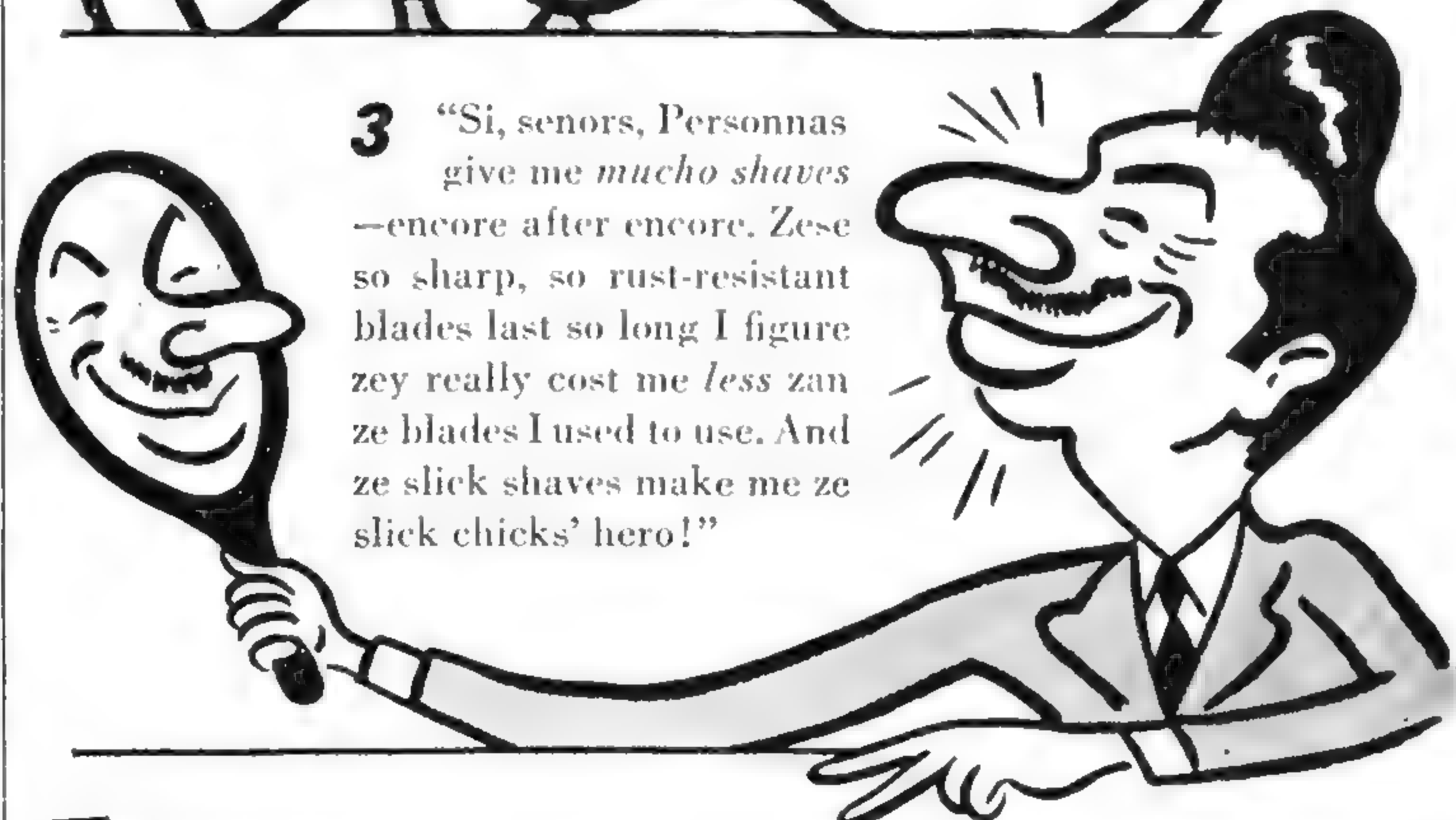
XAVIER CUGAT

the Rhumba King

1 "When zey said, 'Latins are lousy lovers,' zey meant *me*—Cugat! Why? Ah, senors, it was ze whiskairs. Ze senoritas, zey no like my scratchy face. Even my fiddle said 'Ouch!'...I could play only ze blues!"



2 "Zen I discovaird Personna...and ze Personna 'conga shave'—one, two, three, *quick!*...one, two, three, *slick!* Now I am ze smoothie...ze satin Latin. Wiz Personna's smooth shaves, I play second fiddle to nobody!"



3 "Si, senors, Personnas give me *mucho shaves*—encore after encore. Zese so sharp, so rust-resistant blades last so long I figure zey really cost me *less* zan ze blades I used to use. And ze slick shaves make me ze slick chicks' hero!"

Twice as many shaves guaranteed!

Yes, if you don't get twice as many smoother shaves from Personna than from your present blades...we'll buy you *two packs* of any other blade. That's a *guarantee!* Buy Personna for the smoothest shaves of your life!



now! single edge and double edge

10 for \$1

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

Personna Blades are made in the U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and South America, and are sold all over the world.

FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY

10 KARAT GOLD

MEN'S JEWELRY
by Forstner

Key Chain and Tie Holder
At Leading Jewelers

Forstner
Look for this Trade Mark

*There's nothing more beautiful
than Snake Chain.*

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, IRVINGTON 11, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.



"LET'S BE FRIENDS"

When you offer a man a Dutch Masters, it's just like saying, "Let's be friends." For when two smokers share the treasured company of truly great cigars, a single match can light a life-long friendship.

DUTCH MASTERS

Pictures of Ernie

Continued from page 50

cold, but approved of the sunsets, which he said reminded him of New Mexico. He had no way of communicating with the inhabitants, and slight interest in them. This isolation and homesickness, which he shared with most of the soldiers, probably helped him understand them, and they him when they read his stuff, clipped from the home-town papers and mailed out to them by their relatives. To Ernie it was a misfortune just not to be in the United States. The only photo of him in Oran in the *Album* shows him against a white, featureless wall, alone.

We used to go foraging for Algerian brandy and a colorless intoxicant labeled "Gin" that reminded me of the horrors of 1926. Ernie kept most of his share for his Army friends. He wasn't drinking much at that stage. He was a generous roommate. We had a double bed and an Army cot in the room. Most of the officers and correspondents slept two in a bed, reserving the cot for an overnight visitor from the field. Ernie, although he was ill, insisted on sleeping on the cot and leaving the whole bed to me because I was big and fat. One time Lowell Bennett, a youngster working for INS, came back from the young front in Tunisia and stopped over at Oran on his way out. The

Grand was crowded, so he moved in with us. The "dash to Tunis" that the papers had talked about early in November had slowed down to a crawl, a standstill and latterly a withdrawal, and Bennett was gloomy about what he had seen at the front. Ernie, after listening to Bennett, thought maybe the whole expedition was a mistake. He said to me: "Fellows like Bill Lang (a *Life* correspondent who had been on the *Rangitiki*) and you, who have roots in Europe, can work up a real hate about this thing, but I can't. When you figure how many boys are going to get killed, what's the use of it anyway?"

War for him meant not adventure, as for Bob Casey, a crusade, as for Bill Stoneman, an enthrallment, as it did for Hemingway, or a chance to be a prima donna or get away from the sports department, as for a number of other fellows. He treated it as unalleviated misfortune. For him it was also escape from an insoluble personal problem, but I don't think he admitted that even to himself. Certainly he didn't talk about it. Miller, whom Ernie used to refer to as his best friend, tells more of the correspondent's inner trouble than any of us ever guessed. He is able to do so now because Ernie's wife Jerry survived the little fel-

Prepare for Pleasure

MILLER BEEWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

low by only a few months. She had gone through psychological crises for years; before leaving the United States in 1942 he had divorced her in "a desperate attempt to shock Jerry out of her melancholy and irresponsibility." —which failed. Ernie's stuff was drenched in unrecognized self-pity that found an outlet as pity for his subjects. The individual reader retransmuted this into pity for himself. You can see how this works if you get down your copy of Hans Christian Andersen's story, *The Poor Little Match Girl*, and read it over again. I have always had a feeling that Dickens, in the deaths of young Dombey and Little Nell, faked the pity, but that Andersen didn't. Ernie didn't either. While still in Africa, Ernie remarried Jerry by proxy. She didn't get well then either.

Ill or well, Ernie had to keep a steady supply of columns flowing across the Atlantic to the office of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance in Washington. He had to have a three weeks' supply of them "on the bank" ahead of him. The only argument we ever had at Oran was about Scripps-Howard. I used to kid him about Roy Howard and Miller himself, whom I had once met at the Press Club in Washington. Miller handled Ernie's copy at the other end. One day Ernie said, "To show you how much I trust them: I haven't seen a check from Scripps-Howard

in seven years. They just deposit the money in the bank for me and I get it when I want it." I said, "Well, the first thing you do when and if you get home is look in that bank, because I bet you've been overdrawn ever since you left America." He was hurt.

When he first went to Africa he was bent on doing just features about fringes of the war. "We can't beat the spot-news fellows with the straight news stuff anyway," he used to say, "so why should we go in and get ourselves hurt?" As a magazine correspondent, I agreed with him. But I think both of us knew that we would be unable to preserve our cautious resolution. For one thing a fellow feels ashamed. For another he wants to move forward far enough to see better. For a third, once he has been up sending stories from the front, his home office declines to be satisfied with rear-area stories. I moved from Oran to Algiers and in a few days Ernie followed. Then I went off into Tunisia and he went to a B-17 base at Biskra, whence he made a long airplane trip to Central Africa and return just to get warm, a long detour on the way to his vocation. He landed on the front some time during February, and the first time I saw him in 1943 was after Kasserine Pass. He had been there and returned to Algiers and he was mighty mad. When the posthumous book of

Continued on page 166



You're asking for
A GOOD SOCK...



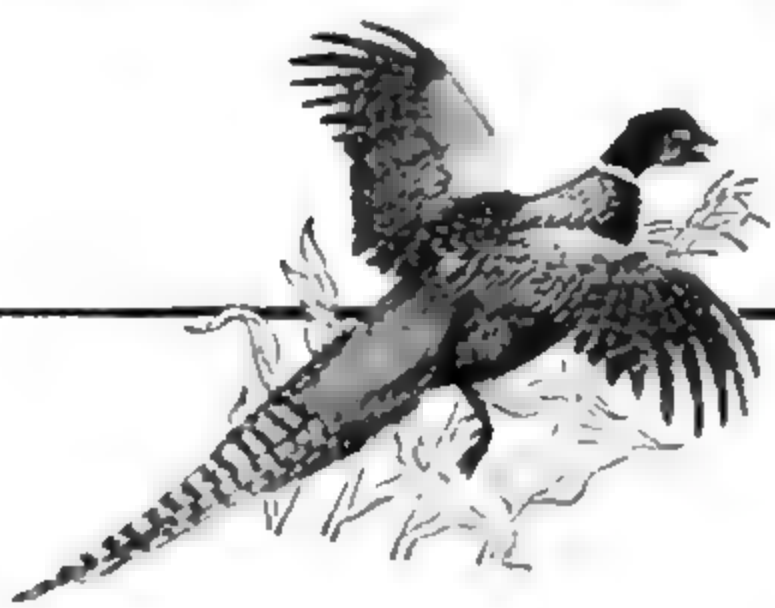
WHEN YOU ASK FOR WESTMINSTER—

Spring tonics for your wardrobe. Light, bright, fast colors in handsome designs of long wearing, precision knit yarns.

Westminster

F A M O U S A M E R I C A N S O C K S

**"There's something
about a Sportsman"**



English Bulldog shape

This pipe is extremely popular—especially among seasoned smokers who prefer choice tobaccos blended to their own educated tastes.

From \$5 to \$15, at better stores. Write for booklet illustrating available shapes and styles. Address Dept E-1, John Hudson Moore, Inc., 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

SPORTSMAN
Champion of Pipes

A COWBOY'S OUTFIT IS

Functional



Jockey Underwear is

Functional



**THERE'S ONLY
ONE JOCKEY**

It's a Brand...
It's a Trade Mark...
It's Made By

From his ten gallon hat to his high-heeled boots, the cowboy's outfit is functional. It provides body protection *plus* freedom of action.

Jockey Underwear, too, is functional. Its exclusive Y-Front gives buoyant, scientific support... freedom of action without chafing or binding. Only Jockey has the *friendly* cradled pouch, convenient No-Gap opening, streamlined fit and bulkless crotch. Treat yourself to healthful, masculine support—smoother comfort... insist on the "functional" fit of Jockey Underwear. Buyers of substitutes realize that old friends are best and will welcome increasing Jockey production.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Underwear·Sportswear·Hosiery

Licenses for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Voilmoeller



Pictures of Ernie

Continued from page 165

Ernie's pieces, called *Last Chapter*, appeared a while ago, a number of stuffed-shirt reviewers, aiming a backhander at returned correspondents who criticized the brass, said that Ernie never took issue with his betters or presumed to question their strategic judgment. They should have seen the pieces he wrote after Kasserine— and which were censored. "Never were so few commanded so badly by so many," is one line I remember his showing me. After Kasserine he was caught up in the conveyor belt. The rest of his story would write itself. He had identified his lot with the infantrymen he had seen in the hills, and he would have the infantryman's full experience. It wasn't that he lived in the front lines for long at a time. He would go up for a couple of days and then come back to a press camp to write his stories. But if you keep going up you have a good chance of getting it. The compulsive habit that he acquired in February, 1943, didn't kill him until April, 1945. The life expectancy of a rifleman in an infantry division, dating from first action, is of course a great deal shorter.

After Africa, I didn't see Ernie again until about May, 1944, before D-day. I became one of his five tentmates at a little place called Vouilly in Normandy in

late June, just after Cherbourg and before St. Lô. In the year since Africa he had been in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns and back home, and he knew how big a figure he had become in the United States. But the discovery had not affected his unassuming kindness. I thought then that he clung to his homespun manner the way a baseball player hangs on to a lucky bat, but that was probably unkind. I think now that he just didn't have any other manner—that if he hadn't been born into his honest Hoosier character (and for all I know he had), he had at least grown into it so solidly that he couldn't change. We all knew that he was the only correspondent whose name counted, and if we had had any doubts the troops would have resolved them. The only question they ever asked us about correspondents was, "Do you know Ernie Pyle?" The Army was paying a supplementary ten dollars a month to combat infantrymen, and they gave Ernie credit for getting it for them. They used to yell after his jeep to thank him for the "Ernie Pyle bill." As a matter of fact Ernie used to boil at the meanness of that ten-buck raise. He had wanted them to have a lot more, and he thought that the Congressman who had sneaked in

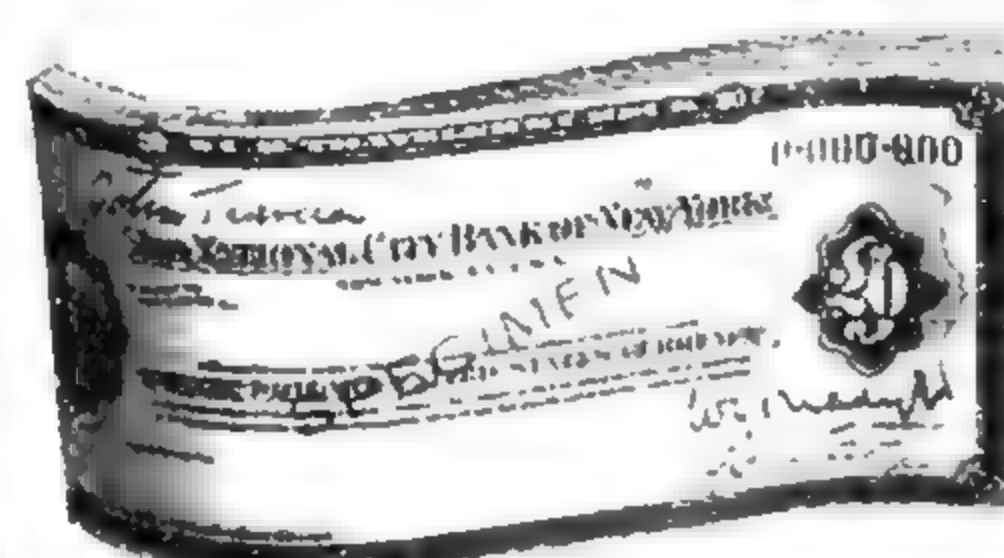


**Don't fool with your travel funds
protect them with**

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Don't risk the theft or loss of your travel money — take NCB Travelers Checks with you on your next trip. Air, rail, bus, and ship lines... hotels, restaurants, garages and stores, welcome them — like cash. Thieves and pickpockets avoid them.

Here's the reason... you sign them when you buy them... this makes them your personal money. You countersign them when you wish to spend them. This turns the checks into cash. You can spend them like cash—get your change in cash. You get full refund for checks that are lost or stolen.



This protection, backed by the prestige of America's greatest world-wide bank—is yours at a cost of 75¢ per \$100. In denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. buy them at your bank or travel agent.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

NCB travelers checks, safe, spendable everywhere!

that ten-dollar legislation had done it to forestall a really equitable infantryman's pay bill which Ernie was working for. Still the cheers pleased him.

His nerves had been pretty well frazzled by experiences in Italy, and he had acquired a robust affection for alcohol as an easier-upper. At Beja in Tunisia, in the last phase of the African campaign, I had acquired a few bottles of British Army Scotch, but Ernie would accept only one drink every evening, just before he turned in. At Vouilly he was a lot different. We had a number of French kids working around the press camp as combination water-carriers, *valets de chambre* and foragers, and Ernie used to drive them out to look for calvados and eggs. He would fry the eggs with bacon over a Coleman stove in the mornings, creating a smoke smudge behind which you could have deployed a battalion of tanks. He had a belief, nurtured by reading advertisements, that the smell of frying bacon is delightful to the American nostril, but one day when I brought back some Camembert cheese from Bayeux which was not quite done enough to my taste, and put it under my cot to ripen, Ernie professed that it had an unpleasant odor. He sneaked it out while I was asleep, and when I went out next morning to the tree on which we hung our shaving mirror I found the cheese

at the foot of it. That would not have been so bad if there hadn't been a couple of dogs around camp to whom that tree was a landmark. There is a picture of Ernie and the tree in Miller's book. Ernie worked on the calvados in the evenings. For several nights after Cherbourg he would demonstrate just how he had walked down the middle of the street between two soldiers of the Ninth Division during the street fighting, ducking into doorways and flattening out next to curbs to escape machine-gun bursts.

Also, the knowledge that he was a national figure had given him a feeling of responsibility. One night, when a number of us were drinking, he told a story, a pretty funny one, too, I thought. A few fellows laughed, and then somebody said, "Why, Ernie! There are millions of readers in the United States who think you're a saint of God. What would happen if they knew you told dirty stories?" It disconcerted him. Also he used to complain about the slowness of Lester Cowan, the Hollywood producer who had bought the movie rights to Ernie's book—the one that was eventually to become *The Story of G.I. Joe*—"Not because I give a damn, but because it would mean so much to the infantry." He was much concerned over who would play Ernie Pyle in the picture:

Continued on page 168

BRUGAL RUM

Famous in the West

Indies - Since 1888

IN GOLD LABEL
& WHITE LABEL
86 PROOF



"The Rum with the Richer Flavor"

BACK of every drop of Brugal Rum is a proud family tradition, born over half a century ago. As a result, quality has always been foremost. That is why connoisseurs have paid it honor after honor. You, too, will acclaim the richer flavor that it imparts to any drink.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Fol-o-thru
BY HOLLYWOOD ROGUE

SKILL makes a ten-strike...
skill makes this new shirt, Fol-o-Thru,
a winner for casual living... the
California way.

"Something wonderful happens when
you wear clothes made in California."

For the name of your nearest dealer, write dept. E-5

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR CORP.

1041 NORTH HIGHLAND AVENUE • HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA



"That Stops Me!"

"When Bob told me his new Kohinoor shirts and slacks were washable, I was dumbfounded! I never would have dared wash so fine a fabric in soap and water." *Your* wife is due for the same shock when you show her your luxurious, washable Kohinoor sportswear. It's the greatest fabric achievement in a generation.
At good stores, or write.



**80% spun rayon
20% virgin wool
*Shrinkage
not more than 1%

YOU'RE REALLY DRESSED-UP IN SHIRTSLEEVES WITH SHIRTS AND SLACKS OF
KOHINOOR
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
AMERICA'S FIRST VAT DYED, SANFORIZED*, WASHABLE RAYON-WOOL BLEND**
LESEM BACH & CO., INC., 257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Pictures of Ernie

Continued from page 167

sometimes he didn't think that Burgess Meredith would be just right. We would suggest Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Vic Mature, or anybody else we thought peculiarly inappropriate; I once suggested Johnny Weissmuller, and if he wasn't available, Conn McCreary, the lightweight jockey. Sometimes he would talk solemnly of the great and (according to him) unmerited appreciation that had come to him. "Why, take that Captain Waskow story that they ran all over the front page of the *Washington News*," he said once when his boy had found him an extra ration of newborn applejack, "editorials compared it to the Bible. The funny part of that is, I never did like the writing in the Bible." Soldiers often came from outfits far up the line with gripes to lay before him, as if he could remedy abuses by speaking directly to General Bradley. I think that he actually did go to bat now and then. He was always on the soldiers' side, but he was a bit fine-grained, without physical health, and their coarseness sometimes revolted him. I remember him bawling out one drunken Army cook for obscenity and asking him how many times a week he wrote to his wife. The cook said his wife was an obscenity and he never wrote to her. Ernie

bawled him out some more, and the cook cried. Sometimes he said things that surprised you. One day we were talking about a fellow none of us liked much who had just been killed, and I deferred to convention enough to say he had been a nice guy. "Nonsense," said Ernie, "a sonofabitch is a sonofabitch even if he's dead."

The last time I saw him was outside the door of the Hotel Scribe in Paris, on about the third day we were in town. The Luftwaffe had come over the night before and given Paris a pasting for a farewell present, not nearly as severe a pasting as it had given London many a time in 1940, but still a pasting. Ernie, who had lived through those London blitzes with nerve unshaken, admitted that he had no insides left on that morning in Paris. He said he was going home as soon as he could get transportation. I left a couple of packages of perfume at the Scribe for him to take to girls in the Ministry of Information at London, and he delivered them. One of the girls wrote me: "A fragile messenger arrived—"

When, months later, I heard he was going to the Pacific, I couldn't help remembering, "Fragile." There are some fellows that you know all along are going to get killed. But Griff was a surprise. ‡

Continued from page 50

SPEAS Apple BRANDY

eclipses them all



**STRAIGHT
BRANDY
86.5 Proof**

SPEAS COMPANY • SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.

The Lost Blend

Continued from page 92

of the shop and if you were an old and favorite customer (I worked very hard to become one) and you just happened to drop in about ten of an evening, you might be invited to have a cup of coffee and a cake. On the walls of the shop were shelves filled with empty pasteboard containers, white with red and blue stripes. A reproduction of the tricolor of France was on each box. Of course, if you knew your business you bought your coffee in a paper bag tied in red and white string and saved two cents a pound. I knew my business.

The coffee of Evariste Courtade became famous. William Gillette insisted that it be sent to him wherever he went. Sarah Bernhardt had it served to her in her dressing room at the Empire. Otis Skinner tried and adopted it. So did the elder Morgan.

The fame of the Courtade coffee spread and one day there came to the little shop on Greenwich Avenue a Frenchman who addressed M. Courtade, not as a coffee merchant, but as an artist. He had come to this country for the express purpose of seeing M. Courtade, and of buying the famous formula. M. Courtade was polite but firm. The secret of the blend was not for sale. M. Courtade thanked him for the

compliment. It was a long way to come for a refusal. The price was not discussed. Would Monsieur have a cup of coffee.

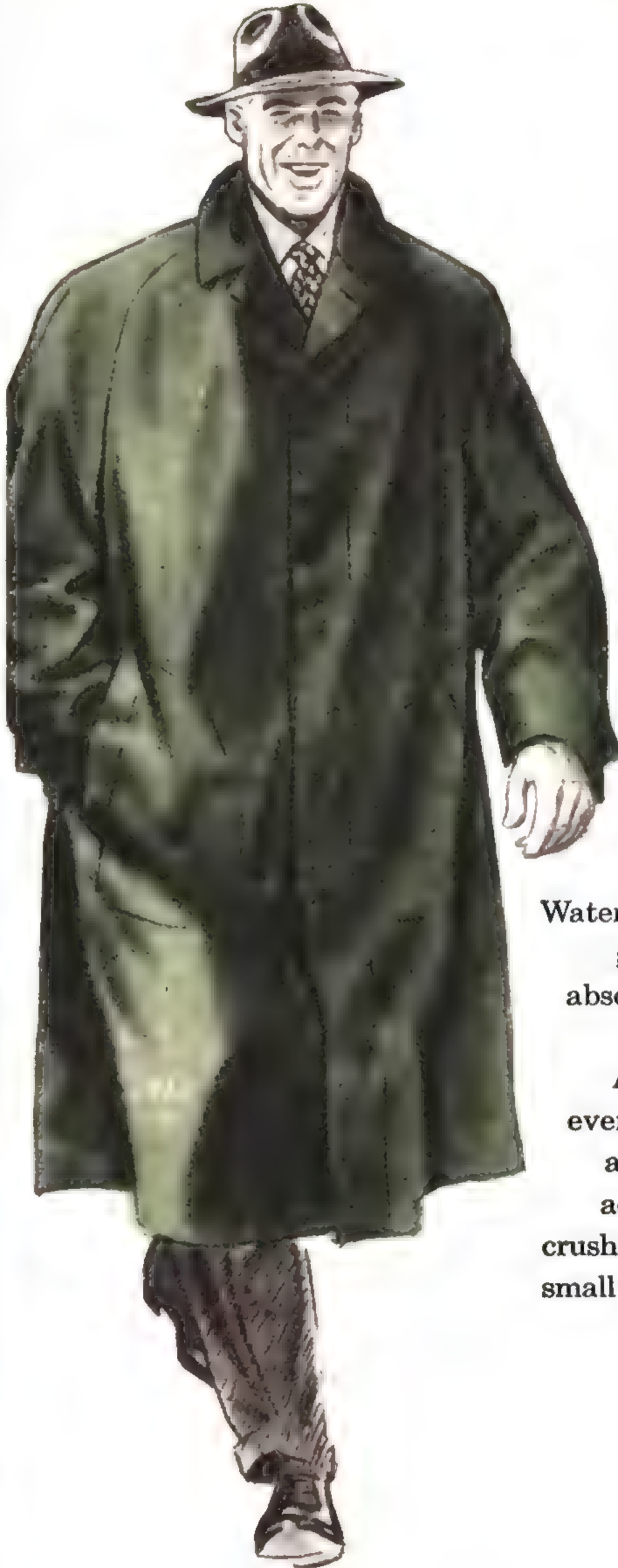
Then M. Courtade died. His coffee had been his life. He left to his wife and baby daughter but one substantial heritage—the formula of the secret blend. Widow Courtade carried on the little business. Of course she knew the formula. She knew how he worked for she had worked with him so many years. The coffee and the shop were the same as always, only M. Courtade was not there.

Years passed. It was an age of consolidations and combinations. There was a Great Food Products Combine, and the executives wished to choose a coffee which would add luster to the advertisements—advertisements which would speak well of American industry and appreciation of the continental arts. Another visitor came to the shop. He looked impressive, well-dressed—perhaps too well-dressed. His linen almost too white—almost as white as the card that bore the ponderous name of T. Emerson Holcomb III and, "Special Representative, Great Food Products Combine." Mme. Courtade listened politely and shook her head. No, the blend was not for sale! Yes, she realized that five thousand

Continued on page 170



I own TWO
ALLIGATOR Waterproofs
because . . .



Always prepared . . .
Always protected . . .

ALLIGATOR Waterproof

You'll be singing in the rain in your Alligator Waterproof . . . because it's guaranteed to keep you absolutely dry in drizzle or downpour! Exclusive Alligator processing fills every fibre of the fabric . . . and locked seams are an added plus. It's rollable, crushable, pliable, packable in small space! And great value!

There's an Alligator in a Style and Price for You!

You'll find waterproof and water repellent Alligator raincoats in a variety of styles . . . Choose yours today! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

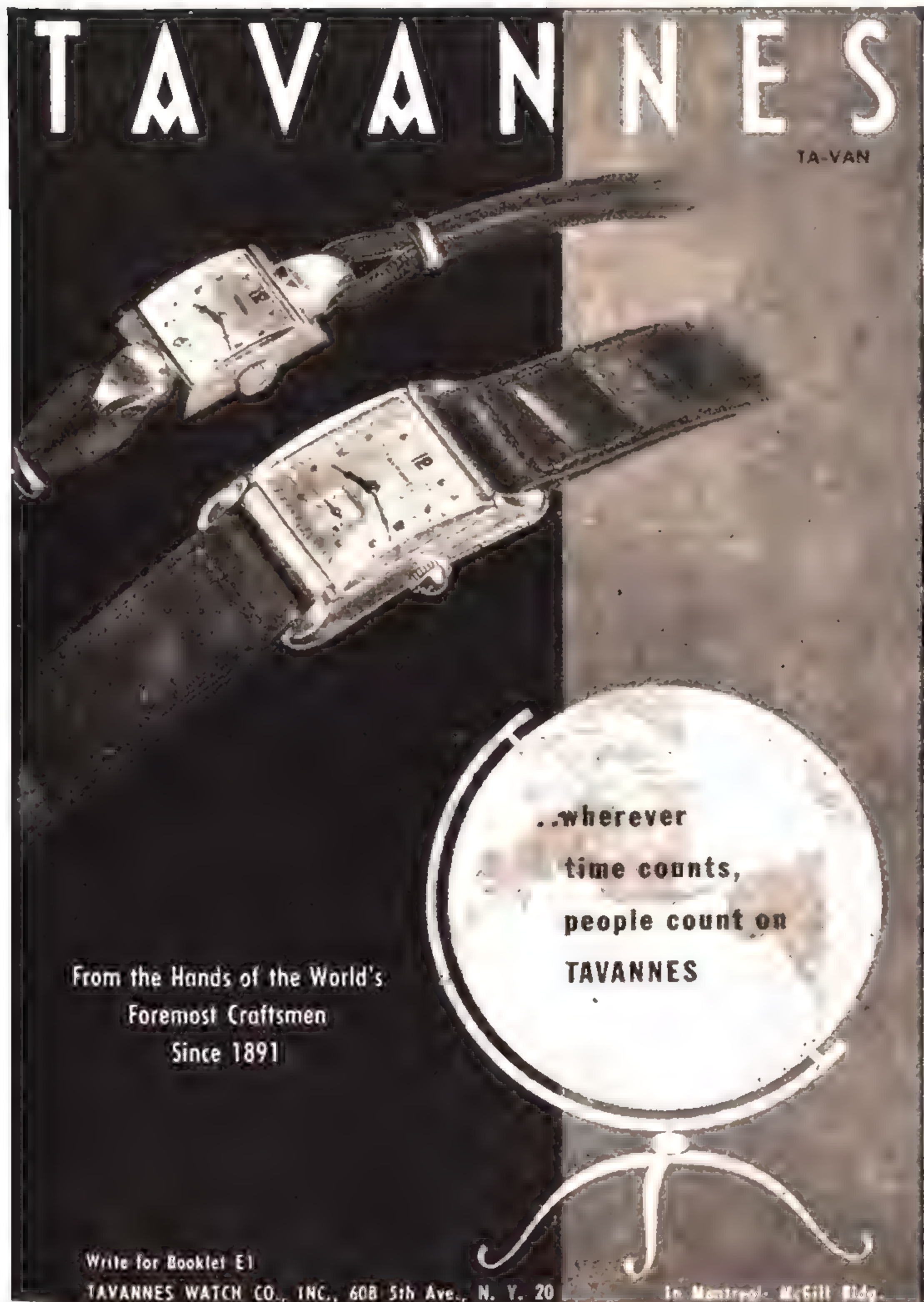
BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

TAVANNES

TA-VAN



From the Hands of the World's
Foremost Craftsmen
Since 1891

Write for Booklet E1
TAVANNES WATCH CO., INC., 608 5th Ave., N. Y. 20
In Montreal: McGill Bldg.

...wherever
time counts,
people count on
TAVANNES



My Stock's Gone Up

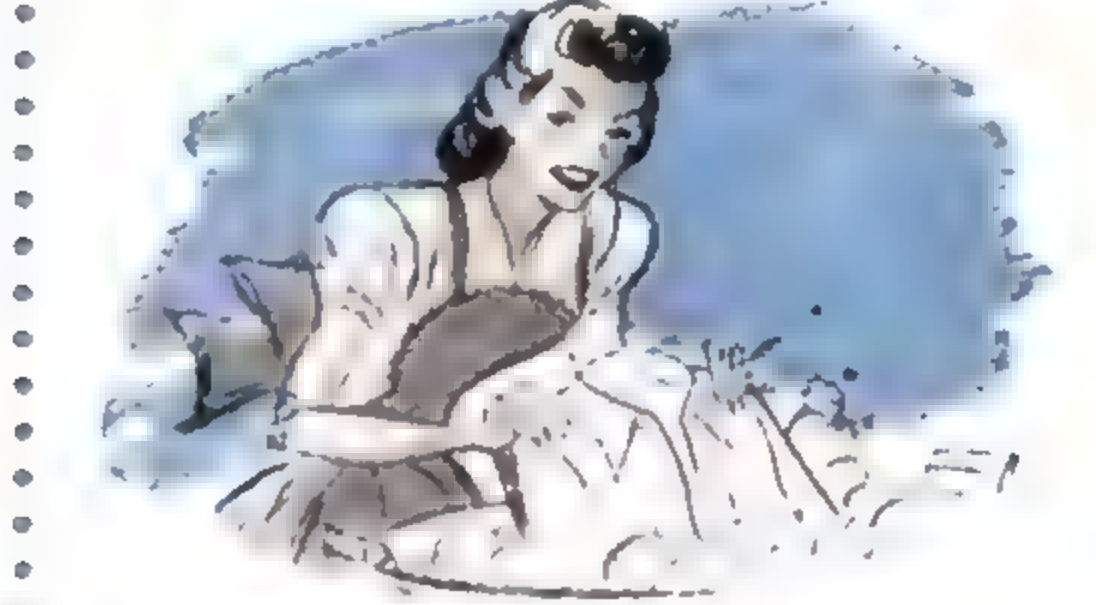
since Reliance proved
to me fine shirts need
not be expensive!



Investment in Comfort—when I discovered *Reliance* shirts have a new *contour* collar designed to really fit a man's neck! Neither tight nor loose—this new idea in collars assures trim, comfortable fit, and smart, neat appearance.



Dividend in Good Looks—because, besides that handsome collar, *Reliance* built in the smooth shoulder fit, the full-cut freedom, the meticulous styling and needling you expect in a really good shirt. Yes sir, *Reliance* is top value!



Little Woman Approves Buy—“I haven't seen such grand fabrics since before the war!” she said. “And that Sanforized label means you're sure of less than 1% shrinkage in washing . . . long lasting satisfaction!”



Advance in Buttons—they're sewed to stay on! Strongly sewn seams, too. Another proof of the satisfaction you'll find in your *Reliance* Shirts! In a variety of smart patterns and white—today's best buy!



Yes, millions of men are discovering it pays to buy *Reliance* shirts, shorts, pajamas and sportswear. The quality of every

Reliance garment is laboratory-controlled. The fine fabrics are tested for washability, color-fastness, sturdiness. The cutting, tailoring, all “detailing” are rigidly supervised, and the finished product minutely inspected. You'll find the prices surprisingly low for such premium quality. *Rely on Reliance*—ask your dealer for this fine men's wear by name.



Reliance

SHIRTS
SHORTS PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR

Reliance Manufacturing Co. • Chicago • New York

The Lost Blend

Continued from page 169

dollars was a great deal of money. She was sorry, the blend was not for sale.

The agent was persistent. The price was of very little object. There was to be a great advertising campaign. If only they could get what they wanted—the formula and the publicity release.

The very story of the house of Courtade would make advertising copy for a generation. The offer was raised from five to ten thousand dollars, to twenty-five thousand, but Widow Courtade only shook her head.

“But,” said Mr. Holcomb, “you know coffee blending. You know that a good coffee taster and blender can duplicate any blend. But it would be particularly nice to use your name and the story. That's all.”

But Widow Courtade was obstinate. “You can imitate the blend,” she said, “if you can.”

So the Great Food Combine decided to do just that. They had twenty-two coffee tasters. They chose six—six master blenders—men who took care of their palates carefully and meticulously, as a great pianist takes care of his hands. These six took rooms at L'Escarot. They brought their own coffees—their own coffee machines—even their own spittoons, which looked for all the world

like hourglasses the size of umbrella stands. They stayed in these rooms for a week. They ordered Café Spécials by the dozens. They tried to match them. They sniffed and they tasted, sniffed and tasted endlessly. Every afternoon Mr. Holcomb would arrive and ask, “How are you gentlemen getting on?” On the fifth day one of the tasters turned angrily to him and said, “Oh, get out!” And at the end of that week the six experts could agree on but two things: they could not imitate the blend of Evariste Courtade, and the coffee of Evariste Courtade was better.

The story should end here, but unfortunately it does not. One day in November, 1930, New York was shocked to read that a building had collapsed and that five people had been killed. Among the five were Widow Courtade and her daughter. I knew it almost at once because I stopped there that afternoon to buy coffee and all that I found was a mass of brick and great horror. It was a big sensation in the afternoon newspapers. By morning it was page twelve in the *Times*.

I went over to L'Escarot and spoke to M. Raymond. “Yes,” said he, “it is a great calamity. The Courtades were not just coffee merchants. They had become per-



This “V”
tosses out
Discomfort



YOU get dramatic action in baseball when a runner is trapped between bases. Your own regular exercise—golf, tennis or other sports—may be less strenuous. But you still need the protection of a supporter. Enjoy *comfort-in-action* with the new-style Johnson & Johnson Supporter.

Its V-FRONT* construction won't bind—gives feather-touch fit. Its *lifting* action keeps the pouch in place—so it will not slip down and back between the legs where it might chafe. So comfortable it makes supporter-wearing a pleasant routine. Reduces fatigue, too.

Made by Johnson & Johnson—a name that has meant quality for fifty years. Sold at drug and sporting goods stores. TRUMP and TUXEDO for all-purpose use. RUGBY with 6-inch waistband for greater abdominal support. Write to Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J., for descriptive circular.

*Patent pending

Johnson & Johnson

ALL-ELASTIC

V-FRONT SUPPORTERS

sonages. Had they been in France, the government would have decorated them."

It was the story of a family. "I don't know," M. Raymond went on, "just what we are going to do. We have only enough coffee to last us through Saturday. Let me give you a pound." I thanked him. It was a lovely gift.

I came into the card room at L'Escargot on Monday evening and sat down. M. Raymond pulled up a chair opposite me. "Look," he said, "I don't know what will happen. Yesterday we had complaints in this room about the coffee. It was the first time in twenty-five years. Not one complaint—three or four. Isn't that so, Louis?"

And so from time to time I would drop over to L'Escargot to pass the time of day with M. Raymond, and he would say to me, "How is your coffee these days?" I would tell him not very good, and ask how his was. He would just shrug his shoulders.

A couple of months later I was invited over to L'Escargot to have luncheon with M. Raymond. He was always a perfect host, but this luncheon seemed to be an occasion. I suspected, but I didn't know. Finally the coffee arrived. M. Raymond's face lit up. The coffee was in the familiar retorts. There was a reminiscent bouquet. I am afraid I sipped it greedily. I tried it again and

looked at him questioningly. He too, was tasting his coffee. He put the cup down and shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't quite," he asked, "is it?" I would have given much to contradict him but that would have been foolish. "Well, can't you?" I asked. "You're awfully close." He shook his head. "I don't suppose anyone but a Frenchman," he went on, "would have bothered. I felt sure that they had written the formula down somewhere—perhaps on a scrap of paper or something. So I looked myself as they cleared out the ruins of that old Greenwich Avenue building and then on Thursday I found a little red memorandum book, dog-eared and dirty, and there was the formula. I have tried it again and again. I won't succeed, I know. The formula has everything—everything except... a little of this and a little of that—and Evariste Courtaud."

Mary looked up at me. "You're a goop," she said. "Why didn't you tell me this years ago? How was I to know that I was competing with perfection?" She had put on her coat and hat. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"Over to Greenwich Avenue. I noticed a new little shop there a couple of days ago. The only thing they sell is coffee. After all," she added as she closed the door, "the least I can do is try, isn't it?" #

Continued from page 92



DAD'S PIPE DREAMS COME TRUE.. with a *Bryson*

FOR FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 15

\$3.50

With Extra Bowl

You will really be giving Dad 2 pipes as every Bryson gift box contains an "extra" bowl...to insure double enjoyment. The Bryson is smartly designed in modern duraluminum to form a distinctive pipe that always gives a cool, delightful smoke.



THE BRIARWOOD CORPORATION
Palo Alto • California



COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN Sparkling Burgundy

renowned
round
the
world

Cook's Imperial has never compromised with quality...its excellence is due to unhurried natural fermentation in the bottle.

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, MO. • EST. 1859

COOK'S Imperial American Wines—
Table Wines: Rhine, Sauternes, Chablis, Claret, Burgundy • Dessert Wines: Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel

...FOR THE MAN WHO DEMANDS PERFECTION



Fashioned of fine gabardines, doeskins, flannels, coverts and tropical worsteds... in new California Desert colors.

Wherever fine clothes are seen, you will always find the best dressed men in Gilbert of California slacks. Superbly tailored, skilfully cut and draped from choice wools, Gilbert slacks are especially designed to make the easy, casual California way of life your own. At fine men's shops and department stores everywhere. Write for name of nearest store.

Gilbert
OF CALIFORNIA

A CALIFORNIA CREATOR

2209 SOUTH SAN PEDRO STREET • LOS ANGELES 11, CALIFORNIA

Jungle Justice

Continued from page 95

George, "is *The Lion and the Mouse*. This is a smack title. The reason it's a smack title is because it just so happens that those are the names of the leading characters. Like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, see. That was a smack title."

"What's the story?" asked the producer.

The producer's yes man said, "How about the story, fellows?"

"I'd like to hear it too," said the unidentified individual.

"Give him the story, George," said the second scenarist.

"Okay. I'll have to recapture the mood again. I was just going good when I was interrupted." Turning to the secretary, he said, "Where was I?"

"Well, there's a lion, see. King of the jungle beasts," she read from her notes. "He's—"

"Yes. Well, go back and visualize this primeval jungle, build up this primitive background, and a lot of business. And then we come to the sockeroo part—"

"That's what I'm interested in," said the producer. "The sockeroo part."

"Now the sockeroo part is this," said George. "Here's this lion, see. He's all in. He's layin' there in the jungle, this primeval jungle, panting, all shot to hell, see. Maybe he's been chasing a giraffe or an elephant or something off stage. I

don't know. We can fill that in later. Anyway, he's laying there under a tree, probably a banyan tree, kind of dozing off, getting a few winks of shut-eye after this tough experience he's had, when some mice come along and start horsing around. Well, one of 'em wakes him up. So this lion sticks out his paw and grabs this mouse and is just about to slam the living daylight out of this mouse when this mouse looks up and squeals. He thinks it's curtains for him. He—"

Pete said, "The audience thinks it's curtains, too."

"This mouse figures it's curtains, all right. But he says, 'Look, pal. I didn't mean any harm. Honest. Lay off, will you? After all, life's a funny proposition,' he says. 'Maybe the time'll roll around when I can do you a favor. What do you say? I got a wife and a couple o' kids to support.' So this lion laughs. He gets a tremendous wallop out of the idea that a little punk mouse like this can ever be any use to him—him, the king of the primeval forests. On the other hand, this lion figures, what the hell. Still laughin', he raises his paw and lets this mouse go. And now, Mr. Fowler, here comes the real sockeroo. It isn't any time at all before this lion gets himself tangled up in a

Old Fitzgerald

BOTTLED
IN BOND



OLD FASHIONED
but still in style

Bouquet is the soul of Old Fitzgerald flavor. This fusion of fragrance and taste lends added pleasure to this deliciously different, old fashioned bourbon.

100 PROOF • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A beautifully colored historical map of Kentucky will be sent on request.
Write Dept. E Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

hunter's net, see. He's a goner. The audience is sitting on the edge of their seats. He hasn't got a chance in a million. It's curtains for this lion, and everybody knows it. The hunters'll be along any minute now. Maybe we show the hunters, with their guns and dogs and safari and so forth. We work it up big.

Then it just so happens that this same little mouse comes along and hears this lion roaring his head off, see. Right away he recognizes it's this same lion that was going to slam the day-lights out of him, but didn't. Then we cradle down on this mouse, and what do you think he's doing? He's gnawing on those ropes. Get it? First one of 'em snaps. Then another. Finally the lion shakes himself free. Is that terrific, or is it terrific?"

All was silence for a time. The producer took off his glasses and polished them. Then he said, "Well, there may be an idea in it."

"An idea!" said George. "It's terrific!"

"And how," said Pete.

The producer's yes man shook

his head profoundly. "Well, there may be an idea in it."

"Of course," said the producer, "it's been done before."

"How has it been done before?" demanded George. "It's an original, isn't it?"

The yes man shrugged his shoulders. "It's been done."

"It's terrific," said Pete. "Especially there where the audience thinks it's curtains for the lion."

"It's fairly terrific," said the producer. "But it's been done."

"How," asked George, "has it been done?"

"Paramount did it back in the silent days."

"So it's been done," said Pete. "But not like this. This is an

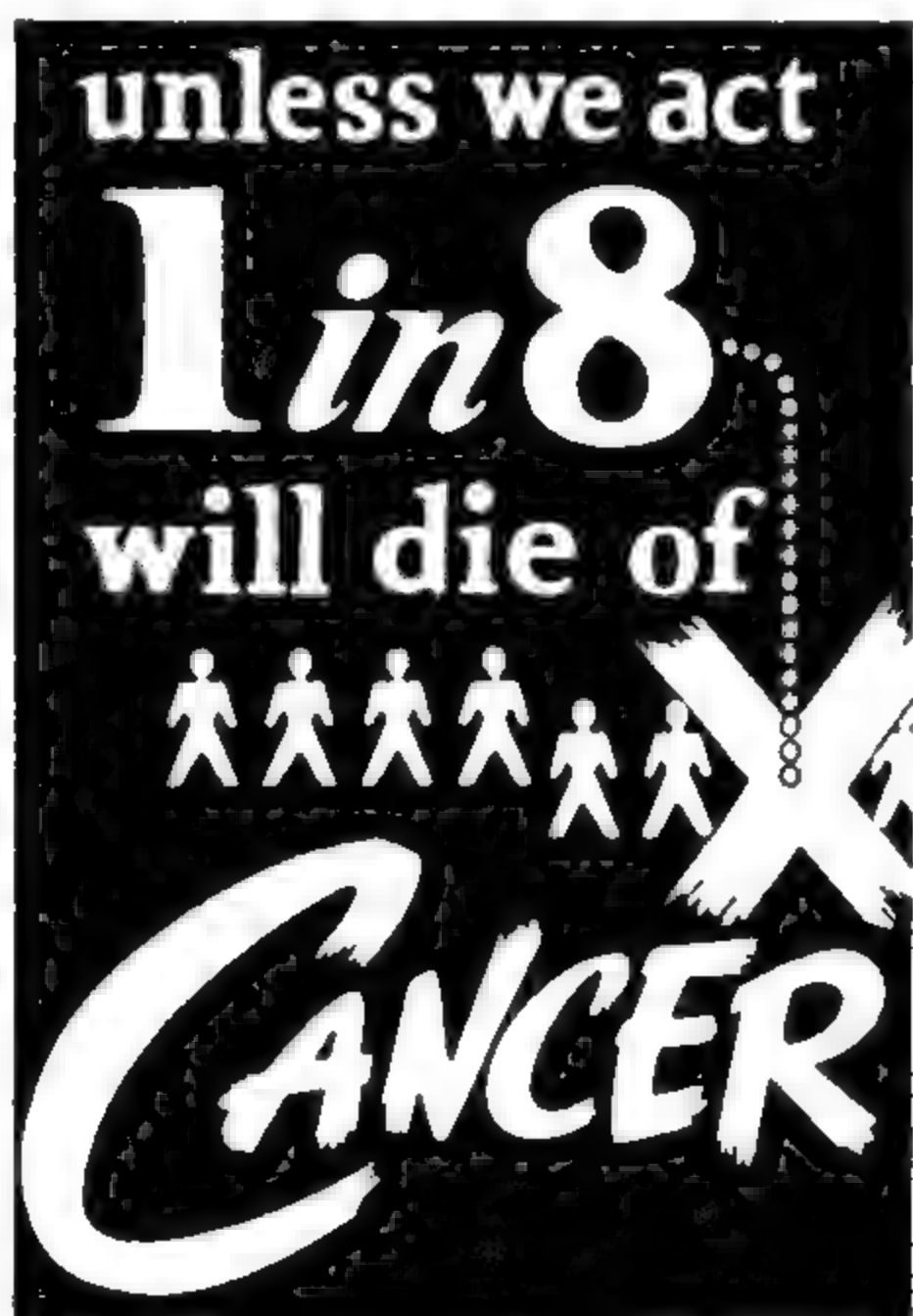
original. You want the audience to know what it's about, don't you? You don't want to give them something unique that they can't understand, do you? Tell me what hasn't been done?"

"Like I said," said the producer, "there's an idea in it."

"It's been done," said the producer's yes man. "But there's an idea in it."

The producer, repeating his

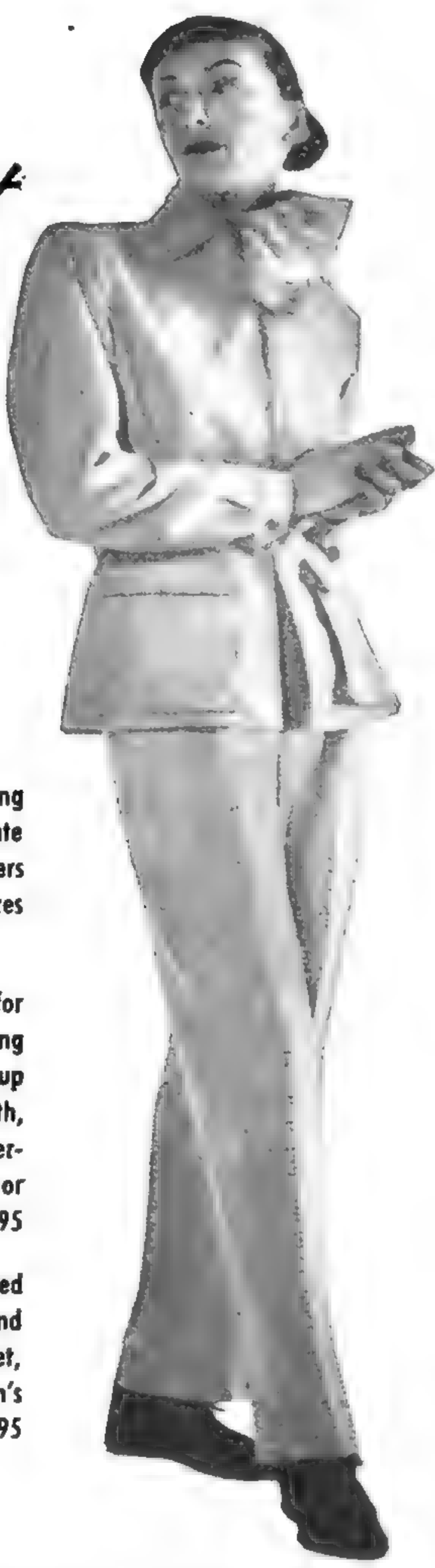
Continued on page 174



As illustrated . \$12.50



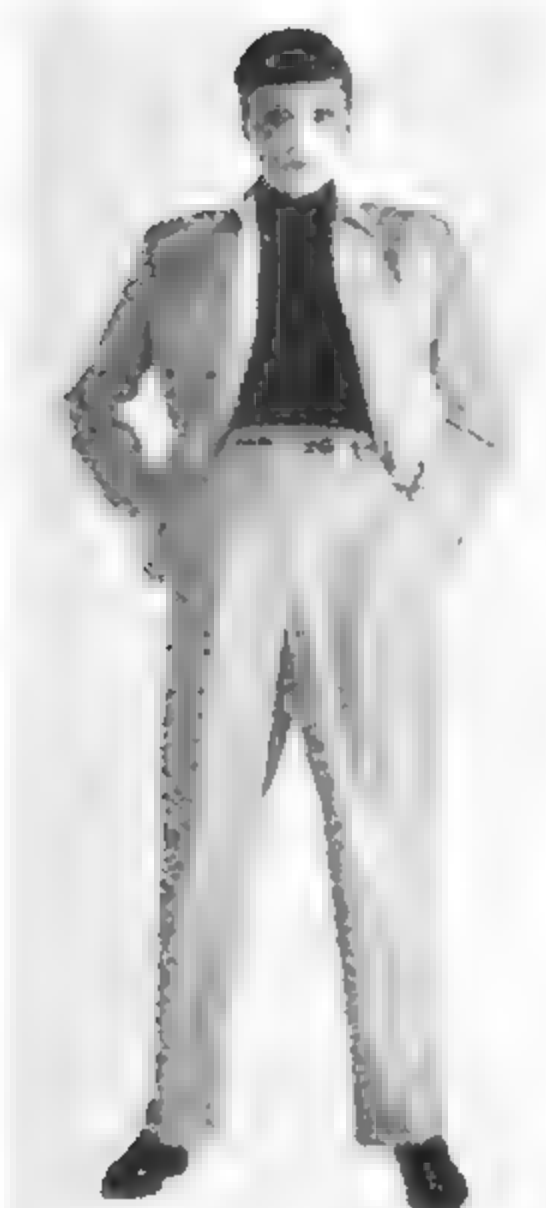
*For Mother -
the best sport
in the world*



Crisp casuals for all her fun-loving hours. Perfect together, they separate to mix happily with other members of her sports wardrobe. Both, sizes 12 to 20.

Golfer-style jacket: Noteworthy for its new pivot sleeves and bi-swing back. Wonderful for its built-up shoulders, grand in Kodiak Cloth, Zelan Processed — wind and water-repellent. Natural, brown, aspen or gray\$12.95

Checked Slacks: Handsomely pleated to give her a nice flat look fore and aft. Choose yours in rose, gold, scarlet, aspen, or grey wool checks, or men's wear grey flannel.....\$12.95



At better stores or write:

B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., PARK SQUARE, ST. PAUL, MINN.



Unexcelled

An authentic Moccasin interpreted in the Taylor Tradition... smartly informal footwear hand-fashioned in soft, resilient Golden Chestnut...tannage without peer. Distinctive Taylor craftsmanship brings to this fine Moccasin a sound, double-soled construction.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP. MANUFACTURERS BOSTON, MASS.

The newest Sportswear Idea!

POLO-MATES*

by
Manchester



An original creation . . .
fashion-wise, comfort-wise. In short or
long sleeves. Designed by MANCHESTER
—originators of T-MATES, too. Made of
Coray-interlock—a fine blend of cotton and rayon.
Washable, needs no ironing. Small, medium, large
and extra large in white, maize, tan, maroon and navy.
About \$3.98 at better stores everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MANCHESTER KNITTED FASHIONS, INC.
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Jungle Justice

Continued from page 173

glass routine, said, "What I like about it, it's got a moral."

"The moral," said Pete, "is terrific."

"On the other hand," said the producer, "I don't like the title."

"We figured maybe you wouldn't go for that title," said George. "So we've got another one all doped out. Listen to this. *Jungle Justice*. Is that a smack title?"

"It's terrific," said Pete.

"All right," said the producer. "It's got a moral, and it's got a title. But is it a vehicle?"

George said gently, "Is it a vehicle? He asks is it a vehicle? Look. In this production you can go out and pick a lion up right off Vine Street, see, without a day's experience, and make him a star overnight. It's foolproof. This part will turn a raw lion into a million-dollar property, take my word for it. Is this a vehicle?"

"For the sake of argument we'll call it a vehicle," said the producer. "The trouble is, it hasn't got an angle. You'll have to develop an angle."

George turned to his collaborator. "He says we'll have to develop an angle." The scenarist sighed. "Well, maybe I didn't tell it right. The whole thing is an angle right from start to finish."

"And just how do you figure that out?" asked the producer.

"Tell him, Pete," George said.

"The whole thing is an angle from start to finish, Mr. Fowler," said Pete. "I can't do justice to it."

The producer was insistent. "Well, how is it an angle from start to finish?"

"Look," said George. "If a production is bigger than epic, that's an angle, isn't it? If it's also got a moral, that's an angle, isn't it? If it's a great vehicle, that's an angle. It's got a smack title, hasn't it? There you are. The whole thing's an angle from start to finish."

"It'll have to be developed."

"So it'll have to be developed."

"Who'll we get to play the mouse?"

"When it's developed," said George, "the part of the mouse'll be foolproof. Don't let the part of the mouse concern you, Mr. Fowler. I could play that part myself, and it'd be foolproof."

"For a production like this," the producer said, "I wouldn't want any fake process shots. I'd send the company to Africa."

"We could work in some stuff with monkeys," said Pete. "If there's one thing that is sure-fire with audiences, it's monkeys."

"We could work in some stuff with pygmies," said George. "Pygmies are always sure-fire."

"We could work in some cere-



WRITE TODAY for full details and prices on the Ampro 30-A Slide Projector and the Ampro 30-D Dual Slide Projector for slides and strip film.

. . . with the features you have always wanted

AMPRO

8 mm Silent • 16 mm Silent
16 mm Sound-on-Film • Slide Projectors
16 mm Arc Projectors

This new Amproslide for 2"x2" glass and ready mount slides features a new automatic snap-action, self-centering slide changer with hair-line focusing . . . 300 watt light for uniform brilliance with effective heat dissipation . . . pointer aperture which permits use of pointer with slides. These and many other advanced features make this new Amproslide model "30-A" an ideal projector for brilliant color and black-and-white slides for use in home, church, school and industry.

AMPRO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 18, ILLINOIS
A General Precision Equipment Corporation Subsidiary

monial dances," the producer added.

"We could work in some stuff with gorillas," the yes man said.

"Gorillas," observed the unidentified individual, "are camera shy. I've had a little experience with gorillas."

"Well, we could fake the gorillas," said the yes man.

"I'll have no faking in this picture," declared the producer.

George said, "So then we'll drop the gorillas. They're not an integral part of the story conception anyway."

"How does it strike you, Miss Asquith?" asked the producer.

"Well," said the secretary hesitantly, "I don't know quite what to say. I think it's—well, it's cute. I think from the point of view of feminine appeal the audience might like it better if the lion were an elk or something. I mean, a lion is pretty scary and all. Of course, I may be wrong. I think even with a lion it's cute."

"There may be something in what Miss Asquith says, George," said the producer. "Lions are pretty strong meat for film audiences. Maybe we ought to make it an elk or something."

"Look, Mr. Fowler," said George. "When you take the lion out of *Jungle Justice*, you've lost something. When you make it an elk, Mr. Fowler, you've sacrificed artistic integrity. If you want to make a nice little Grade

B production, Mr. Fowler, why then I would say make it an elk. Frankly, Mr. Fowler, I don't think I could conscientiously go on with the picture then."

"Now, don't get upset, George," said the producer conciliatorily. "If that's the way you feel about it, the lion stays in. This wouldn't be the first time I took a licking at the box office for the sake of artistic integrity. As far as I'm concerned, the lion stays in."

"The lion's in," declared the producer's yes man.

"Even with the lion, it's terrible cute," the secretary agreed.

"With the lion," Pete declared, "it's terrific."

"Sorry," said the unidentified individual, "but I must run along."

"Oh. Well, good day, Mr..." The producer nodded pleasantly.

"See you soon, old man," said the producer's yes man.

The unidentified individual pointed to his watch. "Appointment."

"Of course," said the producer. "Well, thanks for your advice."

"Not at all."

"So long, old man."

"You've got a nice drama there," said the unidentified individual.

"Well, I must toddle on."

"Smart boy," said the producer.

"Pretty intelligent guy," George agreed.

"Who is he?" asked the producer.

Puzzled, the producer's yes man

Continued on page 176



YOUR WEDDING PARTY... MAKE IT SPARKLE WITH...

Renault
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

© 1947

The "how" and "when" of wine service are made simple in a booklet, yours for the asking.
Address E-5, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C. • SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.



Taste—not money—
counts in choosing
Marlboro Cigarettes!

So little more... brings so
much more distinction...
richness... conscious
smoking pleasure!



Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

MARLBORO

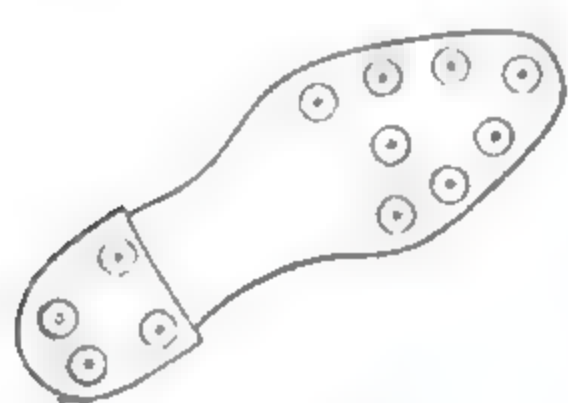
Merely a Penny or Two More



PEDIGREE

189 years old

• Back when golf was the sport of Scottish lords, the Highland family of Keith founded a great shoemaking tradition in Massachusetts. Today, seven generations later, Keith Highlander shoes stand as envied examples of unsurpassed craftsmanship...in numerous smart styles for dress, leisure and sport.



THE GLENMORE
—available with or
without golf spikes.



Keith
Highlanders

THE PROUDEST NAME IN SHOES



Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Jungle Justice

(Continued from page 175)

said, "I thought he was one of our directors or somebody, Mr. Fowler."

The producer turned to his scenarists. "Friend of yours?"

"Wouldn't know him from a hill of beans," said Pete.

"You let him in, Miss Asquith," said the producer. "Who was that man?"

"Why, I—why I thought..."

The producer rose from his chair. His face was white. "Gentlemen, don't you understand? That man—" He swallowed with uncontrollable anger. "That man was a spy! Probably over here from Transworld or A.B.Z."

Both Pete and George were flabbergasted. "A spy?"

"Don't you realize what's happened? That spy'll rush over to Transworld and put our story into immediate production. Well, don't stand there looking like a dish of dead clams. Say something. Do something!"

"I'll fire the man that let him on the lot," declared the producer's yes man.

"Bah," said the producer.

George said weakly, "We could think up another original, I guess, Mr. Fowler. I just ordered a whole load of new books from the bookshop."

Pete's face lit up. "We could think of another terrific original

as soon as the books get here, Mr. Fowler."

Radiating electrifying energy, the producer pounded the top of his desk. "Miss Asquith, get everybody on the phone—directors, cameramen, costumers, technical men, everybody. We go into production this morning! You—" pointing at the scenarists—"get me up a final script on *Jungle Justice* by twelve noon. You—" to his yes man—"clear two or three sound stages. We'll work without the script for the first few scenes from Miss Asquith's notebook. Get busy. Requisition the whole stenographic department, but *get that script written!* Call me Casting, Miss Asquith. Get me—"

"But I thought," George interrupted, "I thought we were going to make this picture in Africa. I thought we didn't want to fake—"

"How long," asked the producer witheringly, "have you been in pictures, George?"

"Ten years, Mr. Fowler."

"Okay. Listen, George. If Transworld's version of *Jungle Justice* reaches the screen before ours does, do you know what will happen to you?"

"What, Mr. Fowler?"

The producer pronounced the words slowly, terribly. "It'll be curtains for you, George. Curtains." #

(Continued from page 95)



Gruesome not to be a twosome?...Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Get next to this easy way to lose fat: The Ry-Krisp Plan (for overweights in normal health) lets you choose meals you enjoy, from long lists of foods! Just be faithful about portions, have Ry-Krisp as bread, and watch pounds disappear.

Delicious Ry-Krisp helps give you

that "well-fed" feeling. Whole-grain bread with a rich rye flavor...has vitamin B₁ and regulating minerals for tone, sparkle. Only 23 calories per double-square wafer.



GET-SLIM DINNER:

Beef Stew with vegetables, spinach with egg slice, radishes and Spring onions, Ry-Krisp, banana whip, skim milk

FREE! "DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives complete reducing plans for men and women. Write RY-KRISP, 200 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

Guatemala—Country of Yesterday

Continued from page 68

should be the first spot you visit after leaving Guatemala City, whether you're a group tourist or wanderer. Chichicastenango (It's not so hard. Try it—Chee-chee-eas-ten-ang-o) is the classical Guatemalan Indian village. Its church is to Guatemala what the Statue of Liberty is to New York, and the Eiffel Tower to Paris. Moreover, it will be your headquarters for trips throughout the Maya-Quiché highland region.

Sundays and Thursdays the year round are market days here. Indians in colorful costumes throng the market place and flow on up the steps of the church. Here is a perfect example of that unique blending of Christianity and paganism which is the religion of the Guatemalan Indian. He burns incense on the steps of the Catholic church before going inside to worship—then he will probably go to pray at pagan altars in the town or on neighboring hilltops. Be sure to take in Chichicastenango—even if that's the only place you visit besides Guatemala City.

Antigua: Former capital of the country, Antigua suffered the typical Guatemalan calamity, an earthquake, which destroyed it in 1773. However, some of the handsome colonial buildings have survived and a charming little town

has grown up around the ruins. It is less than an hour's ride from Guatemala City over a good road.

Lake Atitlán: This beautiful mountain lake, 5000 feet above sea level, is flanked by three great volcanoes. Its seventy-mile circumference is dotted with interesting little villages. Three different languages are spoken in these lake settlements. They are connected by trails through the woods, and further exploration can be carried out by hired motorboat from Tzanjuyú. Superb scenery.

Lake Amatitlán: A smaller version of Lake Atitlán (and you'll never be able to get the two names straight). Only sixteen miles from Guatemala City by excellent highway, it is the capital's main resort area. Fine for fishing, swimming and boating.

Quezaltenango: Tenango, by the way, means "place of." Quezaltenango is place of the Quetzal, Guatemalan national bird. A mountain city with narrow colonial streets and broad modern avenues. Its market products are the most varied in Guatemala. Its 7500-foot elevation gives Guatemala's second city a cool, spring-like climate.

Huehuetenango: Another very colorful town. Natives come to market from surrounding mountains which have still to know the

Continued on page 178

Summer Sportswear by



Our globe trotting GI's brought back plenty of new ideas of ease and comfort for summer leisure. The Tee Shirt in bright yellow with contrasting, horizon-

tal stripes is as smart as Monte Carlo on the French Riviera . . . and the young man on the right is all set for a sail in his grand Lambs Down V-Neck pullover.

At fine men's stores everywhere

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. COLON, MICHIGAN



"The Seal of Tradition"

MARTELL

since 1715 the world's
assurance of the
finest **COGNAC** Brandy

MARTELL, as a highball—

the smart "brandy-and-soda" on the Continent, the increasing fashion in America.

MARTELL,

as an after-dinner liqueur—

the connoisseur's choice, here and abroad, as the perfect finale to dining.



IMPORTED FROM
COGNAC, FRANCE

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 84 PROOF

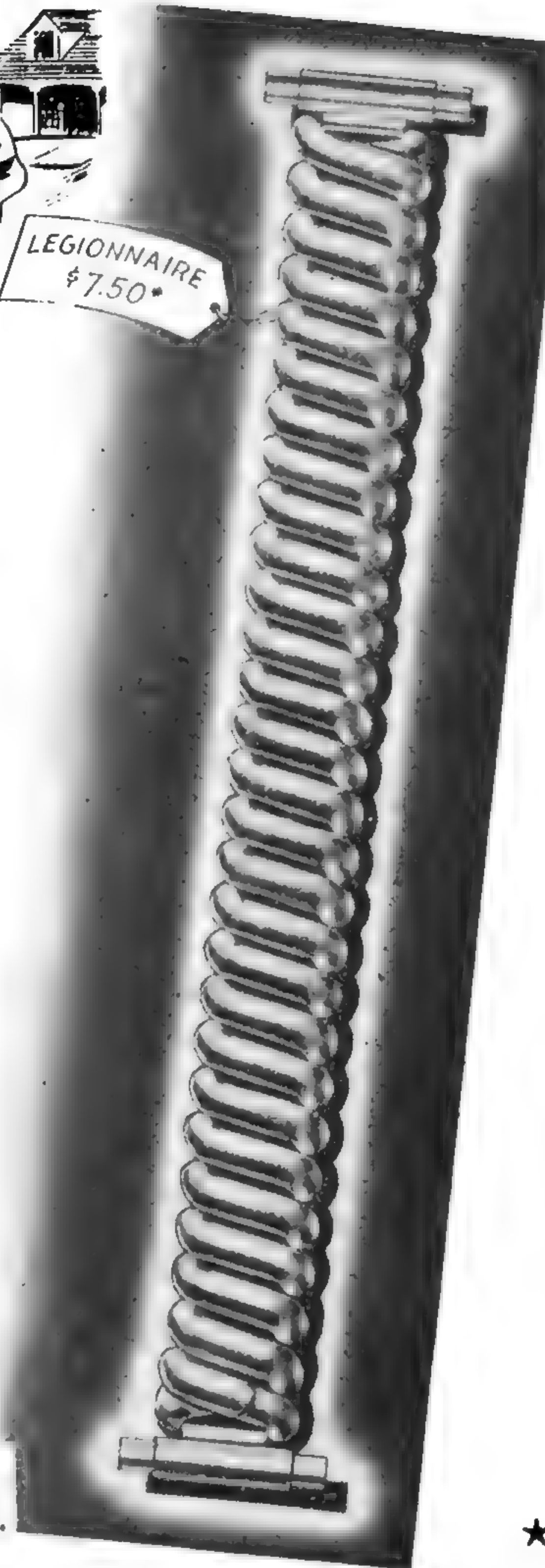
★

7
Fine old quality
**AT A
NEW LOW PRICE!**

★ Not only does Hadley wish to bring you the finest in quality, but also to bring you that quality at the most reasonable possible price. This is why Hadley has lowered the price of the famous Legionnaire watch band. A distinguished attachment to the finest watch . . . an excellent example of a leading line of jewelry, crafted especially for leading men. As practical as it is beautiful. At jewelers' only.

*Federal and Excise Taxes not included.

Hadley
For Leading Men
THE HADLEY COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Guatemala—Country of Yesterday

Continued from page 177

tread of tourist feet—as they say in the travel folders.

Puerto Barrios: Guatemala's chief port, on the Caribbean. Shipping point for bananas and coffee. Interesting 200-mile train ride through dense jungles and across mountains to Guatemala City. Or boat rides along the Río Dulce.

What to do: You'll spend your most interesting hours in Guatemala sight-seeing in the countryside. While in Guatemala City, though, you'll want to stroll through the patios and look at the murals of the National Palace. Then walk across the square and take a look at the Cathedral. While window-shopping along 6 Avenida, you will note the unique whiteness of the church and monastery of San Francisco, which got that way because of the milk and egg whites in its mortar.

Night life in the capital is embryonic, at best, despite efforts of visiting Yankee fliers during the war to try to whoop things up a bit. There are the Casa Blanca and Ciro's for dinner, drinks, music and an occasional floor show. And that does it.

There's golf at the very beautiful Guatemala Country Club and both golf and swimming at the Mayan Golf Club—but if you go to a country like Guatemala for night life, golf or swimming, you

ought to look for a good analyst.

You'll have unexcelled scenic backgrounds for your swimming, boating and fishing at Lakes Atitlán and Amatitlán. The great northern jungles of El Peten will give you a time—if you're a hunter—with jaguars, tapirs, peccaries, alligators and manatees.

What to buy: If you're a confirmed souvenir hunter, you'll find peerless hunting in Guatemala, from Guatemala City to the smallest native village.

Guatemalan Indians were a nation of artists and craftsmen before they were "discovered" by the Spanish Conquistadores; introduction of Christianity resulted in a blending of Christian and pagan symbols in their handicraft. Hand-woven cotton and woolen textiles—tablecloths, shawls, blouses, skirts, blankets—are probably your best bet in the shopping department. Other local specialties are carved wooden chests; baskets woven from plant fibers; gracefully proportioned candlesticks, lanterns and other objects made from tin; pottery, native dolls, bags, hammocks, leather goods and gourds.

Market places in the smaller towns and villages will be your happiest hunting grounds, but you should be able to handle a few words of Spanish, for bargain-

**As You Like It—
and *How* You'll Like It!**

The first question the model asked about this new Glover "In-Or-Outer" was "Where can I get one of these jackets?" Here is truly expert, sophisticated praise, for this man is a sought-after model from New York to Hollywood. Here, indeed, are style and craftsmanship as only Glover can achieve them. The double-button, generous pockets—the painstaking needlework—the no-hike-up front—the non-droop shoulders—all make this a spring knockout. It may be worn either as a tucked-in shirt or as a light weight jacket. The sport shirt illustrated underneath is a sharp Glover number, too.

H. B. GLOVER CO., DEBUQUE, IOWA.

QUALITY
SINCE 1856

Tailored Man
Apparel by **Glover**
SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS SPECIALTY SHIRTS



ing purposes. In Guatemala City you'll do well in the markets, if you can handle the language. If not, better stick to the better-class shops on and around 6 Avenida Sur. You'll probably pay more than the markets, but you'll be sure of what you're getting.

Where to stay: Guatemala's hotels in the main tourist centers are generally excellent. In Guatemala City, the San Carlos Gran has a distinctive atmosphere, with lobby, patio, public rooms and suites featuring Mayan and contemporary native objets d'art. Rates run about \$6-\$10 per day, including excellent meals. The Palace Hotel is the old tourist stand-by. It's not quite so colorful as the San Carlos, but its food and service are excellent, and for many years it's been a gathering place for Americans in Guatemala.

Other good hotels in the capital include the Pan American, Mansion, San Francisco, Royal Home and Colonial. Rates average \$7 per day, A. P. New hotels are building while we were there were the Victoria, Plaza and Karil. They'll rate with the best.

Even more reasonably priced (about \$6 daily, A.P.) are the pensions, including the Gueroult, Fernandez, Casa Barrow and Casa Shaw.

One of the best reasons for visiting Chichicastenango is to stay at the famous Mayan Inn. Here good, solid comfort, fine food and

splendid service are set in a veritable museum of Spanish colonial and Indian art. You'll hear natives playing on portable marimbas. (Guatemala is the home of marimba music.) And the whole effect is not at all phony. Last quoted rates were \$6 per day per person for a twin-bedded room with fireplace but no private bath, and \$8 per day per person with private bath. American plan.

In Antigua the Rancho Nima-jay is a lovely resort hotel with swimming pool and saddle horses. Also recommended are the Aurora, Manchen and El Alcazar.

What to eat: Guatemalan cooking is similar to Mexican, except that it isn't so spicy. Chili is served usually as a side dish; thus you can season your food to taste. There are the same tortillas, tamales and enchiladas, though, and similar tropical fruits.

Local hotels and inns are generally the best places to eat. In Guatemala City the best hotels serve excellent continental-style meals. Best restaurants in the capital include the Bacara, Ciro's and the Maya for American food; Vianchini for Italian cooking, and Jardin de Guatemala and El Rinconcito for native specialties.

What to wear: Comfort should be your first concern. Even the capital is not a dressy place, so you'll find that sports clothes are best for all parts of the country. Their weight should vary with

Continued on page 180

*You'll always
treasure them*



These are the Dunhill masterpieces.

The Denicotea holder in 14 kt. gold, \$35... The Rollalite lighter, in an outer jacket of 14 kt. gold, heavy ribbed, \$160... small size, \$150.

Prices subject to 20% Federal tax.

alfred dunhill

FIFTH AVE. AND 50th ST., NEW YORK

Between Singapore and the Strand



FROM LONDON to the Indies, the cognac prized by connoisseurs is Exshaw.

Sniff it, sip it, savor it... and know why the enjoyment of precious prewar quality Exshaw Cognac is a pleasure that's treasured all over the world.

84 PROOF
Since 1808

Bottled at Bordeaux, France
John Exshaw & Co.

EXSHAW

A Truly Great
COGNAC



Middishade

CLOTHES



A Middishade Blue Suit is unique . . . an actual wardrobe in itself! Around the clock, around the calendar . . . it's always in style, in season, in good taste. Middishade . . . America's specialized Blue Suit value . . . is now featured in brown and gray, too. Whatever your choice, your Middishade is Recorded and Guaranteed to deliver the utmost in suit satisfaction.

The Middishade Co., Inc., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Middishade . . . the name that made the Blue Suit famous!

Guatemala—Country of Yesterday

Continued from page 179

geography rather than season, as Guatemala is a country practically without seasons, as we know them. Both coasts are hot and damp, and you ought to take tropical worsteds and/or seersuckers along for wear in these areas. Weather in the highlands is usually pleasant throughout the year, with warm, sunny days and comfortably cool nights. Guatemala City's monthly mean temperatures range between 60° and 67°. Therefore, medium-weight slacks and sports jacket combinations, with a lightweight felt hat, will be your most serviceable outfits. Guatemala's year is divided into two parts: the dry season running from November to May, and the rainy season from May to November. You'd better take a lightweight raincoat with you during the rainy season, even though the short, sharp showers that come up during the afternoon, won't interfere with your sight-seeing.

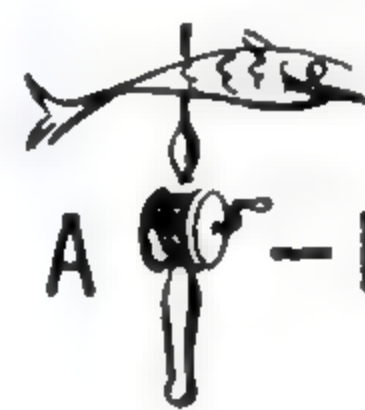
Most important item in your wardrobe will be strong, comfortable walking shoes. It's a good idea to take two good pairs of sports shoes along—one for hiking around native villages during the day, and the other for better appearance at night.

How to get there: We had the good fortune to make a flying visit through Guatemala with Prosper

G. Tomich and Helen A. Duffy, distributors for the Republic Seabee. Flying in the silver four-passenger sports plane was the perfect way to tour the country, thanks to the amphibian's ability to land just about any place. We cruised above and on the waters of the Río Dulce and Lakes Atitlán and Amatitlán, and swooped down on La Aurora, Guatemala City's splendid modern airport. (Watch out, though, for downdrafts on the take-off!)

Next best way to get to Guatemala is by Pan American Clipper from New Orleans (DC-4s) or Miami (DC-3s). From New Orleans the trip to Guatemala City is made in six hours. Fares: one way \$86, round trip \$154.80. The run from Miami is made in about six hours (about nine hours for the northbound trip). Fares: one way \$100, round trip \$180. All fares subject to 15 per cent tax.

The United Fruit Company hopes to have ships running out of New York City to Puerto Barrios by midspring. These will include steamers accommodating 100 passengers, and freighters with accommodations for a dozen passengers. Meanwhile, United Fruit is serving a long waiting list out of New Orleans to Puerto Barrios on new twelve-passenger freighters. Nonstop trip takes less



A FISHING TALE...

told by

Olive
BRAND



It may be hard to credit our fisherman's yarn. But there's no doubt that Olive brand T shirts do credit to a man's smartness. And a gal's too... as this Olive branded group proves. At most good stores. Write for dealer nearest you.

U. S. KNITWEAR CO., INC.

18-20 So. Howard St., Baltimore 1, Md. • N. Y. Showroom: Empire State Bldg.

than three days. One-way rates are \$65 per person in a double cabin without bath, and \$78 with bath, plus tax.

If you like long but interesting train trips, you can go by rail via the National Railways of Mexico and the International Railways of Central America. It takes about six days to Guatemala City from Laredo, Texas, but you'll feel like a railroad pioneer when you're through. And you'll really have seen Mexico on the way down. You ride from Laredo to Mexico City, change, and continue to Suchiate on the Guatemalan border. Then you cross the Suchiate River by ferry and entrain at Ayutla for Guatemala City. Round-trip fare from Laredo is \$95.60, plus the 15 per cent tax to Mexico City, plus \$31.75 for a lower berth. Recommended only for the hardy type.

What it will cost: You can figure that your days in Guatemala City will cost you little more than the \$5 to \$10 daily you'll pay at your American plan hotel or pension, plus whatever you put out for gifts and souvenirs. If you decide to try wandering your way through the small towns and villages, you'll be able to do it for as little as \$5 per day, since things are cheaper in the sticks. Traveling on a tour party, your expenses will run between \$12 and \$18 per day, everything included. American Express can work out an

itinerary to suit your needs at these figures. Estimate the number of days you want to spend in Guatemala and, roughly, how you want to spend them; add your fare to and from your home, and you have the cost of your trip.

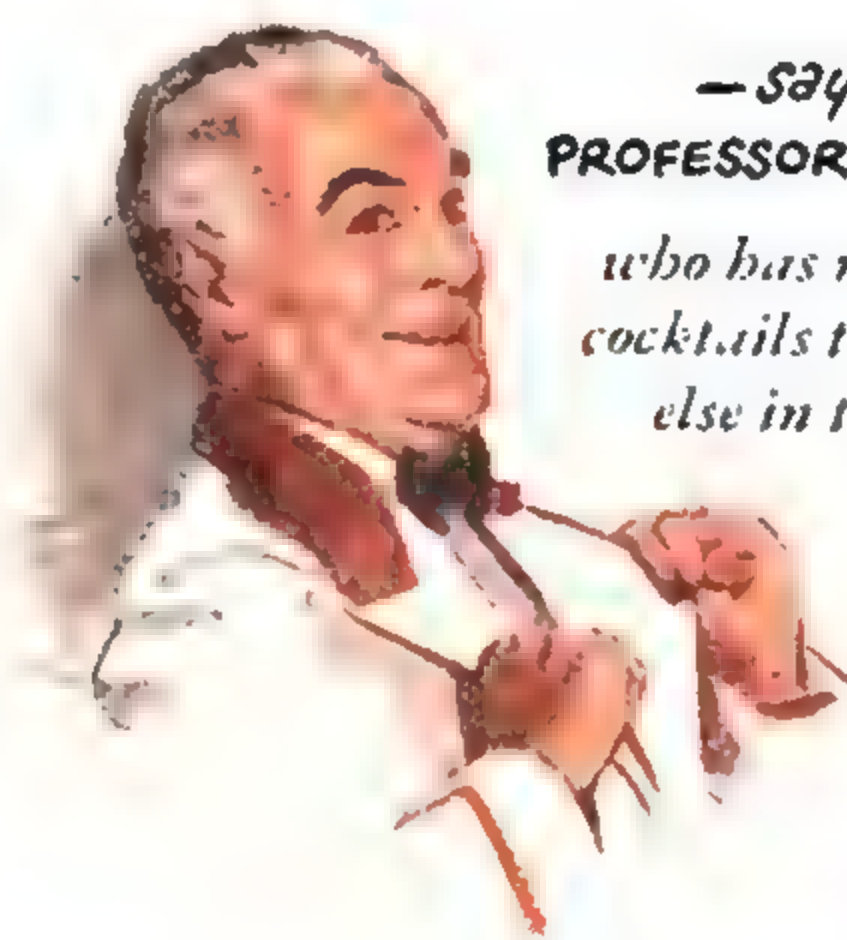
Helpful hint dept: Entry red tape has been cut to a minimum. All you need is a tourist card, obtainable from nearest Guatemalan Consulate. For this you will need a birth certificate or other proof of citizenship, five front-face photos, and a letter of recommendation from employer or bank. Tourist card application should be made thirty days (not before) in advance of departure.

Currency is based upon the quetzal, worth exactly a dollar, and divided into 100 centavos. You'll have no trouble exchanging dollars for quetzals at par.

It's always a good idea to read up on a country before you visit it. Among the best books on Guatemala are: *Four Keys to Guatemala* by Kelsey and Osborne (Funk and Wagnalls); *Guatemala* by Erna Ferguson (Knopf); *Notes on a Drum* by Joseph Jackson (MacMillan); and *Images of Earth* by Agnes Rothery (Viking). Far and away the most practical guide books we've found are *The New World Guides to the Latin American Republics* published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce under sponsorship of the Office of the U.S. Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. #

Continued from page 68

"I'm your bar-man in a bottle!"



—says
PROFESSOR HUGH BLINE

who has mixed more cocktails than anyone else in the world

"I MIX THEM — YOU POUR THEM"

—and serve the best cocktails that love, money and 55 years of experience can produce!"

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING is in the bottle

- fine whiskies from our private stocks
- vatted vermouths especially created for cocktail use
- pot-still gin, made in pot stills, like rare cognac and fine Scotch whisky.

FIVE KINDS

—at your local liquor store

DRY MARTINI

71 proof

MANHATTAN

65 proof

DAIQUIRI

60 proof

SIDE CAR

60 proof

OLD FASHIONED

70 proof

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.
Hartford, Conn.



Just add ice and serve!

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING COCKTAILS • SINCE 1892



wales
TEL-A-KEY

fumble-free

Keycase

IT'S A HOLE IN ONE EVERY TIME...

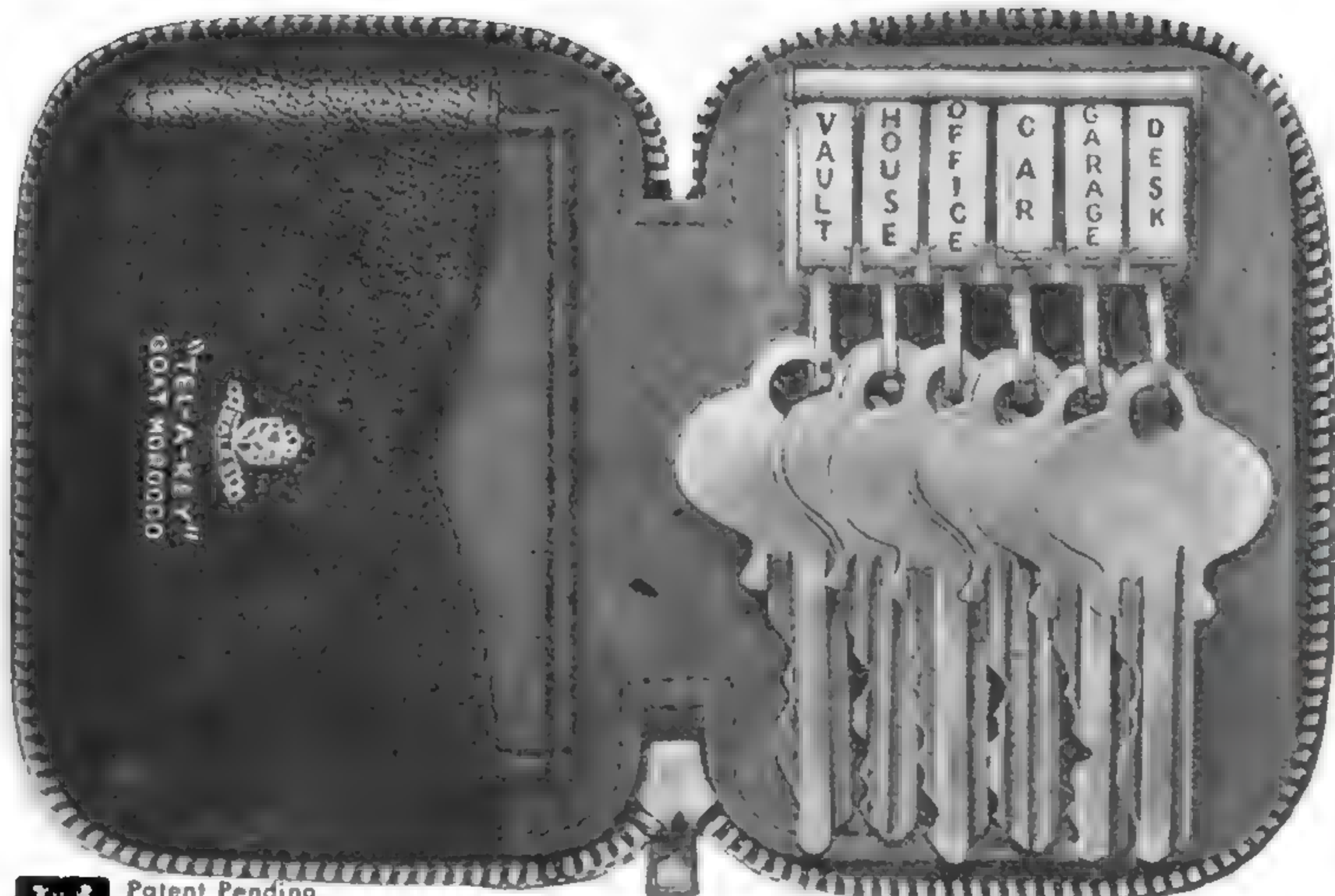
No key-fumbling here! Each color-labeled key-holder stands out clearly for easy, instant pick-up. And each one swivels freely on a patented pivot. Crafted of a fine variety of handsome leathers, TEL-A-KEY cases for men or women come zippered or buttoned . . . for 4, 6 or 8 keys.

4-key — \$2.50 6-key — \$3.00

8-key — \$3.50

At better stores.

IT'S INDEXED!



Patent Pending

Columbia Walescraft Ltd. 22 W. 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



The Marxman Jumbo offers critical pipe smokers the ideal combination for cool, sweet smoking pleasure—flawless imported briar... distinctive hand-carved shape... and the thick cooling wall of the oversize, perfectly balanced bowl. No two Jumbos are alike; each is individually fashioned by expert craftsmen. Several Jumbos are shown here.

Marxman makes many other pipes... in all popular shapes and in many exclusive, hand-made styles... \$3.50 to \$25.00. Write for a free copy of the booklet, "Relax with a Marxman". It illustrates many other Marxman Pipes, shows how fine pipes are made, and explains how to break in a pipe. Please address Dept. 285

At Fine Stores



Ben Stahl: Happy Artist

Continued from page 65

posters and handbills and that today these hang on gallery and museum walls and are avidly collected. Even the venerated Picasso has paid his debt to Toulouse. And, after all, there is no law which requires an artist to starve. Many a Renaissance painter did his most tremendous work at the behest of some Croesus among dignitaries who wished to advertise, at the very least, his own largess. Stahl is very right. At its best, illustration is fine art. Perhaps complete freedom for the artist will not be attained until many cautious souls among editors and advertisers, and, more shocking still, cautious or overly sensitive souls amongst artists themselves reach an understanding like Stahl's so that the word illustration does not equal anathema. Stahl likes working with deadlines, says it's a form of discipline. That is true. There isn't an artist in the world, in any of the arts, who will not profit by the imposition of some powerful element of discipline upon his creative efforts.

For twenty years or more writers, art lovers, critics, artists themselves, have been demanding the development of an American art, a culture indigenously American, a renaissance in art-consciousness in America. It is a

laudable dream. But in its zeal it too often overlooks the fact that the development of a wide culture amongst a people cannot confine itself to things seen in a gallery, or on the stage, or in the pages of books. It will be a thing that will seep into every crevice of a people's living; it will design spoons and floor coverings, and make beautiful, usable buildings; it will pattern the clothes we wear and the seats we sit in at the movies; it will furnish our homes, package our coffee, design our adding machines. Wherever taste and imagination and creative energy, an interpretive analysis and a utilitarian arrangement of forms are required, there will be its province until it has so dominated a people's living that a culture will have appeared out of need. The art that the everyday person sees as he turns the pages of a magazine will be a powerful factor in developing the taste of the masses of the people, or in degrading that taste. For this reason it is necessary that fine painters like Stahl extend their great talents to embrace such everyday matters as illustration and textile design, packaging and set designing for television. In this direction all that one man can possibly do Ben Stahl is doing. His ideas are trickling down through



Leather traveling appointments include this man's convenient wallet—interior as shown, for passport, landing card, luggage and rail tickets—in pigskin, gold corners, \$46; key holder, leather with gold St. Christopher medallion, \$29. Prices include Federal Tax... A large selection of other wallets, traveling cases and handbags.

Mail orders and inquiries receive prompt attention
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. Plaza 3-0111

the ranks of the coming artists.

Technically Stahl is a virtuoso. If he has one cardinal fault it is this ability to work in too many manners too easily. It militates against the development of a personal idiom. One painting may look rather like a good Degas, another like Toulouse. As has been pointed out, he admits these influences and this partially obviates whatever evil is inherent in too great facility. And it must be remembered that artists are not prize fighters, though Ben is built rather like one; an artist of Ben's age is a young artist. The influences will probably yet flow together into a style which will be his own. And on the credit side

it is readily perceptible that, whatever the type of thing he is doing, he applies to it great craftsmanship, a craftsmanship which has come with the years after much consuming effort. He builds up his smallest picture from its original casein surface into a richly textured, fully realized easel painting. He composes his small-

est canvas quite as though he were working a mural. Take away everything but the basic patterns of his picture and you have a fine, abstract interplay of forms from which emanate a direct appeal to your consciousness in the precise sense in which the work of the most abstract modern makes his

appeal. To Ben the language of art is the interplay of line, form and color which, he insists, speak to you just as directly as, or more so than, the meaning inherent in the object or the situation depicted. Because he knows that forms interplaying upon canvas pant, purr or explode, dissolve, marry, integrate themselves one with the other, Ben is a sensualist. And

he wishes his delight in the evolution and the marriage of forms on canvas to reach and convince you quite in the manner in which a fine massing of buildings as seen from the deck of an approaching ferry, or the feel of a piece of very fine fabric under your fingers reaches and convinces you. Under the circumstances, of course, you

Continued on page 184



"Goodness, have another piece!
We'll be eating cake for weeks
if you don't"

Mansfield Jogs



Mansfield

Jogs

Fanfare for the
new
Jumbo Jogs

Jumbo grain hooks up with
white...two-tone, new of the
first magnitude. But def—
MANSFIELDS
\$8.95
Some higher

Mansfield Shoes, Whilman, Massachusetts

ETERNA *Automatic*
The watch of protected accuracy



Winds As Your Wrist Moves

Self-winding, the watch of tomorrow! Unquestionable accuracy day in, day out. Waterproof, plus all other efficient features. In steel, gold, or steel and gold. Ladies' Automatic also available. **ETERNA** watches from \$57.50 to \$1000.

Sold and serviced at leading jewellers since 1856.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., Jewellers

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

- the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

P&T
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
1840

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOUNDED **P&T** IN 1840

"The Blend of Experience"
- backed by over 100 Years of knowing how!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

Ben Stahl: Happy Artist

Continued from page 183

will not need words.

Ben Stahl has rebelled against tight, literal, rule-of-thumb transcriptions. (Remember that compulsory freehand drawing course in high school where they made you attempt to draw every wrinkle on the apple or every feather of the stuffed bird they set before you?) He doesn't paint a tree as a tree surgeon knows it; he paints Ben Stahl's emotion when confronted by a tree. Ever since we got away from the wrinkle-on-the-apple school of art, this is precisely what almost all good painters have been attempting to do. A man who loves the various shifting forms of the world, loves them passionately and wants to talk about them, whether they be a set of racing clouds chasing themselves across the wide empyrean or a row of chorus cuties, chasing themselves down a runway, will understand him. His eye delights in color, movement, solid matter. He is not a metaphysician; his



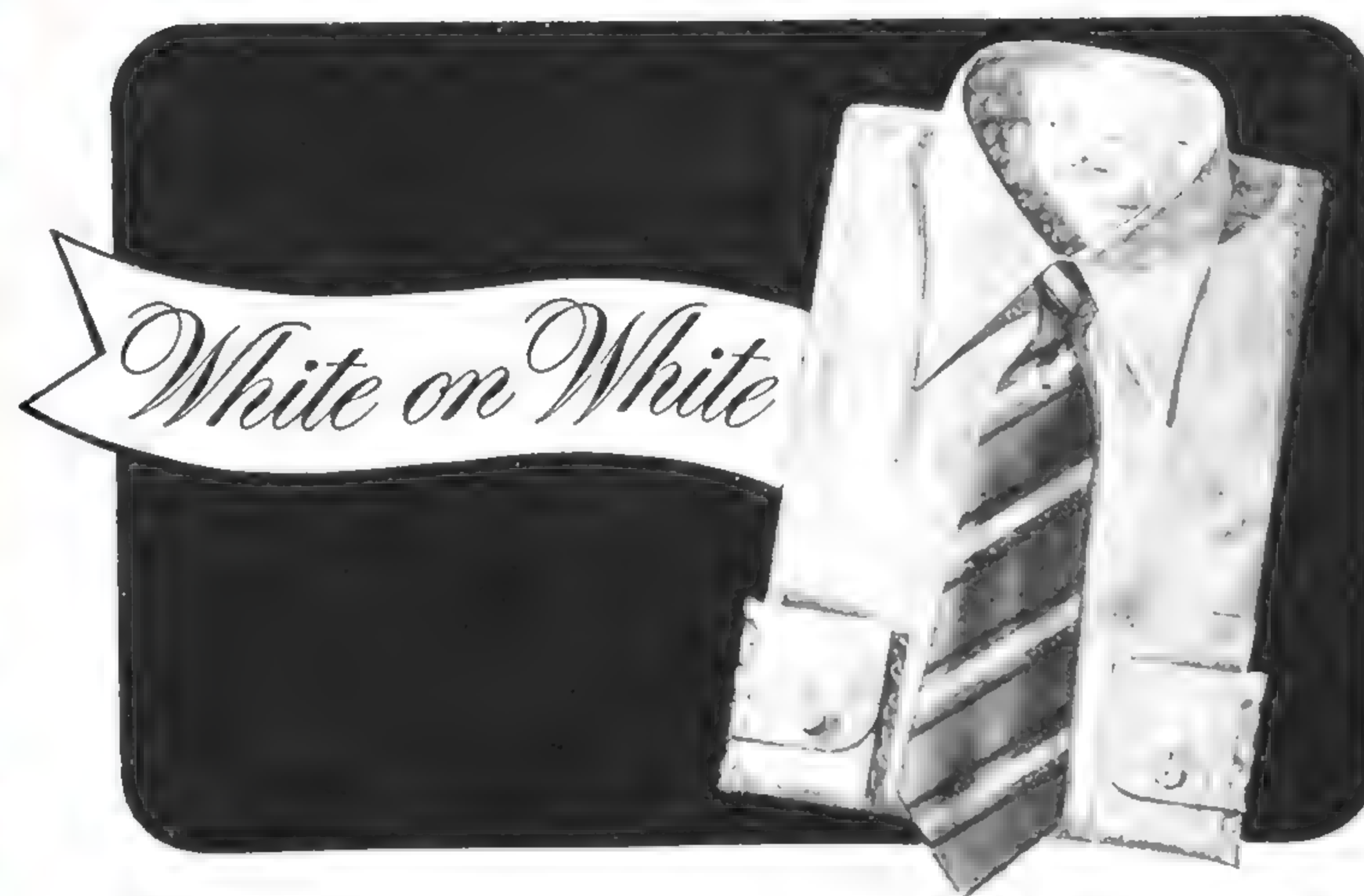
"Well, what can I do for you?"

sensuality is candid. His heroes, Renoir, Degas, Toulouse, would have understood him. They, too, delighted in the physical things of this world, and so did Whitman and long Tom Wolfe and every artist who hasn't allowed himself to be bogged in the mires of metaphysics. Such men love, because

they're kin to, the whole sensorial world of sight, sound, and the nameless hungers of the human animal. In a little room to the west of Ben Stahl's studio is his collection of phonograph records: Brahms, Chopin, Stravinsky, Mousorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, the rich, the warm, the sentimental (if you insist) composers. Back

in the sitting room is one of the first pianos ever made. Mozart played upon it. All this is part of his great enjoyment of the earth and its people. All this is in his painting. And, fortunately, you may find his work and eloquence of his brush in the next magazine you chance to open. ‡

Continued from page 65



The perfect background for the new Spring Ties



Wear this smart combination white on white to enhance the spirit of Spring in the new ties.

Here is a shirt superbly tailored of long wearing rayon and hand cut to fit your natural body lines. The Floridian long point collar is both smart and comfortable.

See your haberdasher or write

M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc., 1140 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Lion of Troy
SHIRTS

The Old Maid of Reims

Continued from page 71

the North, where she would stay for a while, she told her maid, with married cousins. She was absent nearly four months, and for the first time since her father's death the vintage was harvested and bottled without her.

When she came back from the North, Eugénie brought with her a child; the orphan, she explained, of one of her married cousins who had died in childbirth. The child, whose name was Auguste, bore a family resemblance to his aunt Eugénie. He had dark hair and bright brown eyes. Eugénie handed him over to her maid and resumed her independent life and manner as a winegrower. But she delighted the priest of the parish by resuming attendance at his church, allowing him to hear her confession, and inviting him every month to dinner.

When the Second World War came Auguste Bondet (Eugénie had by this time legally adopted him and given him her own name) was a stout youth of fifteen, and beginning to rebel against Aunt Eugénie's austere, authoritative hand. The Germans came to Reims, drank the wine in the champagne cellars, and bought millions of bottles from the growers for shipment to their thirsty families in the Reich, paying for them with paper francs obligingly

printed by Vichy. But Eugénie refused to sell her wine to the Germans, and went no more to dine at the Lion d'Or, which was now a German staff officers' mess.

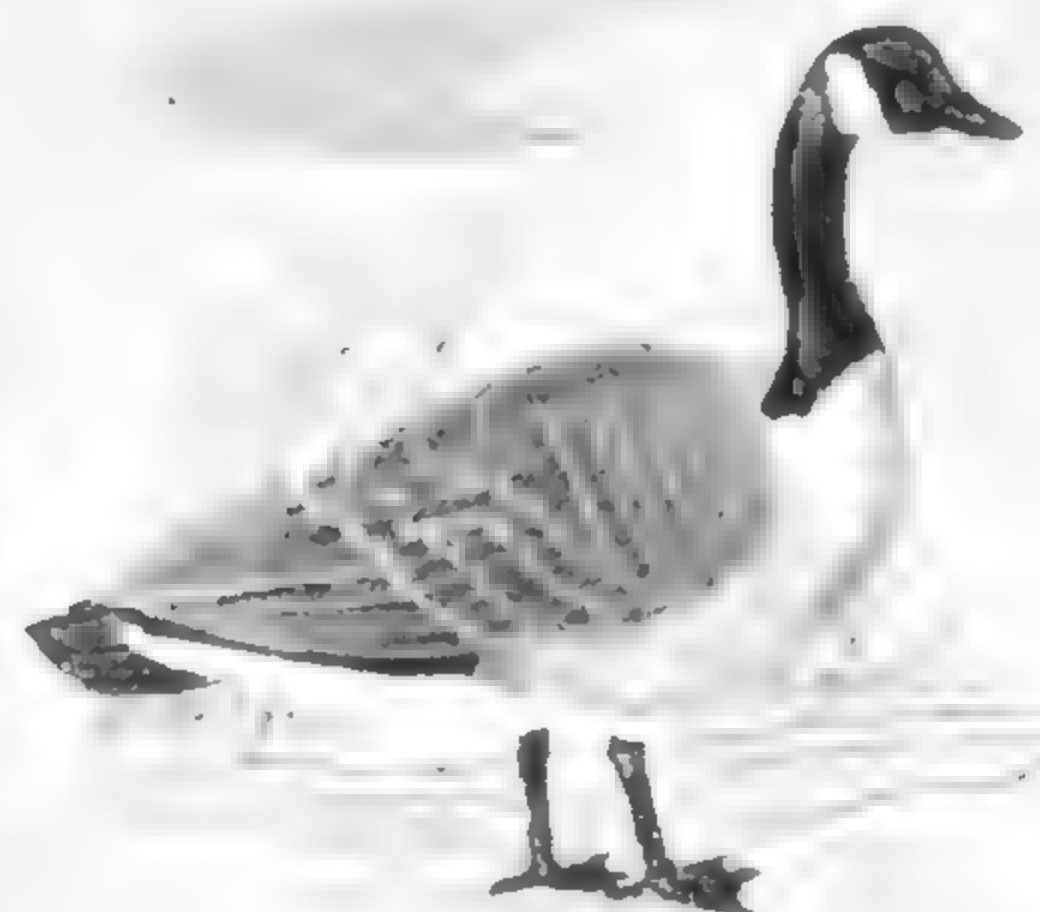
After three years the second of Eugénie's misfortunes befell her. Auguste, now eighteen, was conscripted for labor in Germany. He was ordered to present himself at the town hall with two blankets and a change of linen. That night Auguste vanished into the Maquis. Eugénie told the gendarmes that her nephew was an ungrateful scamp who drank too many *apéritifs* and had probably run away with a girl. All the same, she said, it was a crime to send Frenchmen to work in the enemy's war factories. The gendarmes listened uncomfortably, searched unconvincedly among Auguste's collection of crime novels and phonograph records of the songs of the sultry cabaret singer Lys Gauty, and finally went away with Auguste's radio, which had not been surrendered to the Nazis.

Two weeks later, even more uncomfortably, the gendarmes returned with a stout, spectacled German in civilian clothes, who searched the house more efficiently and spent half an hour in Eugénie's cellar drinking her old *marc de champagne*. Eugénie was taken to the Gestapo headquar-

Continued on page 186

SPORTSMAN FAVORITES

can you identify them?



SPORTSMAN FAVORITES, painted by John Atherton for the John Hudson Moore collection: 1. Bob White Quail—2. Pheasant—3. Ruffed Grouse—4. Canadian Goose—5. Woodcock—6. Mallard.

■ In season and out, sportsminded men help themselves to a flying start each day by making use of Essentials signed SPORTSMAN—with much of the sparkle and life of the great outdoors. These grooming aids tone up the routine of shave and shower; freshen up a man's outlook for the active hours ahead.

Sportsman

GROOMING ESSENTIALS

DISTINCTLY MASCULINE • DECIDEDLY CORRECT

Gift packages, \$2 to \$10. At Better Stores • John Hudson Moore, Inc., 663 Fifth Ave., New York 22

ALL-WEATHER

LusKoat

STYLED FOR DRESS WEAR

TAILORED BY IRVING LUSK, INC. NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

This LUSKOAT version of the military trench coat, made of J. P. Stevens' DuPont Zelan processed fabric has deep front and back yoke lining for added comfort and double weather-proofing. Expertly tailored by LUSKOAT craftsmen... an unusually fine value—at better stores... about \$21.50.

IRVING LUSK, Inc. New York 10

OUT OF THE RAIN
INTO THE SUN
YOUR FINELY TAILORED
LusKoat
IS ALWAYS READY

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Me-come out of the rain?

"I don't have to, friend... this
is an **ARCHER** Raincoat!"

This lad's really smart... he knows the new **ROYAL ARCHER** Raincoat is made of incredibly light Celanese Fortisan*, the strongest yarn ever woven. And, of course, **ARCHER'S** waterproofing and styling can't be beat. Weighs only 12 ounces. Carry it right in your brief case and never get wet. Terrific value, too, so be sure you insist on a **ROYAL ARCHER**.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RIGHT WITH THE WEATHER
— LIGHT AS A FEATHER



ARCHER RUBBER COMPANY
MILFORD, MASS.

QUALITY RUBBERIZED GOODS SINCE 1907

The Old Maid of Reims

Continued from page 185

ters and interrogated. Finally she was sent to prison for three months for using offensive language about the Wehrmacht. When she came back to the cottage her cellars were nearly empty. But she found a few bottles of *vieux marc* where she had hidden them in a hole in the cellar wall soon after Auguste's birth. And this was fortunate, for some days after her return one of Auguste's boy friends knocked at her door during the night and brought a message from Auguste saying it was pretty cold in the Maquis. Eugénie went down into her cellar and found two bottles of the old brandy, which she gave the messenger to carry back to Auguste, together with five thousand francs, all the money she had in the house. Long ago Eugénie had given up keeping large sums in her Louis Quinze commode.

Auguste returned in triumph the day the Germans marched out of Reims, taking with them in farm carts and wheelbarrows all the champagne they could lay hands on. That night Eugénie killed her last chicken in honor of Auguste and his boy friends in the Maquis. Auguste wore the brassard of the French Forces of the Interior and the two gold *galons* of a full lieutenant. He was leaner, harder, noisier than when he went away. He wore a German

Luger pistol in his belt, swore the strange oaths of the Maquis, drank a good deal, and was afterwards very sick. The next morning, when Tante Eugénie carried a big bowl of black coffee made from roasted barley into Auguste's room, he was pale and haggard.

The halo of the Liberation did not sit heavily on Auguste's black curly head. He had been two years away from Tante Eugénie, and he no longer recognized her authority. Eugénie was now nearly fifty, and age had mellowed her. Her voice was less sharp, her manner less intimidating. She was far less prosperous. Labor was hard to hire, and copper sulphate could not be obtained for the vines. Her reserve of wine had been looted. And, worst of all, Auguste was not interested in the business. He preferred to spend his days drinking with his ex-companions of the Maquis in the cafés and bars of near-by Reims, and his nights in mysterious expeditions in an abandoned German army car. Eugénie began to wonder if she had not made a mistake in refusing those many offers of marriage. Auguste was too old for a spinster to handle. He needed a father.

Eugénie awoke with a start and switched on the light. The clock

Sipped
with delight
by seven generations

RÉMY MARTIN
COGNAC
since 1724

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.E.P.
REMY MARTIN & CO
ESTABLISHED IN 1724
BOTTLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & CO COGNAC, FRANCE
JOSEPH H. REINFELD, INC.
NEWARK, N. J.

on the Louis Quinze commode showed that it was three o'clock. She heard feet on the stairs, an unknown man's voice, and then the familiar voice of Auguste. She got out of bed, put on a warm wrapper and opened the bedroom door.

"Is that you, Auguste?" she asked in alarm.

"Oui, ma tante," answered Auguste. His voice sounded embarrassed. Eugénie saw her nephew standing at the top of the stairs. Behind him stood a stout, bald little man in an overcoat. The man wore pajamas under his coat, and a muffler round his neck. In his hand he carried a pistol.

"What is this man doing here?" Eugénie demanded angrily.

The man answered for Auguste. "You had better ask your nephew what he has been doing," he said.

"Put your pistol away," said Eugénie sharply. "One would think you were a Boche."

"Pardon, Madame, it is not my gun," said the bald man in the overcoat, "it belongs to your nephew. You had better take it before he shoots somebody and is guillotined."

He offered Eugénie the gun. She looked at it in terror, and backed away. Then, collecting all her authority, she cried angrily:

"Don't stand out there in the cold. Come in and explain yourselves." She pulled Auguste into the bedroom and beckoned to his

companion to enter. Then she closed the door and looked at them. Auguste sat down on a chair and began to weep. The bald-headed man stood in some embarrassment in the middle of the room, looking around him. He was still holding the pistol which Eugénie had rejected. Eugénie walked over to the bed, pulled her warm woolen wrapper about her shoulders, pushed the plaits of her greying hair away from her eyes, and said calmly: "Now, Monsieur, perhaps you will kindly tell me who you are and what you are doing with the pistol which my nephew captured from the Boche."

The man did not reply immediately. His eyes were traveling round the room. When they looked again at Eugénie, they seemed more embarrassed even than those of Auguste. The man finally put the gun in his pocket.

"I beg your pardon, Madame . . ." he began.

"Mademoiselle," corrected Eugénie curtly.

"Mademoiselle, then. This boy says he is your nephew."

"Quite right. And what are you doing with his pistol?"

"I took it away from him, Mademoiselle. I found him breaking into my house. I live all alone in a cottage in the next village. Your nephew threatened me with the gun. *Dieu merci*, his hand trembled too much, he did not

Continued on page 188

NORTHCOOL

Plus- THE QUALITY THAT MADE THIS TROPICAL SUIT FAMOUS



NORTHCOOL

THE TROPICAL SUIT THAT "BREATHES" FRESH AIR

\$29.50

If you're looking forward to a cool, comfortable summer—take a look at the famous Northcool Tropical suits. For quality wrinkle resistant fabric, for skillful tailoring, for refreshing new patterns and colors, Northcool Tropicals will take first place in your summer wardrobe. Northcool Tropicals will keep your mind off the weather—because Northcool is the tropical suit that "breathes" fresh air. Make Northcool your summer habit.

For the names and addresses of the Northcool dealers in your city—write to A. SAGNER'S SON, INC., Manufacturers, SAGNER BLDG., BALTIMORE 1, MARYLAND

For Father's Day

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL INITIAL RING



Finely fashioned of 14 K gold. Two or three massive initials in contrasting white, yellow, pink or green gold. As new as tomorrow's newspaper. For women, too!



Blazoned with insigne of fraternal order, military or naval branch, flanked by 2 individual initials.



Superbly set with diamond. Two initials astride. Also available in other precious stones.



Masterpiece of jewelry craft. Full three initials embellished with sapphires or other gems.

At fine jewelers everywhere, or write for name of nearest dealer.

Park Lane Rings, Inc.

Div. Manne & Son, 74 W. 46th St., N. Y. 19

PATENTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
IN CANADA: SWARTZELL & CO., LTD., TORONTO 2

The Old Maid of Reims

Continued from page 187

shoot me. Yet he says he was in the Maquis!"

"It is the truth," said Eugénie proudly. "My nephew was two years in the Maquis." Then she turned to Auguste, who was pale and weeping. "Tell me, Auguste," she said, and now it was the old Eugénie who spoke, curt and imperious, "tell me, is it true you were in this man's house?"

Auguste, still shaken with sobs, nodded affirmatively. Eugénie turned to the man, who was looking at the Louis Quinze commode.

"Eh bien, Monsieur," she said sharply, "what are you going to do about it? Are you going to put a hero of the Maquis in prison?"

Instead of replying, the man looked questioningly at Auguste.

"Well," said Eugénie impatiently, "what have you decided?"

The man's reply astonished her. "I have decided, Mademoiselle, that I am thirsty. The cold night air always gives me a thirst. And for what I am about to say to you, I require a little stimulation. Could you not send your nephew for something to drink?"

"Eh bien," gasped Eugénie, "you have a *toupet*, without error. You are certainly a cool one." Then she vented her wrath on her nephew. "Auguste, don't sit there sniveling like an infant. Go down to the cellar and bring up a bottle

of wine." She gave the keys to the cellar to Auguste. Only too happy at the excuse to escape, Auguste said, "Very well, Tante Eugénie."

The bald man sat back in his chair, crossed his legs and pulled out a grey paper package of Gauloise cigarettes. "With your permission, Mademoiselle," he said amiably, and lighted a cigarette. When he had exhaled a long puff of acrid smoke which made Eugénie cough, he said: "So your name is Eugénie? I have always liked that name."

"What of it?" demanded Eugénie impatiently. "I am waiting for your explanations."

"And you have never married?"

"Of course not."

"It's a coincidence," said the man musingly, "that I also have never married. And how old would your nephew be?"

Eugénie told him Auguste's age. She had an uncomfortable feeling that this man was playing with her, playing with Auguste. He would drink her wine, spoil her night's sleep, poison her room with tobacco smoke, then he would get up coolly, throw the lighted end of his cigarette on the carpet and announce that he would now conduct Auguste to the police station.

But the man also seemed to be following a private train of thought. "That means," he murmured,

MUCH JOY STANDS IN THESE BURNING DECKS

Esquire PLAYING CARDS

ONLY

\$2 A PAIR

\$1 A DECK

The 52 fiery-haired queens brighten up your card games faster than a royal flush or a 13-spade hand.

Designed in cheery green . . . on crisp, clean, gilt-edged cellulose . . . durably constructed of rugged two-ply stock . . . they spell joy . . . and year-round, long-lasting pleasure.



"A" DECK

"B" DECK

FREE with every pair of decks, the rules for Esquire's Contract Gin Rummy AND four 30-page score pads.



ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, Chicago 90, Illinois

I enclose \$ _____
PLEASE _____ SEND _____ ME _____
pair of Esquire Playing Cards at \$2.00 a pair.
single decks of Esquire Playing Cards at \$1.00 a deck.

Please check your preference ☐ "A" Deck ☐ "B" Deck
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Attention Canadians: Price in Canada is \$3 per pair and \$1.50 per single deck. Please make all Canadian remittances payable to, and send to, SINNOTT NEWS CO., MAIL ORDER DEPT., 172 JOHN ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO



© 1947, N. D. P. C.

For parched palates, pour mountain-distilled Ron Merito—in a cool cuba libre, a thirst-quenching collins, a frost-covered daiquiri. Remember—the better the rum, the better the drink. Better ask for Ron Merito!

Ron
MERITO



THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Send for free Ron Merito Recipe Booklet

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL. 86 PROOF. WRITE NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DEPT. EH, P.O. BOX 12, WALL ST. STATION, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

"that Auguste was born in the year 1925. Am I right, Mademoiselle Eugénie?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur," replied Eugénie sarcastically, "but really I don't understand..."

"You don't understand," said the man imperturbably, "that your nephew is in reality my son."

"Your son?" cried Eugénie. It was clear to her now that she was listening to a *farceur* if not to a lunatic.

"I saw it at once," said the man triumphantly. "He has my eyes and chin, and your little fat nose, my dear Eugénie. It was your little fat nose of which I first became enamoured."

Eugénie rose from the bed.

"You are crazy!" she cried. "What are you talking about? Auguste's father is dead. He was a businessman in the North."

"Not crazy at all," said the bald man. He got up from his chair and looked at her intently, approvingly, possessively.

"Not bad-looking even now," he murmured. Then he leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth. "Eugénie, my little one..."

But Mademoiselle Eugénie had now recovered her poise. Recoiling from the bald man's embrace, she swung a vigorous right arm and dealt him a resounding smack.

But the bald man began to laugh. He was still laughing when the door opened and Auguste came in, carrying a bottle of wine,

and a glass. The boy still looked badly scared, but when he saw the man laughing a look of relief came into his eyes.

"Come here, my little Auguste," ordered the bald man affectionately, "come here and embrace your father. The next time you see him, don't try to shoot him with a hand that trembles."

Auguste put the bottle and the glass on the Louis Quinze commode and looked at the man in astonishment.

"It's all right, my little Auguste," said the bald man. "Your aunt and I are old friends. In reality she is not your aunt at all, but your mother. And now we are going to be married. We shall make of you yet a monsieur who can hold a gun straight."

Mademoiselle Eugénie sat down again on the tumbled bed. She was very red in the face. "What will they say of me?" she murmured to nobody in particular.

But the bald-headed man was busy opening the bottle of Eugénie's champagne. Now that his head was turned, she could see under the baldness of his crown a fringe of soft black hair curling on the nape of his neck.

And now Mademoiselle Eugénie made up her mind. "Auguste," she said sharply to her son, who stood gazing at her in perplexity, "go and bring two more glasses. Your father cannot drink a bottle of wine without help from us." #

Continued from page 71



The temperatures soar...

You're never a bore...

the **STOUT MAN'S**
at ease

in a **V-LINE Breez**

THE SLENDERIZING COOL SUIT

Rising temperatures are enough to make even the best natured stout man feel plenty "doggy" and ill-at-ease.

Slip into a V-Line Breez suit and things change!

V-Line Breez scientific-slenderizing design, plus crease-resistant BUR-MIL fabric, give you that cool zephyr-fresh, perfectly-tailored look. You may not lose an ounce, but the superb patterns and colors will make you look pounds lighter. Without a squeeze the V-Line Breez makes the stout man at ease in any company.



-LINE Clothes Co.

Specialists in Slenderizing Stouts
BROAD & WALLACE STS., PHILA. 30, PA.

• If your clothier does not have a V-Line for you, write direct for name of nearest store.

Hawaiian Wigglers Get Bass!

\$1.10



Deep Running
No. 1 Hawaiian Wiggler

"Dear Fred: This bass limit taken from Cache River, Ark., is typical of Hawaiian Wiggler achievements. Most of the bass I caught this past year were with No. 1 or 2 Hawaiian Wigglers. They are effective both in still lakes and running streams." — Frank Vestal, outdoors writer, Memphis Commercial Appeal.

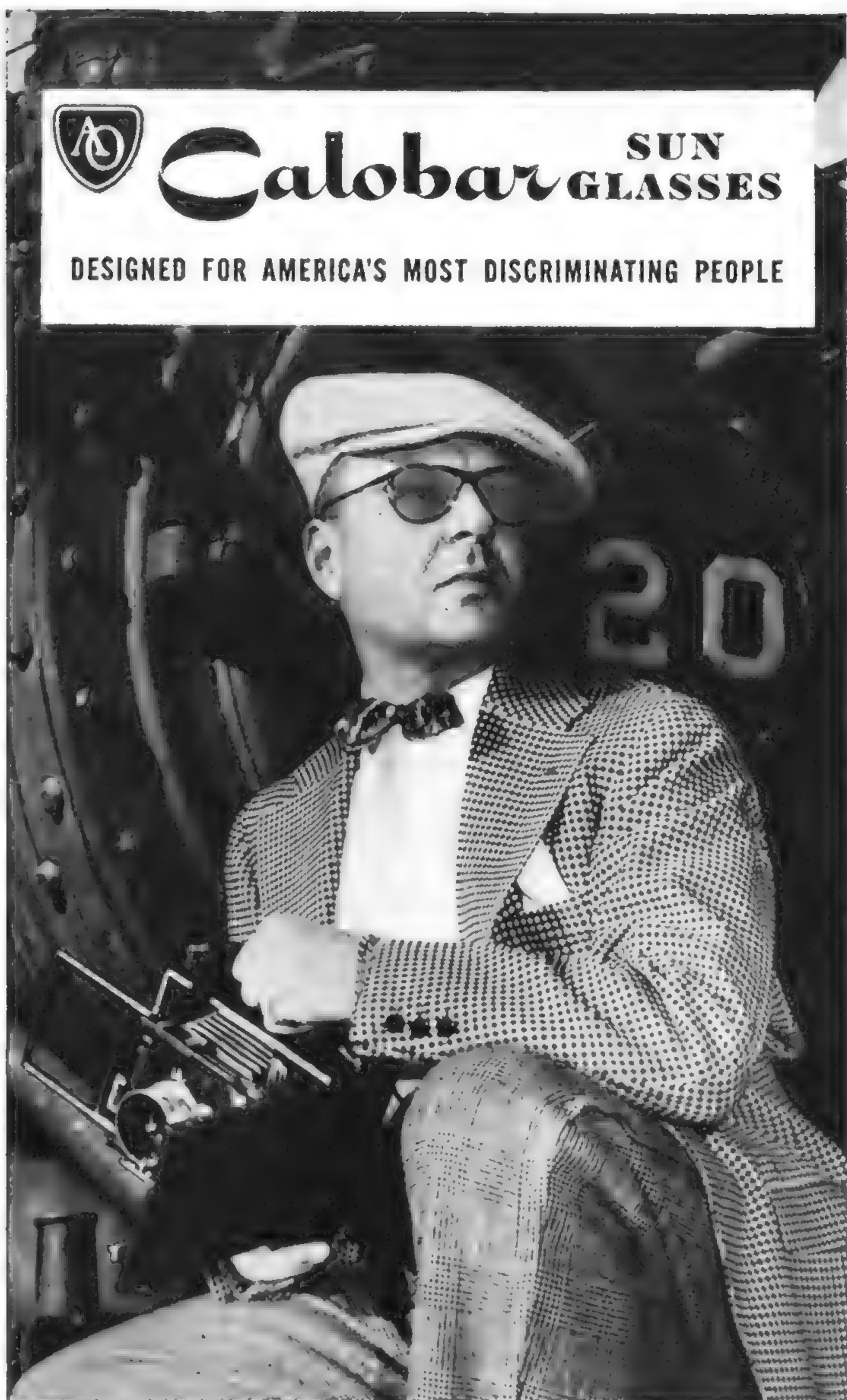
Frank Vestal
with bass caught
on Hawaiian Wigglers



Write for Free Catalog

Beautifully illustrated in colors. Shows where and how anglers are making record catches with Hawaiian Wigglers, Jitterbugs and my new Hula Dancers.

FRED ARBOGAST & CO.
805 North Street
Akron 3, Ohio



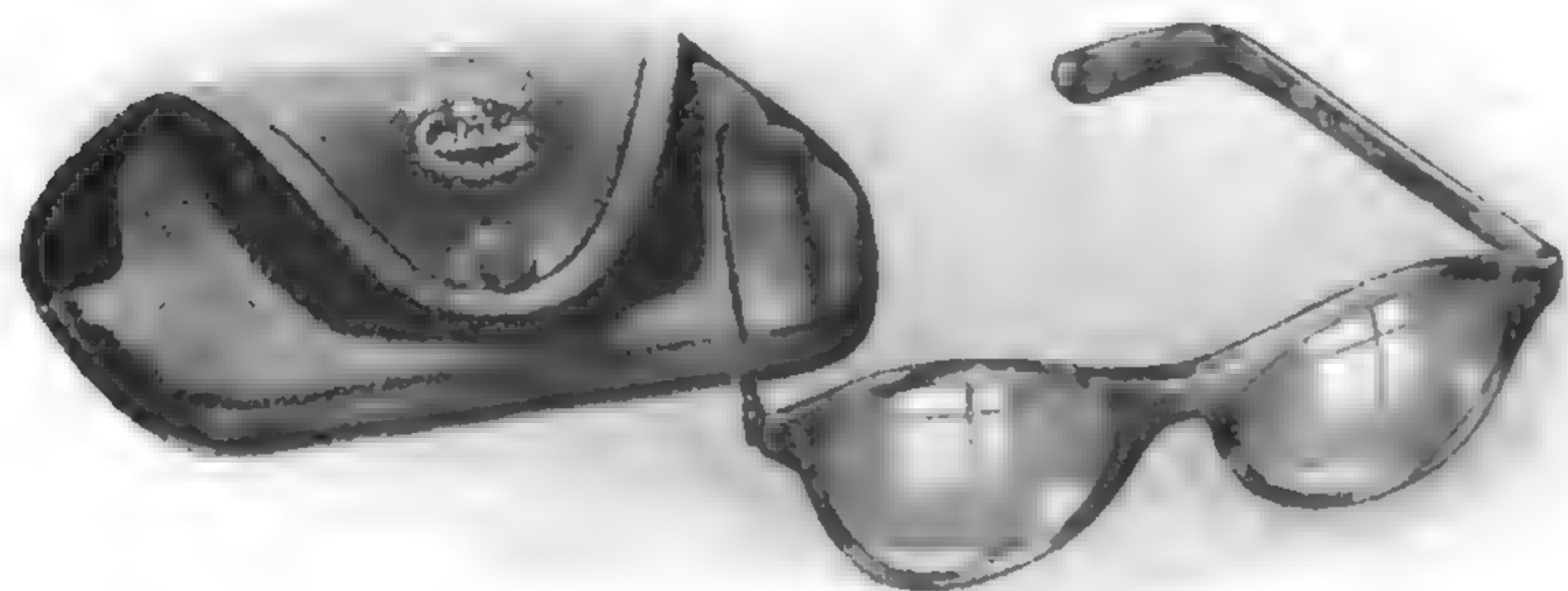
Man-about-town, Lucius Beebe

Famed Newspaperman, Railroad Historian, and Photographer, Wears AO Calobar Sun Glasses While Securing Material For His Forthcoming, "Mixed Train Daily, A Book of Short Line Railroads."

AO Calobar Sun Glasses are designed for those who appreciate the importance of correct style and optical perfection in sun glasses.

AO Calobar lenses are made under the highest ophthalmic standards developed over a period of one hundred and fourteen years. Optically ground and polished, they are specially formulated to guard your eyes against harmful ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays.

AO Calobar Sun Glasses are available through those who render professional eye service, in these new styles and frame colors: *Face Form*, *Up-sweep*, *Bow Tie* and *Harlequin*... in pink crystal, red, blue and demi-amber frames. *Metal Face Form* in white metal or pink gold filled.



Illustrated, the Up-sweep in demi-blonde.

American  Optical
COMPANY

Out of My Id

Continued from page 83

sayers are able to acknowledge is the possibility that you might be following an impulse as biologically correct as the one which causes nightingales to sing or bees to make honey. In the mist which overhangs the great welter of emotional distortions, there is always the possibility of overlooking the fact that a man might do something because it is part of his nature. A man does not have to be sick to have a whim of iron.

If emotional illness is the mark to be placed on all behavior which deviates from the pattern made fashionable by the Puritan tradition, the Eskimos are extremely unhealthy people, as are the Annamese, Burmese, Balinese, Javanese, Tonkinese, Samoans, and Trobrianders. Or as one Freudianized Indian might say to another, "Whose Sikh now?"

With equal logic it could be argued that even the most minute frustrations of impulse are bad, and that a little yearning is a dangerous thing.

Perhaps the most annoying of all the amateur analysts is the trauma-sleuth—the man who thinks there is one and only one cause for whatever it is that ails you, and that it is his appointed task to unearth it. If you have a dislike for work, for example, he says to you, confidentially,

"Tell me, did your father make you work in the pickle works when you were small?" or "Were you ever hit on the head by a pile driver?"

His hope is to catch you at some unguarded or drunken moment when you will spill the traumatic beans. Then with a triumphant shout he could proclaim an analytic "Eureka." These men are unable to understand why some analyses run on for years.

Since this man is usually a woman, it will simplify the text of this prolegomenon if we refer to him with feminine pronouns.

"Tell me," she says, stalking you from behind a highball, "what did you dream last night?"

You, warm, self-assured, and in wine, have nothing to hide. You give her a reliable and systematized report about X and Y and X over Y divided by Z.

"Ah," says she, fixing you with a glassy eye, "that's it. It's so clear." She proceeds to give you an Alice-in-Wonderland report as logical as the Lewis Carroll song from *Sylvie and Bruno*:

*He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.*

But even if you concede the possibility of this logic, you find

Look to the Stars

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST PIPES!

The number of stars denotes the degree of rarity

Different numbers of golden stars, inlaid on the bit of each PIPE BY LEE, tell at a glance the degree of excellence of the rare, imported briar, the flawlessness of natural grain, the perfection of workmanship. Here are superb pipes, available in "connoisseur" shapes, made by pipe masters for pipe lovers.



Authentic
Imported Briar

PIPES BY LEE, INC., NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

yourself depressed by the fact that dream-detector No. 2, a girl equally determined, and equipped with a stare equivalently fanatical, has an interpretation diametrically opposed.

Suppose, for example, you dreamed that you were in a hotel, wandering aimlessly through many rooms. You were trying to get to your own room, but somehow found yourself everywhere but where you belonged.

"Very simple," says the first Cassandra. "The room you were looking for represents the ideal girl—your imago. A room is a female symbol, of course; you grant that?"

You grant it with the generosity of King Charles I presenting Maryland to Lord Baltimore.

"Well," she continues, "you can't find this girl because she doesn't exist. The meaning is clear. You are living in a phantasy world. You are pursuing a chimera." You know inwardly that you would gladly trade your birthright for a good chimera. Good chimeras are scarcer nowadays than apartments.

Cassandra No. 2 has another approach. "Your emotional life," she says, "is still on an infantile level. A child wants everything it sees. Your being in all the rooms means you want all the rooms. One room isn't enough for you. You have to learn to grow up."

"Nothing to it," volunteers a

third interpreter, "this is a fear dream. You are trying to escape from something. Your room represents what you are afraid of. Consequently you don't want to find it. Instead, you find some 'inexplicable' reason always to be in some other room. Now tell me, what are you afraid of? Me? I'm not going to bite you."

You button your strait jacket and stagger out. "Better," you say, collectively, "is a padded cell with quiet therein, than a loaf of bread and a jug of wine with thou!"

A few minutes later you remind yourself that it would have been better to have said "...with thee."

Many are the varieties of the Johnny-come-lately hosannah-singers. Some work entirely on sex clues, finding phallic pseudomorphs in almost everything but the jellied consommé. Others turn their mind's eye inward and issue hourly reports on the state of their psyche and the probable esoteric meaning of each gesture made during the preceding twenty-four hours. Others again organize their scattered bits of information and misinformation and weld the segments into a club to belabor bystanders.

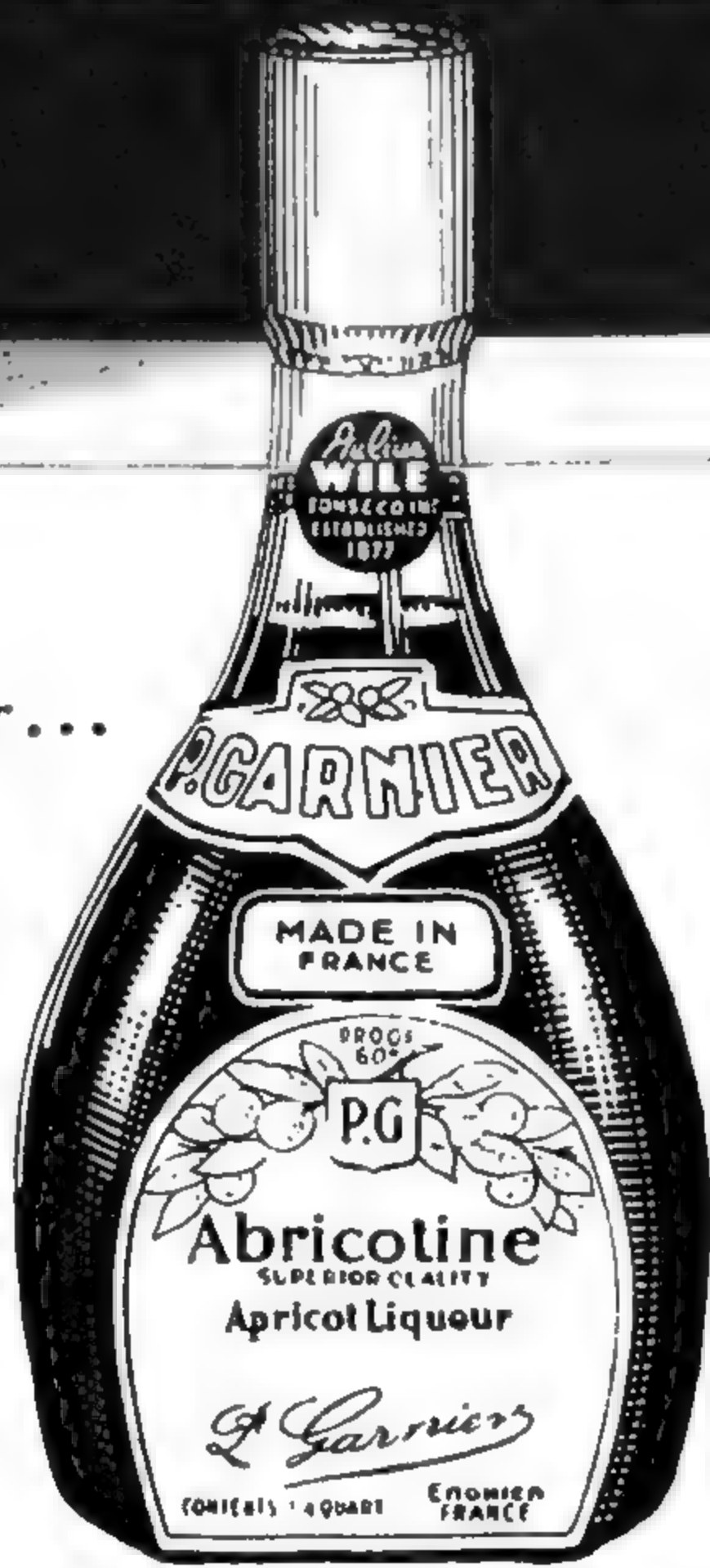
Suppose you say somewhere, in passing, "It's sad that so many people turn their backs on pleasure; they think enough is as good as a feast."

Immediately this last type of psychosycophant attacks you

Continued on page 192



Specify Garnier...
and name
your
favorite
flavor



There is a difference in cordials, as you will discover when you taste Garnier Liqueurs. The Abricotine shown here is but one of the 14 different Garnier Liqueurs. Cordials of quality since 1859. 60 Proof



Sold in America for over 60 years by Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y.

IN RAZOR BLADES

PAL

HOLLOW GROUND

HAS THE "EDGE"

5 ways

- LONGER LASTING
- SMOOTHER SHAVING
- KEENER EDGES
- MORE ECONOMICAL
- UNIFORMLY PERFECT

Try 'em!

DOUBLE EDGE SINGLE EDGE

RUST-RESISTANT

4 for 10¢ 10 for 25¢ 25 for 59¢ • ECONOMY SIZE 50 for \$1.

AT ALL GOOD STORES

PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES ARE MADE IN THE U.S.A., CANADA, GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AMERICA AND ARE SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD



Gantner WIKIES

Two-timers! Gantner's print

WIKIES for land 'n' sea! Wear the matching beach coat with slacks, too! Top, San Francisco Seal. - Left, Gulf Shrimp. Right, bold Fiesta print with Zelan water-repellent finish. Print WIKIES, \$3.50 up, coats, \$5.50 up. Call or write better stores everywhere!



GANTNER MATTERN CO., San Francisco Chicago New York

Out of My Id

(Continued from page 191)

and says, "You are incredibly naïve. You talk as if you didn't know anything about analysis. What makes you think that what gives you pleasure gives other people pleasure?"

Suddenly you find yourself in deep water. You are challenged to debate the old philosophers' question about the relation of appearance to reality. Wistfully you think how pleasant it would be if in ordinary parlor conversation people would agree, like Adam, to call a frog a *frog* because it looks like a frog, sounds like a frog, and acts like a frog. And for the moment you feel that a touch of anti-semanticism here and there might ultimately be to the greater good of the greatest number.

There is, in short, much more to Freud than meets even the jaundiced eye. And there is no royal road to the understanding of human nature.

Medical men long back learned the dangers of opening their secrets to the intellectually unwashed, and took care to write their inferences and their prescriptions in Latin. This saved them from both the Inquisition and the competition of mahjong players. No matter how avid a reader she is of the *Reader's Digest*, or how zealous a subscriber to the Book-of-the-Month Club,

no culturally ambitious housewife would dare to take out your tonsils. But every woman who has smoked her way through an Ingrid Bergman picture believes herself thoroughly competent to extract your ego and squirt its contents on her hearthrug. Easy reading, in other words, has not made for hard thinking.

Ego, superego, unconscious, id, preconscious, trauma, libido, inago—these are now household bywords along with southpaw, palooka, and hep-cat.

That the way they are used renders them a little less than useless is beside the point. They are here, Lafayette, like the horseless carriage. Or as a new convert said to me, not so long ago, "The trouble with your subconscious is that it has too much ego."

Mr. Morris Cohen is exceedingly fond of the verb "to reify," which, as nearly as I can make out, means to assume that something exists merely because you have a word for it. Well, I have been reified quite a lot, these parlous years, and I have a yen for a little mathematical quiet.

I propose no longer to be one of the phantasms in the observation: "I thought it was she, and she thought it was me, and when we come near 'twern't neither one of us." #

(Continued from page 83)



Ride
the World's
Finest
Lightweight

DENNIS MORGAN
Warner Bros. film star

THE Schwinn-Built CONTINENTAL



FREE!

MOVIE STAR - BICYCLE FOLDER featuring full color photographs of Hollywood stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built bicycles. Get your copy. Send your name and address on a penny postcard . . . now!

Compare the Schwinn-Built Continental with the best foreign bicycles and see how strikingly superior the Schwinn really is. Lustrous beauty, sturdy construction, many remarkable exclusive features . . . plus the famous Schwinn guarantee. Just the bicycle you want . . . at home or on vacation . . . for cycling adventure, for healthful exercise and for safe, trouble-free, inexpensive transportation. See the important advantages offered you by this Schwinn-Built bicycle. Look for the name of your nearest Schwinn dealer in your Classified telephone directory . . . today.

Look for the Schwinn Seal of Quality on the frame beneath the saddle.



ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., 1738 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Comics Are a Funny Business

Continued from page 56

entertainment they have ever known. It does not show high on reader polls, but its following is almost fanatic. It was precisely for these reasons that the strip was shunned. Editors want strips with large, mass appeal. They were not tempted by restricted, theoretical audiences. Many of them admittedly did not understand the oblique quality of the strip's humor.

At the end of the first year much of *Barnaby* was reprinted in book form by Henry Holt and Company. It sold well, particularly in New York. Then came what seemed the big break. Not one, but two national magazines, the kind the editors read, gave the accolade to *Barnaby*. But there was no rush of orders, not even a flurry. The answer to the enigma was slowly revealed. Editors did not question the judgment of *Barnaby*'s boosters. But they were bravos from the arty, the literati,

a class unfit to appraise a comic strip. The accolades assumed the grim aspects of a kiss of death. Some editors contended that it was not really a comic strip and had no place in a newspaper. A few who bought the strip kept it off the comic page.



"Do you mind if I look at this in the sunlight?"

The syndicate plugged away. Papers were added slowly. At the end of the second year the list showed some promise and, most significant of all, there were no cancellations. A Baltimore paper tried dropping the strip from its pages but the citizenry rose in such numbers that the strip was restored. A number of *Barnaby*'s earlier detractors, some patroniz-

ingly, decided to give *Barnaby* a run. The momentum of sales increased gradually and soon many of the big cities necessary to real prestige for a strip were using it.

Barnaby in four colors is now being offered to Sunday papers. After five years of syndication it boasts

Continued on page 194

It's Different



It's for you

- ▶ **NOW...** A Hair Dressing that is neither oily nor drying.
- ▶ **NOW...** A Dandruff Control that is not in the least medicated.
- ▶ **NOW...** A Head Of Hair that always looks good and feels better.

HERE'S WHY

L.B. contains **ORGANIC OIL**...You can see your scalp "Drink It In". It disappears completely...No greasy residue, just **LUSTROUS-HANDSOME-WELL BEHAVED** hair and **COMPLETE SCALP COMFORT**

L.B.

FOR THE HAIR

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED...
Money Back If You Don't See Results...AT ONCE

You'll enjoy Lansdowne



The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey

86 PROOF • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • THE LANSDOWNE DISTILLERY, INC. • HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.



GOTHAM
Fine Watches Since 1868

PRECIOUS
\$49.50*

LOVELY LADY
\$275*

DREAM
\$65*

DEAREST
\$89.50*

AT
BETTER JEWELERS
EVERYWHERE

Gotham Watches
Product of Ollendorff Watch Co., INC., 20 W. 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.
TIME FOR A LIFETIME

© 1947 OLLENDORFF WATCH CO., INC. ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

Comics Are a Funny Business

Continued from page 193

more than fifty substantial newspapers with a gross of about \$1000 a week. At the same time, however, it developed an Achilles heel—the temperament of its creator. Last winter Crockett Johnson succumbed to the despair induced by his daily pursuit of perfection. He turned the strip over to his Connecticut neighbors, Ted Ferro, who writes the story, and Jack Morley, who faithfully reproduces Johnson's simple stylized art form.

Whether the elimination of Johnson's delicate touch of magic will keep *Barnaby* out of the comic-strip world series is yet to be finally determined. Significant perhaps is the fact that *Barnaby* no longer holds priority as cocktail party chitchat.

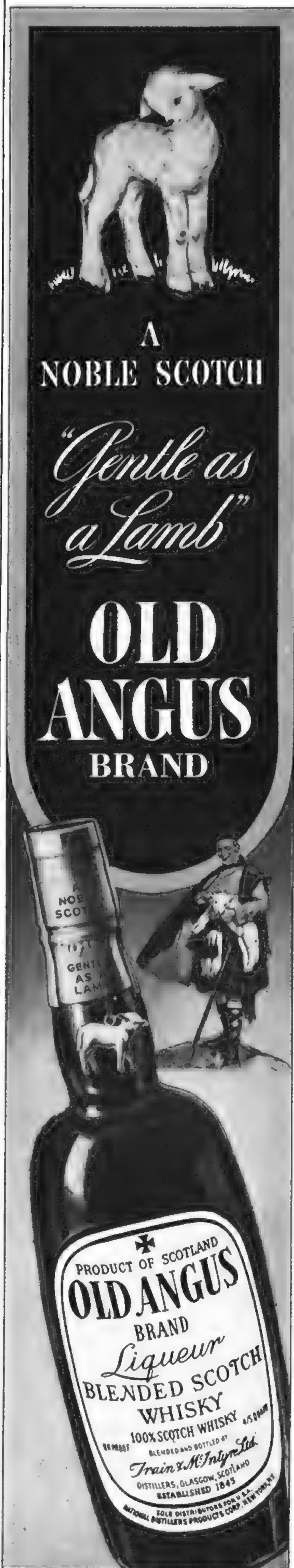
How many strips of potential greatness, unblessed with the fortuitous break which gave the leg up to the *Blondies*, *Popeyes* and *Supermen*, died aborning will never be known. More than one cartoonist of a strip that failed bemoans the certainty that riches and fame would have been his if only his comic could have continued for a few months more, or if his masterpiece could have been brought properly to the attention of a slick magazine with a circulation of a million or more.

No precise formulae have been discovered to guarantee a strip success and the syndicates operate largely on the empirical, trial-and-failure method. Certain fundamental rules are, of course, observed. The art must be of relatively high quality in most cases. A funny comic must be funny. An adventure must be smooth, exciting and suspenseful. No strip should be cluttered with too many characters and a confusion of events.

Cartoonists' sources of inspiration are as numerous as their hopes are high. Aside from original ideas, not necessarily good because they are exclusive, creators use radio, the moving pictures and even other strips with proved acceptance as source material. The record has been largely one of failure, and the classic story of *Charlie McCarthy* stands as a monumental warning. *The Shadow*, also from the radio, had a brief, uninspired life, and *The Goldbergs* was finally eased out of its one newspaper. *Charlie Chan*, movies and radio, is a memory. The *Lone Ranger* has a fair sale through the powerful King Features Syndicate, but enjoys indifferent success.

Until recently no imitation was able to make headway. But *Kerry Drake*, a detective strip strikingly similar to *Dick Tracy*, is enjoying moderate prosperity, as are the *Berrys* and *Dottie Dripple*, both more than slightly reminiscent of *Blondie*. Most other imitations end up as also-rans.

Features popular in comic magazines, casting envious eyes upon



A
NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

OLD ANGUS BRAND

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1845
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

THE CREATORS OF THE
NATIONALLY FAMOUS

"Great Dane"
COATS

PRESENT



COSMOPOLITAN MFG. CO.
Cambridge 42, Mass.
FRED MONOSSON, President

Superman, have been unqualified flops.

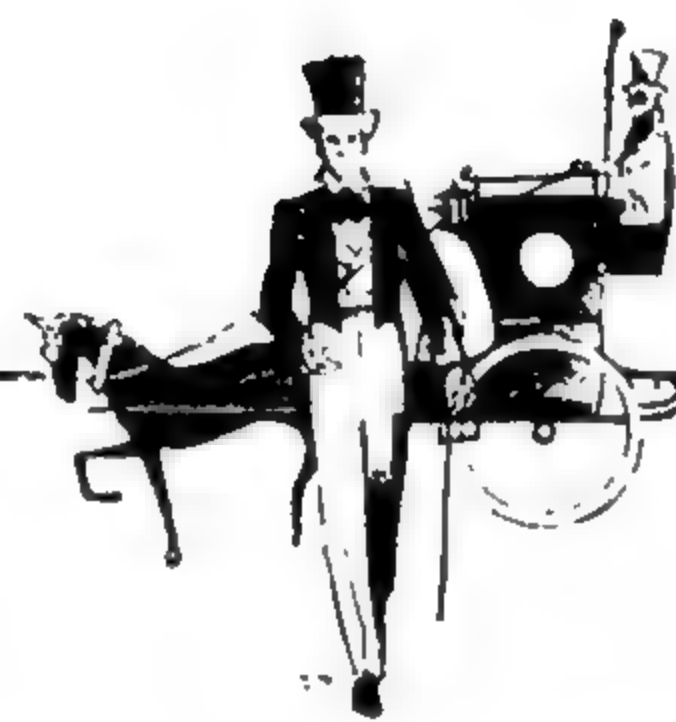
Obviously it takes more than a set of rules to make a comic, and the slippery ingredient that insures success remains to be discovered. In a business endowed with brains, money and a plethora of competitive spirit, no single editor stands out as even a near-infallible producer of comic strips in the manner, let us say, that Alfred Hitchcock shines in the directing of movie thrillers. Even the record of the late Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*, to whose facile fingers is generally credited a mysterious, Aladdinlike touch with comic strips, sometimes wavers under examination. It is undeniable that the eminent publisher, who watched his comics with the same serious attention that went into the direction of editorial policy, developed a set of strips which, if moved out of his newspaper, would reduce its astronomical circulation by, perhaps, half a million.

But of the dozen strips in the *Daily News*—and they appear simultaneously in the Chicago *Tribune* and scores of other newspapers—it is the three giants that generate the excitement. These are *Dick Tracy*, *Orphan Annie*, and *Gasoline Alley* (a substantial number of syndicate people believe *Terry and the Pirates* should be included), all of which belong on anybody's list of "ten best." This in itself is a tribute to the late publisher's talent. No other feature syndicate can boast a sure place for more than one of its strips in the lists of favorites. But of the other strips in the *News-Tribune* roster, only one or two would stand a chance if placed on the market for the first time today. The rest are dated and dull and continue appearing in large lists of newspapers by virtue of habit, legend and the effective proselytizing of the syndicate rather than intrinsic merit.

Reducing the late Captain Patterson somewhat nearer the level of mortals in the syndicate business is the saga of *Deathless Deer*. A few years ago the *News-Tribune* presented to America's 1749 dailies the first new daily strip it had produced in almost a decade. The offer was made with a crescendo of propaganda and much scurrying and trumpeting by the syndicate's sales force.

Deathless Deer was the brain child of Alicia Patterson, the captain's daughter, a brilliant newspaperwoman and publisher in her own right. Undoubtedly the captain wished for its success with all his mind and heart. It could not fail, the sales talk chanted; look at the *News-Tribune* record. Besides, the genius of the captain would be poured abundantly into the new creation. It could not fail. But it did. The flop was colossal. Ten months after release the New York *Daily News* announced its elimination, giving the newsprint shortage as the reason, thus making the best of an embarrassing situation

Continued on page 196



QUALITY—LIKE CHARACTER—ENDURES

HANAN

for 98 years
this famous name has meant
finer shoes to all the world

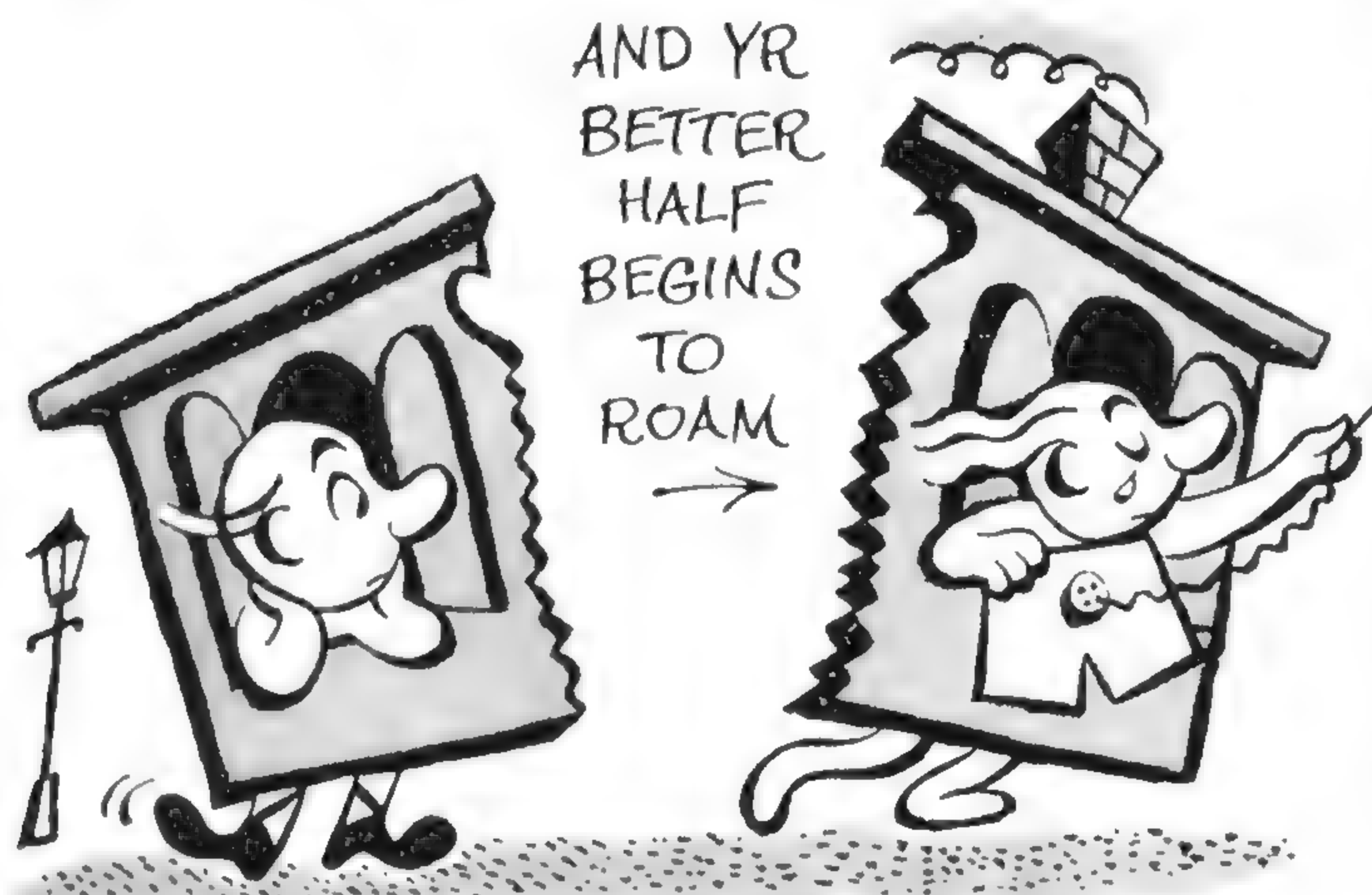
A Hanan Hurdler—
traditional in quality,
modern in construction.
... Black or Town-
brown Calf.



Almost a century has passed since the first Hanan Shoes were made. And, in the case of Hanan, it's a span rich with achievement. Finer craftsmanship, finer leathers, superior styling and exclusive Hanan Hurdler construction—these are the shoe satisfactions that the experience of many years and Hanan steadfastness of purpose bring you.

HANAN Shoes

By HANAN AND SON, INC., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

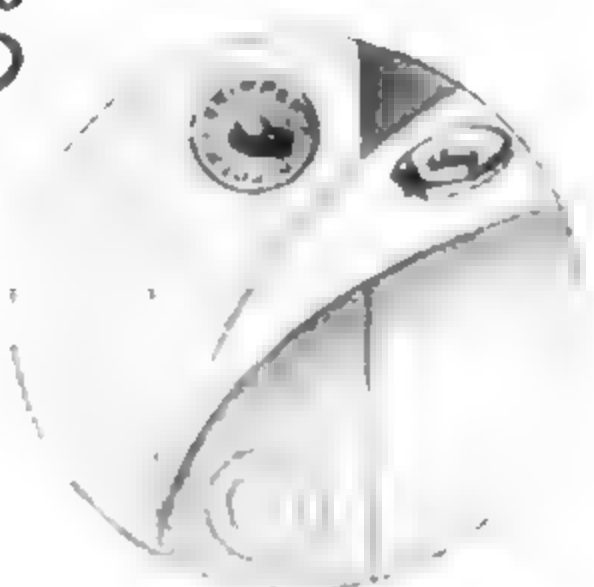
IF BUTTON BOTHER BREAKS UP YR HOME...

GRIPPER FASTENERS WILL BRING YOU TOGETHER
...AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY FOREVER AND EVER!



YES! SHORTS WITH
GRIPPER* FASTENERS

END BUTTON BOTHER, SEWING
SESSIONS, LAUNDRY TROUBLES.
THEY'RE NEAT, TRIM AND OH-SC
EASY TO OPEN AND CLOSE...
DON'T DELAY...GET 'EM TODAY!



* the laundry-proof snap
fastener that ends
"button-bother"

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Connecticut • America's leading manufacturer of snap fasteners.

Comics Are a
Funny Business

Continued from page 195

and shattering the legend of a perfect score in picking comics. As one irreverent salesman put it, "You could hear the gobble of Cap Patterson's turkey from one end of the land to the other."

It is the uncertainty of strip possibilities, the lack of a precise measuring stick of merit and the come-on of high profits for the rare hit, which impels syndicates to try and try again. Unlike the authors of text features, which syndicates also handle, an unknown artist with some talent and no reputation is as likely to produce the year's best seller as a well-known magazine cartoonist. As a matter of fact, few of the successful comic creators held places of consequence in the cartooning or art field before going into syndication.

Only a small number of those strips offered for sale reaches any important number of newspaper pages. Most comic sections carry ten or twelve strips, each of which represents an investment to the newspaper measured by the number of months or years it has been used. Especially in these days of newsprint shortage, editors cannot add to their comic lists. For every new comic added one must be eliminated, and chances of making an error in judgment risked. Comic-strip changes average no more than one each year per newspaper. Competition for the rare opening is high, the stakes are large and the syndicates are willing gamblers and game losers.

In the months to come the position of comics as an American institution will, if anything, be substantially enlarged. At least fifty per cent of the newspapers plan another page of strips after newsprint becomes available in unlimited quantities. The wartime reduction of comics from five to four columns will probably continue as a peacetime preference even when newsprint is plentiful—thus making it possible for newspapers to carry more strips than ever before. The syndicates are ready to meet the demand with an unprecedented output. Some may even be funny.

Lying ahead in the comic future, too, is the certainty that it will always be a funny business, with other *Joe Palookas* to confound the *Charlie McCarthys*. It was a funny business back in 1923 when the *Boston Traveler* canceled Rube Goldberg's strip of zany inventions, an apparently superior strip by an undeniably great comic artist. Not a letter of objection or a complaining telephone call mourned the strip's passing. At the same time the *Traveler* decided to eliminate *Somebody's Stenog*, the cheapest strip on its roster. The switchboard was hopelessly tied up for twenty-four hours by irate customers. It's a funny business all right. ‡

Continued from page 56



FIT

MAKES

A

HAT

A

HIT!



It's more than the right size that makes your hat fit right. The right hat shape is just as important. Your Society Club hatter will see that you get a correct fitting hat...right in size...right in shape.

Society Club HATS
25 Waverly Place, New York
Factory: Fall River, Mass.

Saga of Socrates II

Continued from page 79

her complaints until he was eighteen, then he packed his little armful of belongings, poured his strings of lobster claws and his big shells into a canvas bag, and made his way to New York.

I met him two years later, at a party. The conversation was sweet and empty as a meringue. Socrates II scowled in a corner, belligerent and critical, until he turned his eyes on me. We realized that we were sharing a joke. Then he came across to me and we talked. "You'll find my studio easily," he said, at the end. "It's a ramshackle building, with a yellow door."

I went one Sunday afternoon to see his pictures. It was bewildering, though immediately cooling to my mind, to leave the blare and easy luxury of New York and climb the dusty, bare staircase that led up three flights, to the studio door. Socrates ushered me in with an affected bow and a pleased grin. "Enter," he said, "and see how the poor live." The smells in the studio were mostly coffee and oil. It was true that he was poor. But I soon felt more than this from the room. I suppose his burning desire to paint had become a force within the walls. I was conscious of it, like the increasing pressure of an innocent, muscular hand. The courage of a young heart, forcing its way beyond the conglomeration of a little bed, a deep-worn chair and a pile of unsold canvases leaning like packs of immense playing cards against the far wall. There was a piece of tapa cloth above a table and beyond, a dark cubicle which held all the secrets of his eating and washing. There were shelves, heart high, along all four walls, and on these were crowded the toys of a man who falls in love with little, valueless objects, for no reasons but his own. There was a chipped bust of Mozart as a warning of what the world does to men who yield to their talents, the cast of a high-cheekboned Indian head, and a blue vase full of dead flowers that seemed to recall an old jaunt into the country. But mostly, the objects were shells or trophies from the sea, packed close and united by a communal film of dust.

Socrates showed me his pictures, one by one, lifting them to an easel while I sat in the deep chair. At first I made the common error of talking; of following each picture with a ridiculous, inadequate phrase. Then I became shy, filled with awe, and silent. Each picture was a celebration of his love; the forms of the deep sea, swaying in great tides, with a strange mistiness of style which was his own. I cannot explain why I was excited by what Socrates revealed to me in his painting. Himself? His clarity of mind, his honesty, his

Continued on page 198



Preferred for mellow moments

For your mellow moments, when you're at peace with the world, you'll prefer HAMM'S BEER, the smooth and mellow beer that matches the mood of your mellow moment. The choice of millions for 81 years.

THEO. HAMM BREWING CO., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.



Hamm's
Smooth and
Mellow Beer

There's a Material Difference...



in new
AIRMAN
shirts



tailored from a
superb fabric by
BATES



The lady in your life will agree...that the name "Bates" is your best guarantee of fabric quality. And the name "Airmen" tells you everything else you want to know, for these shirts have *all* the four most important features: 1. Smooth-Set Collar. 2. Body-Shaped Cut. 3. Fine-Stitch Tailoring. 4. Sanforized for permanent fit.

All in all, a remarkable shirt value.

THE SHIRTCRAFT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

*Never a Love so True....
Never a Ring so Cherished*



Bring the light to her eyes with love's most precious symbol, a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. Only one diamond in hundreds has the high excellence of color, cut and clarity which merit its individual selection as a Keepsake. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and ask for the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to \$5,000.

- | | | | |
|--|--------|-----------------|--------|
| A. HEATHER Set | 362.50 | C. CASTLE Set | 262.50 |
| Engagement Ring | 350.00 | Engagement Ring | 175.00 |
| Also \$100 to 2475 and in platinum \$300 to 3450 | | | |
| B. LAWRENCE Set | 600.00 | | |
| Engagement Ring | 500.00 | | |

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold. Rings enlarged to show details. Prices include Federal tax.



Saga of Socrates II

Continued from page 197

pugnacity, his passion for color? His groping after some majestic thought that still lay beyond his horizon? I cannot say. I only know that the experience was as stimulating as ice on the nape of one's neck and that my spirit, my mind and my body seemed to shed years and feel young.

Socrates put the last canvas back on the floor and laughed, from the depths of his stomach. "But nobody buys the damned things," he said. "That is the trouble." Then he made coffee and we talked the day away. The staircase was dark when I left him and I stumbled down to find that New York was already gay with the diamonds of the night.

There are two more characters in my story, in addition to Socrates II. They are Mrs. Trenchant Hollis and myself. It is a toss-up which of us is the more corrupt, Mrs. Trenchant Hollis for her parched soul and absolute uselessness in the world, or myself for having thought that by meeting Socrates she could help him.

Mrs. Trenchant Hollis is rich. She makes her statement to the world in her dead eyes. Her house is immense and dominated by two portraits of the husband upon whom she poured gall when he was alive and tears when he was dead. She had soon wiped away the tears to choose, as consolation, between religion, culture and travel. She chose travel and came home from the miracle of Europe having bought everything and learned nothing. She had her emeralds reset by Cartier in Paris, bought two life-size marble gods in Rome, a pair of wrought-iron gates in Valencia, a sedan chair in Winchester (to make into a telephone booth) and a spinet in Stratford (to be made into a cocktail cabinet).

She abandoned travel when she returned to New York and began her culture which is Early Reader's Digest at its foundations. Mrs. Trenchant Hollis is seldom out of the Town Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House, except when her sinus or her allergies oblige her to turn and toss, ill-tempered, in her four-post bed. She takes her culture at the double; a lecture here, a ballet there, a concert somewhere else.

There are moments when she feels like a drowning woman in a sea of incomprehension as the orchestra plays Beethoven, followed by moments when she feels that a life belt has been thrown to her as the conductor raises his baton and moves on to Strauss.

She goes to art exhibitions like a heretic entering a mosque. She has bought two pictures by Salvador Dali for her drawing room but is pleased to escape from them and enjoy two Maxfield Parrish landscapes in her own sitting room upstairs. Her house in New York is rich with figured silk brocades

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1845



UNIVERSAL GENÈVE PRESENTS

three distinctive watches:
Lapel Watch, 14 Kt. gold \$165
Man's Strap Watch, 14 Kt. gold \$145
Woman's Square Watch,
14 Kt. gold \$95
(20% Federal Tax Included)
At Leading Jewelers Everywhere

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE

THE HENRI STERN WATCH AGENCY, INC.
(Universal Genève Division)
587 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Montreal, Canada • Geneva, Switzerland



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____

Double

NUYENS APRICOT CORDIAL

Served after-dinner, in small, cordial-type glass ... prized for its sweet, nectar-like flavor, its full, rich body.



Delight

APRICOT COCKTAIL

1½ oz. Nuyens Apricot Liqueur
1 oz. gin, 2 dashes lemon juice
2 dashes orange juice
(shake in ice)

Here's how simple it is to get double pleasure from Nuyens Cordials. Serve them as after-dinner liqueurs ... and enjoy them in distinctive, easy-to-make cocktails. Prepared domestically for 12 years under the supervision of Nuyens et Cie, Bordeaux ... just as in France for 140 years ... they're America's finest cordials. Make it your practice to serve Nuyens—on every cordial occasion.

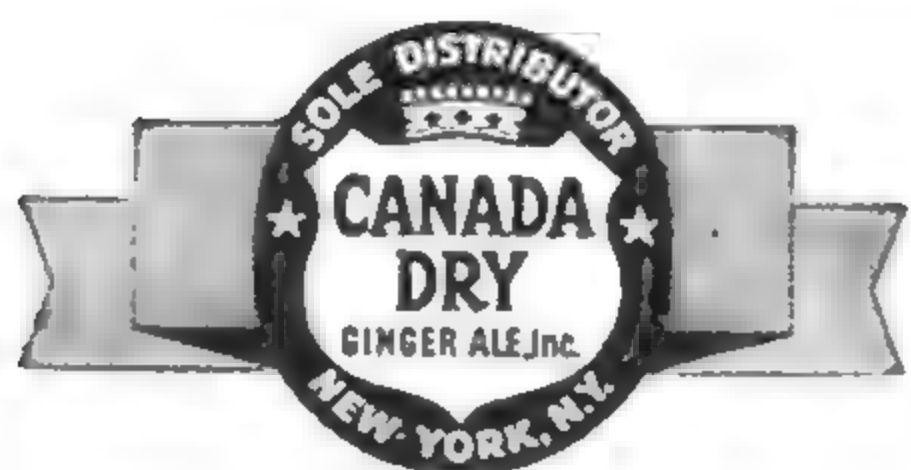


NUYENS Cordials

Complete your home bar with these famous favorites

Creme de Menthe	Creme de Cacao
60 proof	60 proof
Triple Sec	Apricot
80 proof	60 proof

Also choose from 8 other fine cordials.



filched from Spanish altars and still full of unanswered prayers. Her Aubusson carpets are like woven dreams and her glass cabinets are filled with jeweled trophies, crystal, gold, and jade, bought from antique dealers rather than won through her own charm or enterprise.

In the midst of this Mrs. Trenchant Hollis sits, sometimes ordering smoked salmon sandwiches at three o'clock in the afternoon only to make some occupation for her dissatisfied hands, sometimes gazing at the empty bauble of her day and whimpering to herself, "Is life really worth-while?"

It was vulgar, insensitive and stupid of me to suppose that any good would come of my bringing Socrates and Mrs. Trenchant Hollis together. But here is my pathetic excuse. Socrates has a talent and talent wilts without patronage. Mrs. Trenchant Hollis is lonely; young enough still to need love, but too old to inspire it.

One night I took her to see *Antigone*. The argument must have cut into her defenses for she was silent during the last hour of the play, and silent as we drove away from the theatre, to the shadows of the Barberry Room. Mrs. Trenchant Hollis usually enters a restaurant as if she were buying it, but this night she was meek and even reticent. She asked for her drinks instead of ordering them. She turned the cabochon sapphire, cradled in diamonds, around and around on her finger, quickly, as if in time with an idea revolving in her mind. Then she suddenly lifted her glass and swallowed so much of her rye and soda that she blinked. I was silent. We understood each other in such moments better than during cascades of chatter.

When the bill came, Mrs. Trenchant Hollis attempted to take it from the waiter, but withdrew her hand and said, "I'm sorry." Then she laughed; a hard little laugh, and said, "I always expect to pay. It's become a habit." I called the waiter and we had two more drinks. "I don't like serious plays," she said. "They make me think. When you think, you begin to feel. And there's no percentage in that."

I began to answer her but she raised her voice and interrupted. "When people feel something; when they love something, whether it's an ideal or a person, more than they love themselves, they're just asking for trouble. Storing up suffering. Better not to feel. Just resign yourself to being cheated right and left."

Her voice was pathetic and a little loud, after three ryes. She moved her glass from side to side. The next sentence came in a voice almost choked with tears. "But it would be nice, once before one dies, not to feel like that about somebody. Perhaps it would be enough just to love them. That's the only good thing about growing old. One demands less."

I had no answer because this sign of pathos in her was strange

Continued on page 200

it's the patented lining that does it



in...it's an overcoat

in goes a lining ... sleeves and all

out...it's a topcoat



ON...it's a smart coat

It's a smart coat that outwits the weather—a Season Skipper* coat, to be specific! It's a light and friendly topper when the weather is mild but nippy—even more sensible when you need a quick change to extra warmth on deep-freeze days. It's the all-wool lining that makes the Season Skipper coat your any-weather, all-occasion friend. Gadgetless!—because of its patented, concealed fly, the all-wool lining slips in and out, sleeves and all! The same lining fits smooth and unwrinkled in any Season Skipper coat style.

Season Skipper coats are expertly tailored by master craftsmen of 100% virgin wool tweed, covert and gabardine. Go anywhere in any weather feeling comfortably at ease, looking faultlessly tailored in a trim Season Skipper coat. Buy both coat and lining at the same time, or if you prefer, just get the coat now and buy the lining when you need it.

\$60 and up with the lining
\$10 less without the lining

Season Skipper
two complete coats in one

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For nearest Season Skipper dealer, write C. B. Shane Corp., Dept. E-57, 325 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Illinois; 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.; 623 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

© 1947, C. B. SHANE CORP.



Compare Royal Banquet Blended Scotch-Type Whisky With Your Favorite Imported Brands



BECAUSE ROYAL BANQUET is faithfully made, step by step, according to the traditional methods of Scotland, this fine American product has the authentic flavor of imported brands and is proudly served in the finest clubs, hotels and homes, the country over. Judge the facts for yourself!

1. Half of the malt whisky used in ROYAL BANQUET is imported from Scotland and half is produced in America.
2. Just as in Scotland, the malts used in ROYAL BANQUET are made from barley dried over peat fires.
3. To produce ROYAL BANQUET in the real Scotch way, we imported a complete pot still from Scotland.
4. In ROYAL BANQUET the malt whiskies used are blended with finest, cask-softened grain neutral spirits.

You'll be amazed that so fine a whisky is so reasonably priced. Ask for it at better bars and package stores.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

The Malt Whisky in this product is Four Years Old
 --35% Malt Whisky; 17½% Imported, 17½% Domestic; 65% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof

ROYAL BANQUET

Blended Scotch-Type Whisky

Saga of Socrates II

Continued from page 199

to me. She shook off her mood and shivered as if she were free of something alien and cold. "I'm becoming maudlin," she said. "Please let's go home."

I went back to my apartment and enjoyed something of what a general must feel when he plans a battle, contemplating victory without daring to care much for the feelings or fate of the warriors concerned. I poured myself a nightcap, enough to dull my heart and make my lip curl with cynicism. "It's all a bargain," I said to myself. "If Socrates wishes to pour his heart and soul into painting, he must pay for the experience with his youth. Youth is coin of the realm in a place like New York. And if Mrs. Trenchant Hollis wishes to walk the aisle of a theatre with a good-looking boy at her heels, she must pay for the glow of possession. That's the pattern of life as we know it."

Three nights later I took Socrates to dine with Mrs. Trenchant Hollis in her house. "She buys pictures. She has two Dalis in her drawing room," I had said to Socrates and his laugh had been almost indecent. He was so full of rebellion that I began to wonder if he would ever learn anything of life beyond the might of his own independence. I called for him and he appeared, looking as if he had spent the afternoon in a barber's chair. His usual unruly hair was sleek as patent leather, his face shone with unaccustomed scrubbing and he smelled of something out of a druggist's bottle.

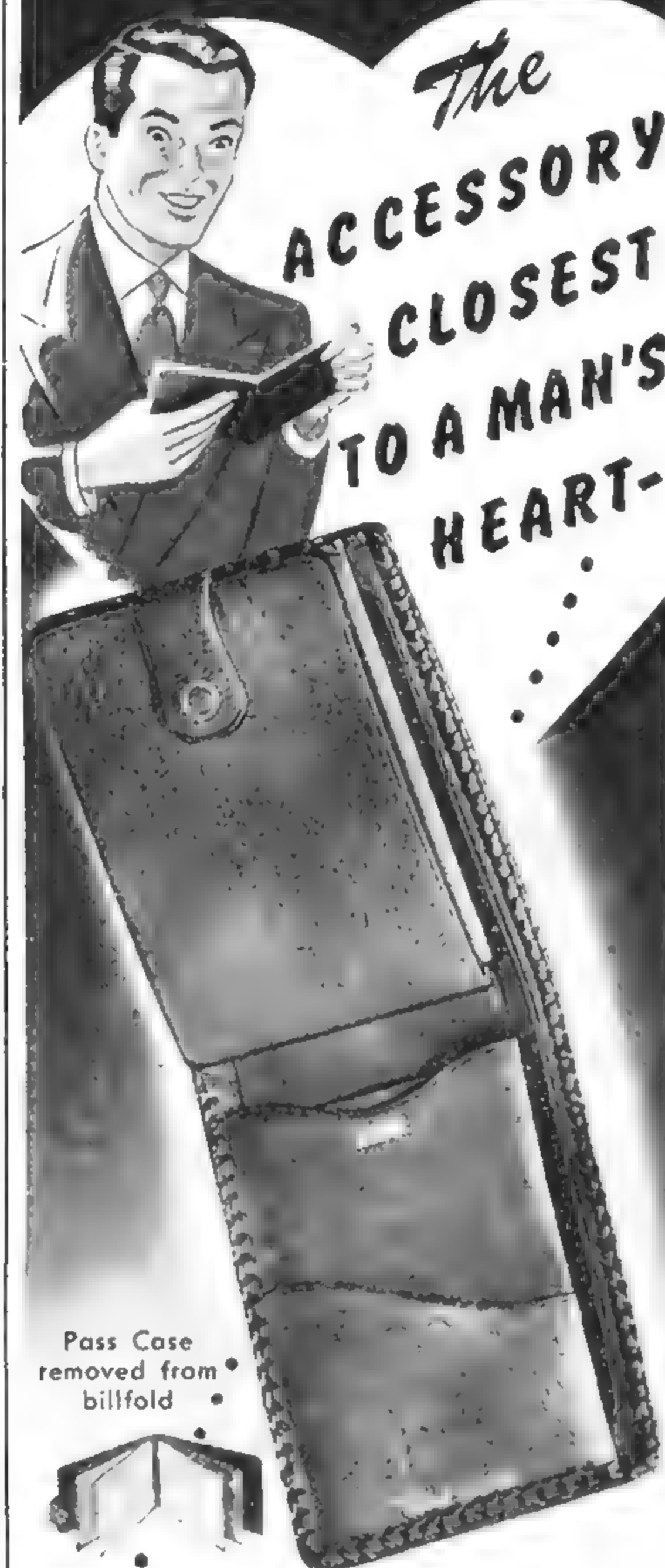
We drove from the yellow door of the ramshackle building to the lapis lazuli painted door and consciously Gothic hall of Mrs. Trenchant Hollis' house. At first Socrates was more amused than impressed by the splendor. As we waited in the drawing room for our hostess, Socrates ran his hand through his hair, tousled it back to its usual untidiness, and said, "Phew, I'd have to be dead to live with all this junk." But he braced himself into graciousness as Mrs. Trenchant Hollis came into the room, wearing a cautious dress and a single rope of alternate sapphires and diamonds. I had never seen Socrates with a woman before and the sudden flow of his charm surprised me. The badinage and rebellion which he always served to me, disappeared. His smile conquered Mrs. Trenchant Hollis and, with this first victory, I let them monopolize the talk.

"I want so much to see your paintings," she said.

She swept her hand towards the two Dalis. "I bought those last year."

Socrates looked at me with mischief in his eyes and then said, "Yes, Dali. A very interesting painter if you like that sort of thing," with an odd note in his voice. Rather like a cardinal

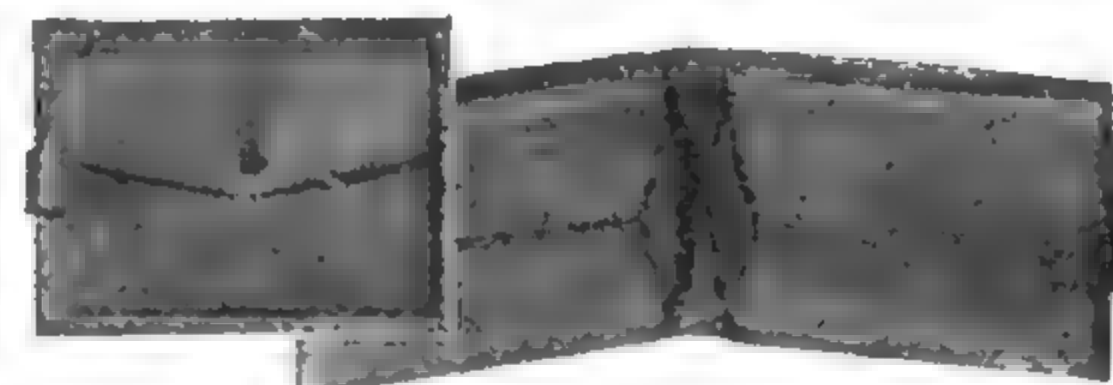
MEEKER-MADE Billfolds



Even When He's Carrying It In His Hip Pocket!

A MEEKER BILLFOLD

This smart new MEEKER creation not only has plenty of room for your money, but its Removable Pass Case holds 8 cards, licenses, snapshots, etc. Yet it's thin, compact, streamlined. Beautifully made of hand-colored brown Steerhide, hand-boarded Calfskin, or genuine Morocco. Rich, hand-tooled designs, and hand-laced edges. Very modern and distinctive.



Perfect For MILADY!

This lovely "man-size" MEEKER-MAID Billfold has handy coin purse, removable pass case, snap fastener, secret pocket. Custom-fashioned of Genuine Morocco, in black, brown, blue or red.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds, famous for over 25 years, have Established Quality, Smart Styling, Expert Craftsmanship, Latest Features. Some with Zippers, also Zipper Keycases. Various prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. • JOPLIN, MO.

NEW YORK: 347 FIFTH AVE. • CHICAGO: 36 S. STATE ST.

MEEKER-MADE
Fine Leather Goods



all clear or ceiling zero . . .

. . . you take off just the same in this very newest of high-styled all-weather Ayrstar coats. Exclusive new DEEP-SET action-free armholes; double chest flaps accent wide shoulders; nipped-in waist; generous flare. Made of Zelan-finished Poplin that assures happy landings, even in sudden squalls. Full-lined with colorful plaid Duo-Suede. For short hops or long flights to campus, business, or week-ends — you'll wear it everywhere!



CAA* SPECIFICATIONS

Model: The Sioux
Wingspan: Just below knee
Instruments: All-leather buttons
Color: Oyster
Useful load: All sizes
Delivery: Right away
Where: At better stores
Price: About \$25

* CIVIL AIR-FASHION AUTHORITY

STERN APPAREL CORPORATION
Formerly ARROW IMPORTING CO.
2101 SUPERIOR AVENUE • CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

mentioning an unfrocked priest. We went in to dinner. Iced asparagus soup, hot lobster, baby lamb, and peaches, served swimming in flaming brandy. Socrates watched the flames and forgot to look clever, seeming like a boy appreciating a toy.

Mrs. Trenchant Hollis was almost aggressive with delight. Everything Socrates said was followed by her comment, "Oh, I agree with you so much." Only twice he flung in remarks which she had to take like extra high hurdles. She was speaking of forgiving old enemies and he answered, "There's too damn much forgiveness in this world. It's very often mere weakness and lack of principle in the forgiver." Then, when Mrs. Trenchant Hollis mentioned her psychiatrist, Socrates said, "I don't like those guys. They're just a modern sort of plastic copy of the good old-fashioned Catholic priest in the confessional, except that they are half as efficient and ten times as expensive. Give me the priest every time. I like a bit of mystery with my psychiatry."

Mrs. Trenchant Hollis met both these adolescent rockets with a warm smile. She just beamed at Socrates, looked at his eyes, mouth, and wrists, and forgave him for his mind.

Otherwise dinner was a success. We went back to the drawing room and for a little time Mrs. Trenchant Hollis drew me into the conversation, rather like a poor relation being served last. When we said "Good night" she whispered, "I like your friend."

Then she made an error. She touched Socrates on the arm as she said farewell.

I saw him shrivel with coldness. His face became taut and he looked bewildered. What he learned from that touch I shall never know, but he was silent as we drove home. And I, having begun the part of fool, played the last scene, as the cab stopped before the yellow door. "Mrs. Trenchant Hollis can help you, Socrates," I said. "You mustn't be a prude in this world. She is very kind. And she is rich. Life is a bargain, you know." The evil died in me then and I could say no more. I was ashamed and shy. But Socrates was still gracious as he jumped out of the cab. He said, "Good night! Thanks for a wonderful evening." Perhaps he meant more than I first realized when he added, "I am very grateful."

Mrs. Trenchant Hollis was on the telephone early next morning. I grinned at the beginning of her conversation, which was a polite attempt to make me feel that she could not bear the dawn of a new day without hearing my voice. Then came the offhand sentence, "Oh, by the way! Your painter friend! Is he on the telephone?"

I had to answer "No."

Her "oh" was desolate.

Then I became generous. "But I can give him a message," I

Continued on page 202



KING'S GUARD, FEATURING WHITE GENUINE BUCKSKIN

FITS in the right places



New
CRADLE HEEL
FOR GREATER COMFORT
MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE
NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE

King's Guards put you at your well-dressed ease, both mentally and physically. Mentally, because you know that these fine quality shoes are right in style. Physically, because King's Guards have the exclusive Freeman Cradle Heel, giving you an utterly new experience in restful foot comfort. The result is double satisfaction in fine shoemanship. For the name of your Freeman dealer write Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.

It's a **FREEMAN** shoe

OMEGA



Always look for this symbol when you buy a watch

This symbol identifies the world-famous Omega,
first name in watch styling...last word in watch making...
many times winner of the highest accuracy award
at the British National Observatory,
and more recently at the Geneva Observatory.
No wonder other watches are set by Omega,
the always dependable, practically infallible,
precisely accurate watch.



WORLD-WIDE SYMBOL OF ACCURACY

OMEGA • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Saga of Socrates II

Continued from page 201

said. "I am passing his studio this morning. Why don't you ask him to lunch without me! He'd be less shy."

Her courage grew. "Yes, that would be nice. Ask him to lunch with me here, on Thursday."

"I'll let you know what he says," I answered. And she said, "Yes, do," with a nice unconcern which did not deceive me.

I became amused by my plot again. I dressed quickly and walked down to Greenwich Village to find the yellow door. The yellow door was open and a big woman was kneeling within the entrance, scrubbing the floor.

"You looking for a party?" she asked.

I told her that I had come to see Socrates. She scrubbed the floor with annoying silence for a moment. "He's gone," she said. "Packed, paid and gone, mister."

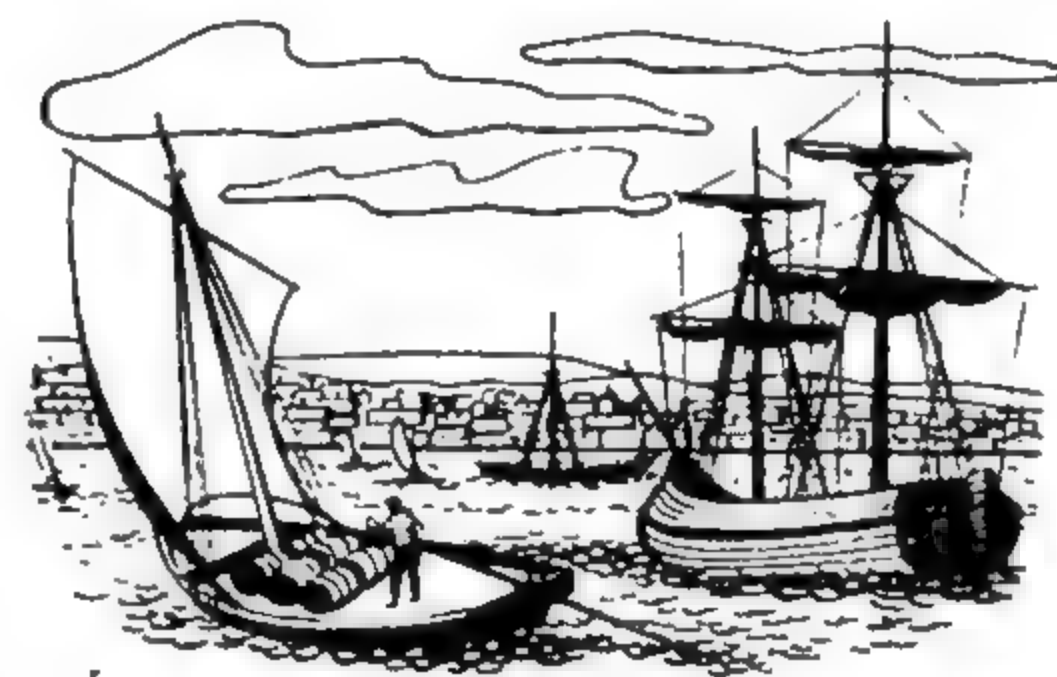
"Do you know where he has gone?" I asked.

"Home," she said. "Gone home. Paintings and all. Packed them during the night. Sorry, but you have missed your party, mister."

I stepped past her and climbed the stairs. "It's no use, mister. He's gone," the woman cried after me. But I hurried up the three flights of stairs and found the door of the studio, open. Socrates had left the chaos of his rubbish behind him. The floor was littered with newspapers, a broken cup, some old paint brushes, and a little pile of empty envelopes. I picked one of them from the floor. The word Provincetown was printed over the three-cent stamp. I looked at the others. They were all the same. I went into the sad little cubicle at the end of the room, where Socrates had cooked and washed. An old toothbrush stood in a cracked tumbler, and there was a plate, smeared with the brilliant yellow of the yoke of an egg.

I walked back into the studio and looked along the dusty shelves upon which Socrates had hoarded his treasures. Most of them had gone. There was a dustless rectangle where Mozart had stood, but the dead flowers had been taken from the blue vase and they were lying between two of the big shells. Socrates would find new shells in Provincetown. I picked up one of the shells and turned it over in my hands. The inner curve was bright yellow and smooth. I stroked it with my fingers and wondered over my own iniquity. Then I placed the shell against my ear. The sound that it gave me was not of the sea. Out of the spiral trumpet of the shell came the voice of Socrates; his laugh, rich with conquest and derision; such derision, directed at me, that I threw the shell on the floor and hurried down the stairs, past the woman and the yellow door, into the street. #

Continued from page 79



Q. *Where did the first Port come from?*

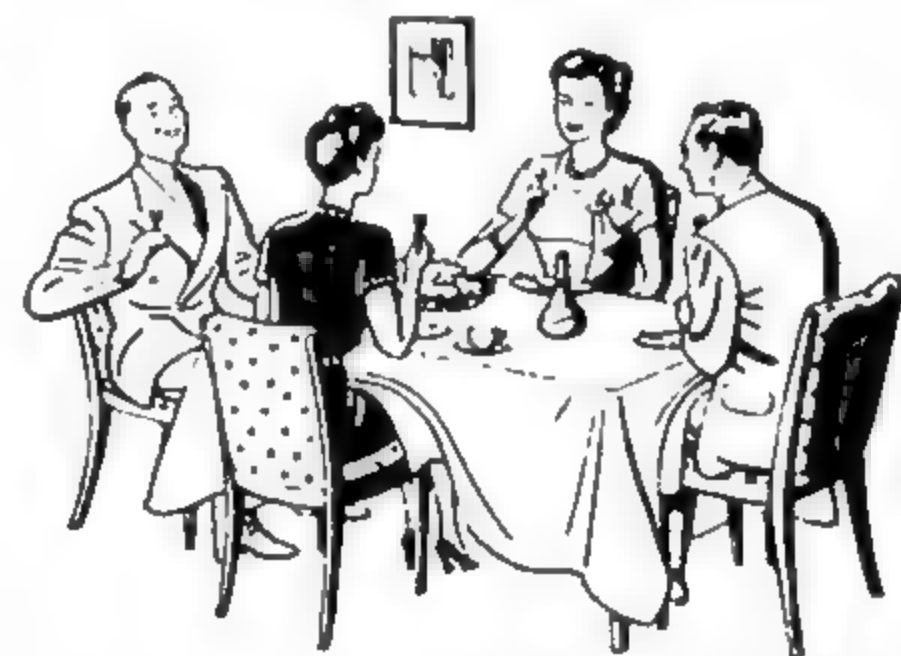
A. From the Portuguese seacoast town of Oporto, which gave the wine its name.

Q. *What grapes make the great California Ports? Where do they grow?*

A. Varieties like Carignan, Trousseau, Zinfandel, and Petite Sirah. They grow to perfection in hot interior valleys such as the San Joaquin, home of Croix Royale's famed vineyards and winery.

Q. *When is Port most often served?*

A. For centuries, Europeans have sipped Port after dessert. Today, some of America's most enjoyable meals are climaxed with Croix Royale California Tawny Port.



Q. *What foods go nicely with Port?*

A. Cheese, nuts, or cakes make a delightful dessert teamed with the exquisite, full-bodied flavor of Croix Royale California Tawny Port.

Q. *How is Port "traditionally" passed?*

A. It is passed clockwise—to the left. Thus the honored guest on the host's right is served last.

Q. *What's a tempting Port "spread"?*

A. Mash 1 1/4 oz. Roquefort-type cheese with 3 oz. cream cheese. Blend to a paste with Croix Royale California Tawny Port. Add dash of cayenne...spread on crackers or celery...listen to the compliments!

More wine-and-dine ideas in free booklet. Write to Cameo Vineyards Co., Dept. E-4, Fresno, Calif.

Try these magnificent Croix Royale Select California Wines—

- Pale Dry Sherry, Tawny Port, Muscatel, Madeira.
- Sauterne, Chablis, and Burgundy.



CROIX
ROYALE
Select

WINES FROM CALIFORNIA

What do you know about-



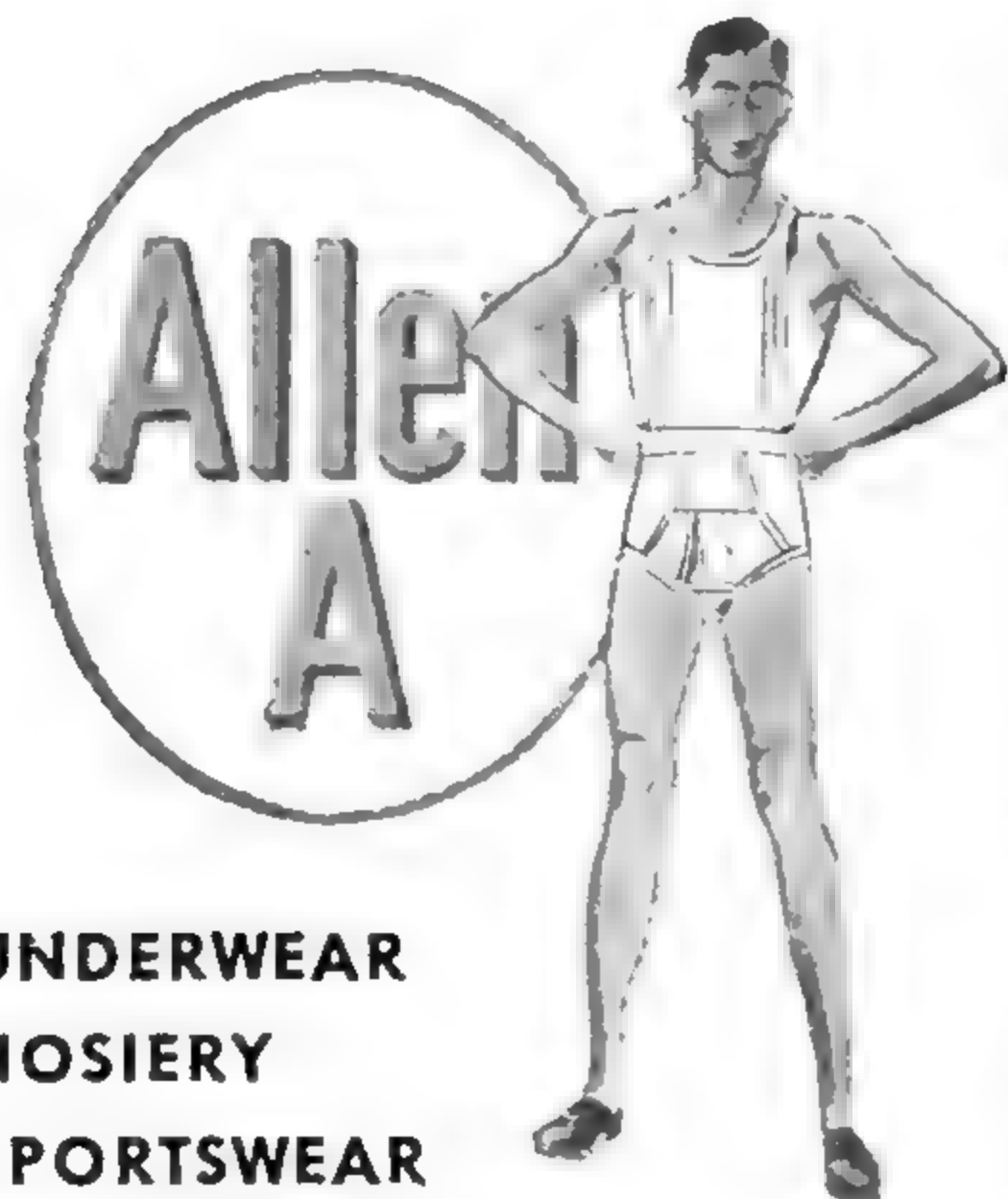
A Mata H...?

Hari. Enemy agent. Asked too many pertinent questions. Like, "Tell me, General, why do some men wearing underwear eet ees uncomfortable, hah?" "Because," replied the General, "such grand underwear as Allen-A is not meant for every Tom and Dick, Hari." Hah!



An Allen-A...?

Top-ranking underwear that's knit to fit. That won't cut you. Or strangle you. Or worse. Knit with Bond Street-ish attention to detail, Allen-A is the name to remember for really fine underwear, hosiery and sportswear.



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

A Close-up of Democracy

Continued from page 60

one of sadness for the crisis which had forced them to release it. The picture leaves you with the feeling that we may, indeed, be on the threshold of a millennium when the human spirit can produce so intelligent and responsible a breed of men.

There are three superb passages of suspense—Professor Enrico Fermi's test for chain reaction at Stagg Field in Chicago, the first demonstration of the bomb at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and the final employment of the bomb, as a weapon of war, over Japan. All three will keep you gulping and digging your nails into the plush of your seat. Few films have had such excitement. In the Chicago sequence, Joseph Calleia is superb as Dr. Fermi. His calm mastery of a man-made inferno is one of the high points of the picture. It gives you the shudders to realize that outside, while this dangerous experiment was going on, the second largest city in America was going about its business in blissful ignorance of a peril more frightening than any dream of Frankenstein's. There were plenty of people whose lives were risked in the last war without their ever knowing it.

The high-keyed suspense of the Los Alamos tests are played against the mundane discomfort of bad weather. Men slop about through the mud, trying to keep the rain from trickling down their collars as they wonder whether or not they are about to switch on a force that, in ten seconds, will burn up the earth's atmosphere. Lightning strikes a dummy bomb, but that isn't half as scary as the two sharp taps of a lab man's hammer when he fits the core of the bomb into place. That really gets you. Hume Cronyn is great as the irrepressible Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer who, in spite of all his intelligent misgivings, can't suppress a sort of baseball-fan excitement.

In order to achieve dramatic unity, the Wead script develops a story line around two somewhat minor characters. These are the only personalities who could reasonably be in on the development of the bomb project from start to finish. One of them, Matt Cochran (played by Tom Drake), is a laboratory assistant to Dr. Fermi. The script uses him to dramatize the unassuming heroism with which dozens of men endured the perils of the assignment. There was the constant menace of fatal radium burns and the more frightening possibility of communicating them to one's family. Young Drake registers a great moment of agonized anxiety when Matt fears he may have exposed his wife (Beverly Tyler) to a radioactive danger.

During all the time he works on the bomb, Matt is haunted by the realization of what it can mean in

Continued on page 204

The last word in gifts for men



Courtley

MAGNIFICENT MEN'S TOILETRIES IN MATCHLESS CONTAINERS

On his birthday, anniversary or any special occasion, a gift of magnificent COURTLEY toiletries will thrill him.

The handsome "permanent" containers last for years, repeating the thrill daily. He'll value the clean, magnetic, masculine air these finer products give him! Look for COURTLEY products on counters and in windows of the best stores everywhere.

Combination sets in many colors to decorate the bedroom or bathroom. A complete line of men's toiletry needs—cologne, hair dress, powder, deodorant cologne, soap, etc.

COURTLEY, LTD., NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES



Center of Attraction ... in any Man's Wardrobe

HAGGAR TROUSERS have the smart appearance... trim comfort... handsome styling and patterns that men want. Leading stores throughout the nation are now showing HAGGAR SLACKS and SPORTSWEAR for Spring and Summer Wear. Ask for HAGGAR TROUSERS — A Name that Wears Well.



"A NAME THAT WEARS WELL"

HAGGAR CO. — DALLAS

A Close-up of Democracy

Continued from page 203

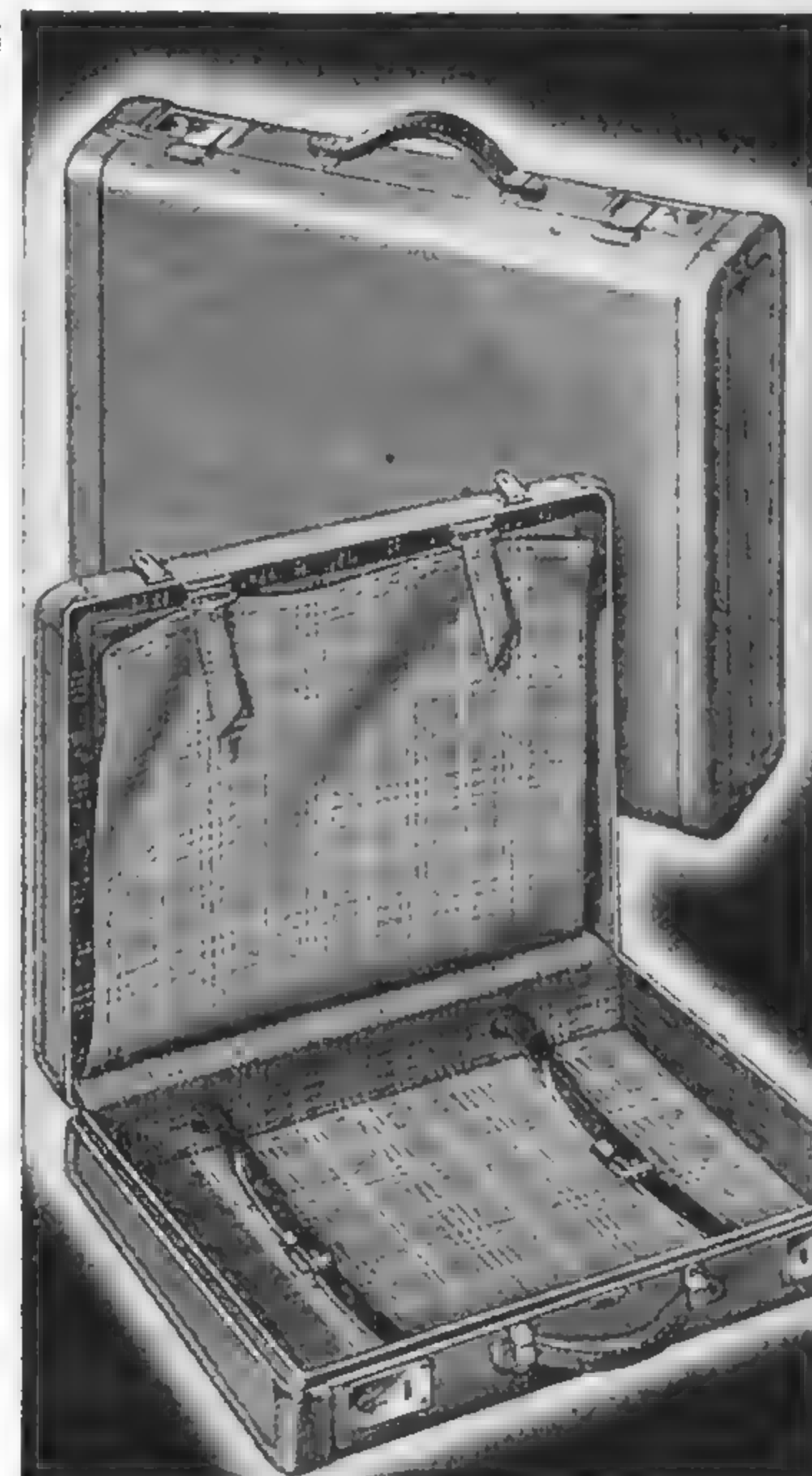
terms of human suffering. When three of Fermi's assistants quit because of religious scruples, Matt longs to go with them. Yet he sticks, putting his trust in his country and in his fellow scientists. They were capable of viewing the problem with human perspective. Dr. Fermi had fled from Italy rather than have Mussolini benefit by his researches. Professor Albert Einstein, whose equation made nuclear research possible, was hated by the Nazis because of his religion. And Dr. Niels Bohr, another Nobel Prize man, had seen his home in Denmark taken by the Germans. These were great men and they trusted Matt's country. Matt decided he'd trust it too.

The second fictional protagonist is a young major of engineers. Jeff Nixon, played by Robert Walker. He is assigned to the Fermi experiment as a military observer. After its success, he functions as a liaison officer between the scientists and the general in charge of what was officially known as the "Manhattan Project." Both he and the young scientist go to Tinian to co-operate with the air force on the mission that is to bomb the war out of existence. There is great worry over the take-off. The air strip isn't ideal and a premature explosion will mean the death of 40,000 American troops.

It is decided that Jeff and the Navy observer (who also has become thoroughly familiar with the mechanism) shall affix the bomb's core after the plane is in the air. On the night before the take-off, as Matt is preparing to give them their final instructions, he accidentally drops a rectangle of uranium into the firing mechanism. He has hated the bomb from the very beginning, but now to save his companions from annihilation, he removes the uranium by direct contact with his bare hands. Matt knows his burns are fatal. He'll never again see his young wife or the child she is to bear him. And yet, in giving his life to save his companions, he becomes sure that his country is right in being willing to sacrifice the few to save the many. He now believes that atomic power may prevent future wars.

On the actual mission, there is a nerve-racking moment when Jeff and the Navy man stand above the jolting bomb bay and find that the cold altitude keeps the bomb parts from fitting. But this minor climax soon is obliterated by the terror and the impact of the actual bombing. Here Norman Taurog, the director, had the finesse to confine his effects to what actually was seen and felt by the men flying the historic "Enola Gay." He makes you feel the blistering heat and eye-searing flash of the explosion. You feel the sickness which men,

the
single
suiter
for a man's
short trip



A new idea in light luggage for short trips. Roomy enough for a suit and full accessories. Covered in washable Plasti-Pig with top grain cowhide binding. Its slim smartness is only rivalled by its durability.

"Travel-Tested"
for Proved Performance

**crown
luggage**

At Leading Department Stores
and Luggage Shops

Crown Luggage Co., Inc.
Baltimore 1, Md.

MIDRIF SAGGING? WIFE NAGGING?



STAND UP FOR YOURSELF WITH A *Bracer!* SUPPORTER BELT.



*Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

BRACE UP WITH A BRACER! This comfortable 2-way stretch Bauer & Black supporter belt gently tucks your tummy in, your shoulders go up and back, your clothes drape smoother. You look and feel loads better, for Bracer offers real relief from fatigue!

FOR GREATER COMFORT, Bracer features a newly designed top that snugs up to you without rolling—special tubular leg bands that won't crease, curl or roll—roomy, self-adjusting fly-front pouch.

FOR ALL-DAY WEAR, Bracer is perfect—so roomy, comfortable, convenient. See it soon . . . \$3.50.

BRACER ROYAL* has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you more supportive action . . . \$5.00.

Bracer
SUPPORTER BELT

At department, men's wear,
surgical and drug stores

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company,
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

trained to inure themselves to death, feel at the utter devastation of the blow they have delivered. There is no exultation and no crowing over victory—just an awed Miltonian realization that here is either Paradise Lost or Paradise Regained and that the choice is our own.

Mr. Taurog found that the power of the subject discounted most traditional dramatic values. Compared with this epic of the world meeting destiny, all "boy meets girl" elements would have seemed irritatingly trivial. There is a slight suggestion of romance between Walker and Audrey Totter. But their scenes are reduced to a minimum. A master of gentle human comedy, Mr. Taurog had the good taste to pass up "comedy relief" even when it was accurate. The actual story of the bomb's development was filled with Secret-Service agents going crazy over absent-minded professors who persisted in forgetting the aliases with which the government sought to conceal their identities. The secret of the ages was in the hands of masterminds who were in danger of musing out loud in front of streetcar conductors. Taurog was tempted, but he decided that even such mild fun had no place in this picture.

The fictional characters have little to do with the film's great moments of decision. The first of these shows Dr. Albert Einstein being convinced that he should write the momentous letter advising this government to enter the atomic-arms race. The second shows Franklin D. Roosevelt courageously deciding to embark upon a plan of vast secret expenditures that will mean his impeachment if it fails, but will save the lives of thousands if it succeeds. The last shows President Truman at that terrifying moment in history when he must give the order which he knows will obliterate a large city.

All three are great scenes. Arthur Baker (whose face is not shown) gives an impressive reading of President Truman's lines. Godfrey Tearle is astonishingly successful in recapturing the vital charm of Mr. Roosevelt, and Ludwig Stossel conveys the kindly modesty of Dr. Einstein's personality, though no make-up could succeed in recreating the simple, spiritual honesty of that great man's features.

In the scene with Roosevelt, Jonathan Hale (usually seen as Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers) is excellent as a dry, unhurried scientist, Dr. Lyman Briggs of the Bureau of Standards. Barry Nelson gives a stellar performance as the pilot of the bombing plane, and Brian Donlevy is excellent as the general in charge of the Manhattan Project.

At first you may feel that the producer has gone a little overboard in playing the final episode in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. In this, Matt's wife reads the letter he wrote to her before he died. It tells her of

Enjoy Life!



DRINKS HAVE *More Life* WITH PIN-POINT CARBONATION

To folks who know the art of hospitality, Canada Dry Water is as important to a drink as cheese to a rarebit. Think they'd risk an ordinary club soda . . . a carbonated tap water? Not on your life! Here's why they insist on sparkling Canada Dry Water:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation*—means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula*—makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing*—assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality*—uniform the world over.



Still Only 15¢
PLUS DEPOSIT





IT'S A PICNIC-

with a Coleman

POCKET STOVE

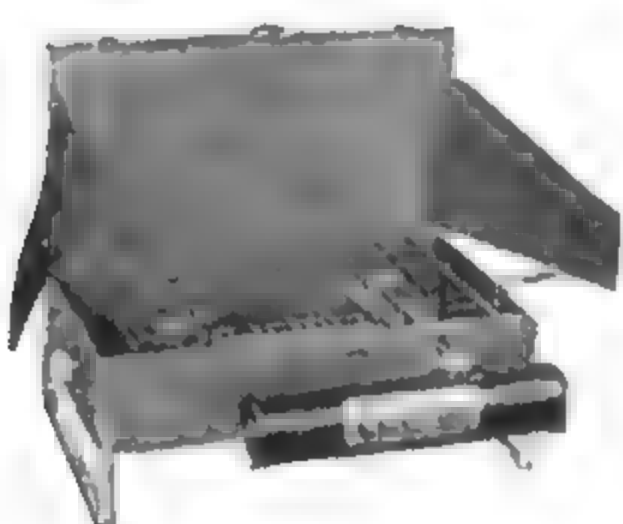
You bet it's a real picnic... when you can have easy meals on any outing... with an instant-lighting Coleman Pocket Stove for cooking and making hot drinks. No bigger than a quart-sized fruit jar, this handy Pocket Stove burns any kind of gasoline, white or leaded. It weighs only 3 pounds. Ask your dealer to show you how this Coleman picnic pal works.

FREE! Write for illustrated folder telling about the Coleman Pocket Stove. Address nearest office.

THE COLEMAN CO., Inc., Dept. 239-E
 Wichita 1, Kans.; Los Angeles 54, Calif.;
 401 N. Broad St., Philadelphia 8, Pa.;
 Honolulu, T. H.; Toronto, Can.

For Outdoor Men

It's easy meals with more fun and less work on camping trips with a Coleman Folding Camp Stove. Two burners. Lights instantly. Gives like-city-gas cooking service. Carries like a suitcase.



Coleman Folding CAMP STOVE

Hot Food and Coffee
QUICK—CLEAN—EASY!



LIGHT IT



USE IT

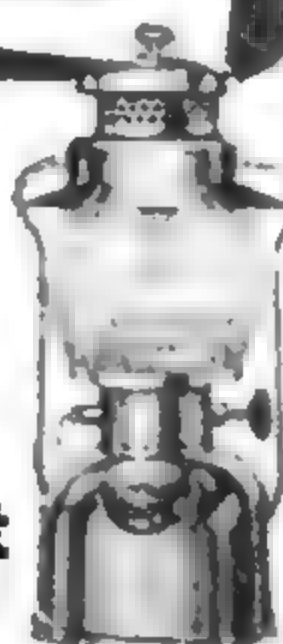


PUT IT AWAY

TAKE IT ANYWHERE

Weight 3 pounds
 Height 8½ inches

Enjoy nighttime picnics this summer. A Coleman Floodlight lantern...the great outdoor light...floodlights 100-ft. area bright as day. It's safe...can't spill fuel even if tipped over.



Coleman Floodlight LANTERN

A Close-up of Democracy

Continued from page 205

his hope that world unity and peace may be the gifts which the atomic age will give humanity.

As the scene progresses, the setting seems more and more appropriate. While listening to the dream we hope for, it is well to be reminded of the dream that Lincoln represented—the dream that the democratic nations already have achieved. Thus the scene seems to symbolize the great problem that faces America today—the problem of achieving a world unity without losing democratic freedom. It, too, represents centuries of struggle and sacrifice.

In the past, man has moved from the smaller to the larger political unit by means of tyranny. In France and England, feudalism gave way to nationalism through the ruthless programs of Louis XI and Henry VIII. Napoleon advocated world unity and so did Hitler. But at what a price! Dictatorships offer a united world, but it will be one no decent man wants to live in. The World State is a step backward unless it becomes the Free World State. Talk of atomic dangers should not scare us into accepting anything less—or government of the people, by the people and for the people will most certainly perish from the earth.

Boomerang!

CERTAIN plausible movies try to suggest that Democracy is played out. One of these is *Boomerang!*, based on a true incident in the career of Homer S. Cummings, who later became Attorney General of the United States.

The actual facts are inspiring. In 1924, Mr. Cummings was called upon to prosecute Harold Israel who had been accused of a horrifying murder in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Conviction seemed certain. Israel had signed a confession, he had been identified as the killer by six witnesses and his guilt seemed to be established by ballistic reports. He would have gone to the gallows if the State's Attorney had not considered justice more important than the securing of convictions.

Cummings, as he prepared to prosecute, became convinced that Israel was innocent. The confession had been obtained after days of exhaustive questioning by the police. Cummings began to check the other evidence. He found that five reputable witnesses were honestly mistaken and that the ballistic reports were in error. After proving this in court, he moved that the charges against the person be dismissed. The case proved that when, in a democracy, officials take their duties as they are intended to, the most unfortunate prisoner has the full protection of the courts.

It has been changed into something else on the screen. The pic-

level
 those hills
 with a
RALEIGH,
 Britain's foremost bicycle

3 speed gears,
 twin-wheel brakes
 give you
 "controlled cycling"



No HILL is too high, no grade too steep when you ride a Raleigh. For this British-built bike is geared like a car to reduce the "work" and increase the pleasure of cycling.

HANDSOME, sleek, about one-fifth lighter than most bikes, the Raleigh gives you faster speeds, greater sport. Precision manufacture and design provide unsurpassed ruggedness. Two-wheel brakes, controlled by simple fingertip levers let you coast swiftly, safely down hills—or bring you to quick, smooth stops.

MODERN cycling is outdoor sport at its very best—and it's twice the fun with a Raleigh.

You'll be proud to own a Raleigh.

Write for name of Raleigh dealer nearest you



RALEIGH

Cycle Distributors

669 Boylston Street • Boston 16, Mass.



3-speed gear lever.

ONLY
Catalina
 OFFERS THIS
 NEW PATENTED
 FEATURE...

**"A TRUNK
 WITHIN
 A TRUNK"**
 featuring
**3 in 1 Lastex
 SUPPORT**



Patent Pending

Again — Catalina's famed California styling gives you greater swimtime pleasure and protection.

This revolutionary new built-in feature combines for the first time a Lastex supporter and knit trunk. The result — this amazing 3-in-1 support and protection:

1. Gives you 50% more support... with a firm Lastex-lift.
2. Provides 30% more leg room with snug Lastex fit to readily accommodate any size thigh.
3. Full-cup pouch gives complete coverage.

Plus this greater protection and comfort — Catalina's "trunk within a trunk" molds your body to slimmer, more athletic lines!

Above: "Aquaplane" hand-printed on Celanese Prospector. Matching in-or-outter shirt. Blue on white, brown on gold, green on natural. Set, \$15. Other Catalina trunks from \$4.50 to \$8.



For name of nearest store, write CATALINA, INC.
 Dept. 705, 443 S. San Pedro St. • Los Angeles 13, Cal.

ture is a masterpiece of suspense. Dana Andrews gives another fine performance as the ethical prosecutor. Arthur Kennedy is excellent as the prisoner. Lee J. Cobb is splendid as an honest cop, and Sam Levene does outstanding work as a reporter. All actors appear without make-up and no effort has been spared to achieve every semblance of reality. The original backgrounds in Connecticut were used for most of the scenes, and an impressive foreword tells us that the picture is true. But it isn't true.

Into the factual story of Homer Cummings the film injects fictitious elements that are anti-democratic. These change the record from one which inspires confidence in the government into a fiction that scares you half to death. Members of the prosecutor's political party are introduced (I believe Mr. Cummings was a Democrat) getting tipsily happy over the prospect of a hanging. A fictitious banker endeavors to hound the innocent prisoner to death for the sake of profit. Not a word of this is true.

I dislike having to point this out. Humanity always resents the fellow who unmasks an entertaining falsehood. But sometimes it has to be done. The producer admits that no banker was involved in the Israel case. The Connecticut Democrats didn't get drunk over the prospect of hanging the prisoner. He was threatened by a deadly coincidence, but not by a vicious system. All of these innuendos do not become gospel by being voiced in real alleys. And the film, which pleads so eloquently for truth in courtrooms, is guilty of perjury in the court of public opinion.

It is amazing to learn that bankers co-operated in this bizarre enterprise. According to studio publicity, a Stamford financial house let its offices be used for *Boomerang*'s settings. Not only that, but two of its officials acted as extras. And the scene where the villainous banker attempts to destroy the hero was shot in the living room of a retired bank president. Sometimes the bankers seem to hate capitalism.

But bankers have no more experience than ordinary citizens in spotting the secret jokers in scenarios. And movies can be so gay and charming! Last fall an excellent comedy called *Margie* appeared. This had a lot of amusing cracks about Republicans sandwiched in between its jokes and songs. The story was supposed to happen back in the Coolidge administration and the pretty heroine spent more time trying to get the Marines out of Nicaragua than she did trying to keep her bloomers from falling. It may have been coincidence that this picture came out when Moscow was advising Americans not to vote Republican. It also came out at the precise moment when mass meetings were being held in Hollywood to get the Marines out of China.

It is interesting to note that



The
HARVEY
Tradition
of Quality
began 150
years ago

HARVEY'S
 PALE DRY
 AMONTILLADO
 SHERRY

HARVEY'S
 CHOICEST FULL PALE
 BRISTOL CREAM
 SHERRY

HARVEY'S
 IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

AS FAR back as the 18th century, ancient galleons were sailing the seas carrying the finest sherries and ports bearing the mark of "Harvey". The House of Harvey, still under the same family management, is celebrating its 150th anniversary. And today, as for generations past, its proudest tradition is the world's acceptance of the fact that quality and Harvey are synonymous.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

For Your Summer Vacation



Sun Valley IDAHO

The outside world seems remote indeed in this beautiful mountainous setting. A variety of outdoor sports make every moment completely enjoyable.

For a stimulating, different summer vacation . . . for the finest of guest accommodations at a wide price range . . . visit Sun Valley.

* * *

It isn't too early to make reservations for the 1947-48 winter season.

For summer and winter reservations write or wire—

W. P. ROGERS, Gen'l Mgr.
Sun Valley, Idaho



LIKE A SEASIDE RANCH IN THE MOUNTAINS

A Close-up of Democracy

Continued from page 207

most of Hollywood's Russian-slanted movies cannot get into Russia. The Soviet Union admits only about ten American films a year. Most of these are cartoons and "escapist" films of the type condemned by the Hollywood communists. Very few muzhiks get to face our musicals. *Margie's* blasts against imperialism might be taken as tactless references to Finland and Poland along the Volga. And any dramatist who brought that up would be kicked down the Steppes.

The Farmer's Daughter

Dore Schary's *The Farmer's Daughter* is an honestly liberal movie with no concealed jokes. It is thoroughly democratic and thoroughly entertaining. Loretta Young is introduced as Katie, a Swedish farm girl, with an old man who looks a lot like Henry A. Wallace. He brings Katie up to believe that voting is a serious business. But when she gets a job in the household of Senator Morley (Joseph Cotten) she finds that it is a business, but not always serious. The senator and his sagacious mother (Ethel Barrymore) are honest politicians. But they have been professional so long that they are somewhat cynical. They are adepts at "The Great Game of Politics." Despite their kindness, they shock Katie who knows that politics shouldn't be a game, but a public service.

However, time passes pleasantly. Katie's a good worker, but by no means subservient. She outskates the senator on the family pond and then administers a hilarious and backbreaking Swedish massage. But she's still troubled by the political sophistication of the Morleys. Their butler (a marvelous character played by Charles Bickford) explains that no intelligent person can remain starry-eyed in public life because the voters are such dopes. The voters love to hear the bands play and they don't like to think. To prove his point, Bickford shouts "Fish for sale!" at a party rally and the sovereign citizens give him an ovation.

Katie doesn't give up. She is convinced voters will listen to facts—if they ever get them. When the Morleys' party nominates a beaming nonentity who is "everybody's friend" Katie gets up and inquires into his record. This proves that the plausible rascal is nobody's friend. He's just a smile with a scowl behind it.

Katie's questions lead to her nomination by the opposition party. Now the fun begins. Her sponsors have been captivated by her simplicity; but they haven't sense enough to preserve it. They start giving her elocution lessons and instructing her in other phoni-ness. Meanwhile the Morleys, who were careless about picking

F. W. FITCH, Founder
The F. W. Fitch Company



Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . . SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid-comfort" shaves to men who've "tried everything."

Get Fitch's NO BRUSH and get set for easy, close shaves, even with cold, hard water! Fitch's cools sensitive skin as soon as applied . . . holds whiskers UP until your razor mows 'em down! Leaves your face feeling soft, frosty-cool for hours. So men, for solid comfort shaves, SWITCH TO FITCH! BRUSH USERS—use Fitch's Brush Cream.

BE "SMILE HAPPY" after shaving by using Fitch's Skin Pep AFTER-SHAVE LOTION. Tingling, cooling and antiseptic. He-man scent.

Large
Tube
40c



Keep collar points DOWN



Wear this comfortable, featherweight SPIFFY COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" under your collar. Slips on in a jiffy—insert pin-points under tips of collar points. Entirely invisible. Starched collar smartness with soft collar comfort. Saves shirts.

Automatically adjustable—
one size fits
all collars



BEFORE



AFTER

25¢

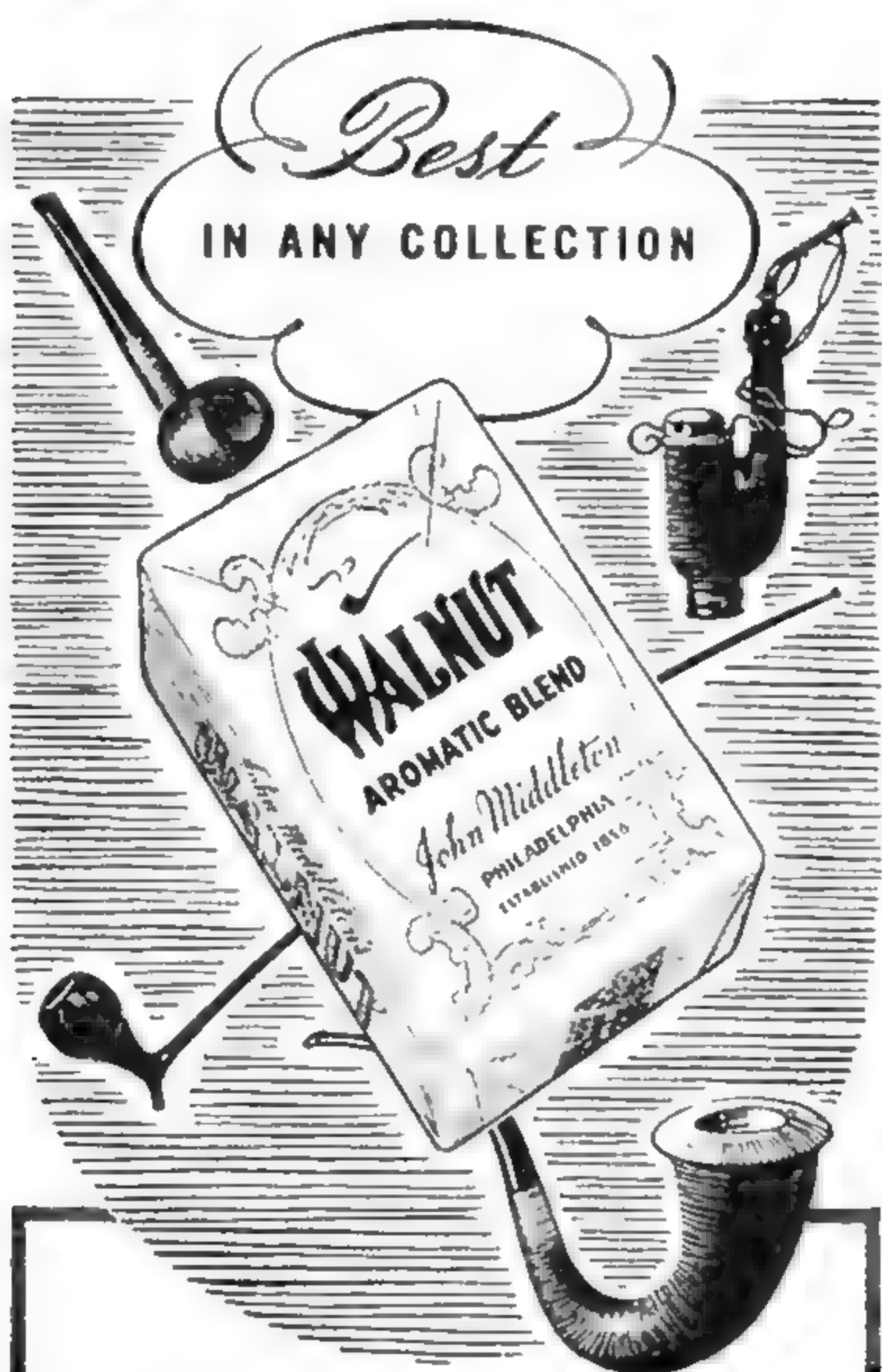
AT DRUG, TO-
BACCO, VARIETY,
MEN'S AND
DEPT STORES

Wear a

Spiffy
INVISIBLE

COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"
CREST SPECIALTY, 665 West Washington Blvd., Chicago 6

John Middleton's WALNUT



The perfect complement to a fine pipe-collection is a fine tobacco—a fact which we believe we can prove to your complete satisfaction by sending you a free sample packet of Walnut.

Once you try this master blend of the world's seven finest tobaccos, it will always occupy a treasured place in your smoking pleasure. Write to John Middleton, 1227 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.



*Each drink
a palate-pleasing
Masterpiece*

**when you use an
Oster MIXER**

Mixed drinks that make your parties memorable . . . velvet-smooth juleps, frappes, planters punch, frozen daiquiris . . . they're easy to make with an Oster Mixer! You're acclaimed the perfect host—a veritable "bar wizard."

With an Oster Mixer, it's no trick at all—ingredients are wedded instantly into a smooth new flavor; crushed ice is reduced to crystalline slush in seconds.

Wives welcome its time-saving magic

The Oster's a mixing marvel that saves minutes in meal preparation. Your wife can use it to liquefy, beat, chop, mix, blend, shred, whip, stir, pulverize, churn, mash, grind, and crush. It's easy-to-use and easy-to-clean.

Don't wait to give yourself and your wife this lasting treat!

x-6

Tear out this coupon and mail today!

John Oster Mfg. Co.
Dept. 4-D, Racine, Wisconsin
Send me additional information
on the Oster Mixer, and the
name of my nearest Oster dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Dealers: Write for information

their candidate, prove to be smart about getting him elected. An old scandal is unearthed to frame Katie. Heartbroken, she runs home. Here the father who looks like Henry Wallace steals a page from the book of Alexander Hamilton. No candidate worth her salt, he says, will let a personal smear make her desert a public issue. Katie returns to the fight, backed up by the admiring Senator Morley.

As the campaign moves to its climax, Morley's mother and her associates find that their laughing-boy candidate is a stinking example of home-grown American fascism. Instead of being a stooge he is using them as stooges. They are his steppingstones in a rise to dictatorial power. They kick him out just in time and concede the election to Katie.

All the performances are good, but two are particularly outstanding. Every reporter who has had contact with the Klan or the Columbians will recognize the accuracy of Rhys Williams' bumptious arrogance as the rascal who frames Katie. And Arthur Baker is perfect as the scheming and plausible little fascist who fools his betters into thinking he's a harmless non-entity.

This is Mr. Schary's first effort as the executive in charge of all R.K.O. production. It indicates that the studios, like the political parties, often succeed in picking the right man. His script admits that there are good men in both parties and, when it emphasizes the importance of the ballot, it deals with a great theme. Political speeches mean little until you know the character of the spellbinders who deliver them. This is true whether they are delivered from a crossroads stump or from a motion picture screen.

Those who would attempt to use the screen for planting political speeches would do well to get out Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and see what a class war really looks like. Hemingway's sympathies, like those of most decent people, were with the Loyalists in the Spanish conflict. But he was too experienced a reporter to falsify the facts. His story told of how, when Pablo and his Leftists took a town, they slaughtered, with impartial rapacity, the just and the unjust. Then Maria, the heroine, described the holocaust of rape and torture when the Rightists were victorious. There is no reason for America to be goaded to such extremes. Anyone who tries to incite such violence is the enemy of all classes.

My Favorite Brunette

LET not thy heart be troubled note: Bob Hope's made a new picture called *My Favorite Brunette*. It's full of gags and it doesn't try to sabotage anything—except gloom. In fact it's just the sort of "escapist" entertainment that the Communists find "subversive." Let those who will enjoy it. I did. #

Continued from page 60

I'm on the beam,
team . . .



It's a
WINGS SHIRT
for me!

Seeing's believing, brother—but believe me, WINGS sport shirts not only look good, they feel good!

Take this sport shirt of DAN RIVER'S *Skypop*, for instance. Ever see a smoother job? Blueprint tailoring . . . comfort . . . roominess. Yesiree, WINGS shirts of *Skypop*, that vat-dyed, Sanforized*, double-durable cotton mesh, are tops with me!

*Maximum shrinkage 1%.

IT'S A
**DAN RIVER
FABRIC**

WINGS

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK

No Wonder Fleischmann's Makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

NOT JUST DRY...IT'S
"DRY" DRY

—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of four big reasons why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light taste! Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very smooth! Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless mixability provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, all gin drinks!



EST. 1870
America's First Gin

90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

FLEISCHMANN'S

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

It's Your Move

Continued from page 91

will pick you up here at six o'clock and take you home with me, Charlie, old boy," he goes on. "The store looks beautiful today. You're doing a splendid job here, splendid."

How do you like that, I ask myself. Well, it looks like I have not only done Joe a good turn but also myself. Without a doubt I am now his favorite store manager, in an excellent position for a raise.

At six o'clock on the button Joe picks me up and we drive to his house on East 157th Street. Joe tells me he phoned his mother that he is bringing home a guest, but he doesn't tell her the big news.

"That pleasure I am saving until we are all together at the supper table and I will make the announcement," he says. "I can hardly wait to see the expression on my brother-in-law's face."

At the Weller's apartment the door is opened by a little guy with a mustache. Joe introduces us. It's the brother-in-law, Henry Murst. We shake hands and Henry warmly says, "Come in."

Henry takes my hat, but before he puts it in the hall closet he looks it over. "Say, that's a swell hat you got there, Charlie."

And he tries it on, a perfect fit. He looks himself over in the hall mirror and right away I understand Joe's suffering.

In the parlor I meet some friendly people. First, there is Mr. Weller who greets me with a "Nice to meet you, my boy." Then Mrs. Weller scoots in from the kitchen, gives me a nice "Pleased to meet you, sit down and make yourself at home," and scoots back to work on what smells like excellent pot roast. Helen, a cute number who looks more like a high-school girl, gets on my right side by saying I look like Danny Kaye.

Henry sits down beside me on the studio couch and offers me a cigar. "I take it and notice the brand, El Pernambuco—Joe's. I look at Joe, who is smiling like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Doyouplaypinochle, Charlie?" asks Henry.

"Why, yes," I answer, remembering that pinochle is one of the ways Henry destroys Joe's morale.

It's in my mind to suggest a little game after supper to see how Henry does it, but just then the key rattles in the front door and in walks a girl who shines like the third twist on a three-way lamp.

Joe says, "Charlie, I would like you to meet my other sister, Edna."

I get up from the studio couch, she says, "How do you do," and I get goose pimples around the heart. Her left hand, I note, has no rings.

Mrs. Weller comes out from the kitchen again and says supper is ready. We all go into the dinette and take our places. Henry sits at my right and Edna on my left.

Right away Joe gets up with a bottle of rye and starts filling the small glasses beside each of us. He finishes, puts down the bottle, lifts up his glass, still standing, looks

DURALITE
Automatic
WINDPROOF LIGHTER
\$6

featuring
FEATHER-TOUCH ACTION

IN ONE ACTION it opens and lights, instantly — even in a gale! Automatic-action lever responds to a mere flick of your finger with never-failing accuracy. Smartly streamlined . . . handsome as fine jewelry . . . thoroughly windproof — and a champion for fuel capacity (precision-engineered spring cap makes it practically evaporation-proof).

feather-touch action

At leading dept. stores, jewelers, smoke shops, etc.
Exclusive distributors
RAYNO CO., 1065 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn 16, N. Y.
HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J.

carry that bottle
SAFELY!
in a
VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Wherever you go, by train, plane, ship, or car, you'll find the Venus Bottle Guard indispensable for carrying liquids safely in your bag, in the trunk of your car, or in the glove compartment. This smart suede-like heavily-padded, highly absorbent Venus Bottle Guard absorbs the shock and strain of careless handling of luggage. Makes a neat compact carrier for hot or cold liquids, when you're skiing, skating or just watching a football game on a blustery day. Venus Bottle Guard pays for itself in saved cleaning bills . . . protects luggage linings. Quart, pint, and 1/2 pint sizes, \$3, 2.50, 2.25 . . . Luggage Tan, Rich Green and Maroon. Thermos model too.

Protects perfumes too!

Two compartment, heavily-padded perfume bottle guard holds precious perfumes safely. Smart women use also for carrying lotions, mouth washes, ink. Tan, Green, Maroon. \$3.00. If your store doesn't carry Venus Bottle Guard, write us.



DEPT. E-5

VENUS CORP., 1170 B'WAY, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



You'll enjoy: Ogilvie Method Castile Shampoo for a refreshingly clean scalp... Special Hair Lotion for between-shampoo cleansing and removing loose dandruff... Pomade for thinning hairlines—and for that final touch of good grooming—

Ogilvie Method Creme Or Liquid Hair Dressing!

Ask for Ogilvie Method Specialized Preparations for Dry or Oily Hair



FREE: Booklet on request —write Dept. EM-4

At drug, dept. stores.

Ogilvie Method
HAIR PREPARATIONS

50 East 42 St • New York 17, N. Y.



For men who appreciate the finest... a sportshirt impeccably tailored, smartly styled, yet colorful and easy as its birthplace. Palomino* Sportswear Company, Los Angeles 15, California.

A Distinguished California Name...

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Palomino
CALIFORNIA SPORTSWEAR

around the table at each of us.

"I want to drink a toast to my dear pal, Charlie Leadbetter," he says. "I brought Charlie here tonight so you can all meet the man who has found an apartment for Helen and Henry."

He downs his drink in one gulp. Mrs. Weller lets out a small scream. Helen lets out a big scream. Mr. Weller drops his glass. Henry stares at me like I am a ghost. Edna says, "Ohmygod" and grabs my arm. Right then I get a pretty good idea how Edison must have felt when he discovered electricity.

Then the questions fly at me. How many rooms? Am I sure? How did I get it? When? Where? How much? Did I leave a deposit? All at once. I start answering, looking all the time at Edna, who looks at me like I am Superman, which indeed I am beginning to feel like. And Joe keeps his eyes on Henry, who so far shows no grief at the change which is about to take place in his life.

After supper we go back to the parlor and Henry asks when it will be possible to see the apartment.

Joe shoots a look at Henry from the arm of the studio couch where he is sitting. "What do you want to see it for? Charlie gave you a fine description. Any apartment anybody gets today they should be thankful for. You don't expect to turn it down, do you?"

"Why, Joe," Henry says gently. "don't be silly. Helen and I only want to see the layout, how the furniture is arranged. Maybe we will want to move it around. Isn't that right, honey?"

"Yes, dear," she answers.

So Joe keeps quiet and I tell Henry that my uncle usually goes away for the day on Sundays, like to the Bronx Zoo or the band concert in Central Park. "Come over Monday night about six o'clock," I tell him. "I'll meet you there."

Having decided this I turn my attention to Edna who is in the kitchen with Mrs. Weller. I grab a dish towel away from Mrs. Weller and tell her to please relax.

"You're a nice boy, Charlie," she says and leaves me with Edna.

"I think so, too," says Edna, not bold, not shy, just right. The dishwashing job is very pleasant, but too short as Edna and I exchange ideas about life and find we got a lot in common. When the kitchen is all cleaned up I ask her if we shouldn't take a walk where we can continue our exchange of ideas. We go into the parlor and Edna says we are going for a walk.

From his chair in the corner Joe protests. "No, no, take my car," he says, throwing the key to me.

Henry says, "Sure, by all means," and Joe looks like he will explode.

So we say good night and Mr. and Mrs. Weller both ask me to come again soon.

Needless to say it's a wonderful ride, almost all the way to Bridgeport. Edna and I talk about a thousand things and both agree on all of them, including such topics as love at first sight is possible and long engagements are

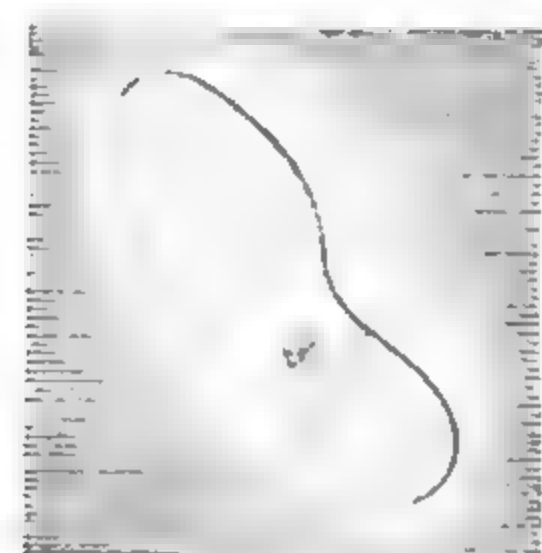
Continued on page 212



IN ALL CIRCLES SOLES BY *Rajah*

Whether you measure your income in marbles or millions, you're playing for keeps when it comes to fitting out your feet. Young or old, when you knuckle down to picking leisure shoes, you want soles with smartness... durability... and comfort. Rajah Soles score high on all three points. Comfort-conscious, feather-light, your feet come out the winners when you rest on Rajah Soles!

Fine Soles for Fine Shoes



Rajah SOLES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Founded 1837

ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

Humphrey Bogart

Star of Warner Bros. Picture

"THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS"

WEARS A RESISTOL

"LANCER"



Only A RESISTOL GIVES
THE *Easy Comfort* OF A
"Self-Conforming" HAT
TRADE MARK

If you are one who thinks it necessary to pad or stretch a hat to make it fit your head — why not

discover, like millions of men, the comfort and fit of a Resistol "Self-Conforming" Hat. You'll like Resistol's rich, pliant fur felt, the variety of smart styles and colors and above all — the easy-fitting comfort.

A RESISTOL GIVES...



NOT
THIS



NOR
THIS



BUT
THIS

For the name of your Resistol dealer — write

BYER-ROLNICK CO. . . . GARLAND, TEXAS

RESISTOL

"SELF-CONFORMING"

hats

THE MOST COMFORTABLE HAT MADE

It's Your Move

Continued from page 211

really a waste of time. She is an assistant buyer of perfume at Stacey's Department Store, but feels that the best career for a woman is marriage, a conclusion I heartily approve of.

It's after twelve when I take her home and although I am sure that she wants me to kiss her good night as much as I want to, I don't. When you find the real thing you don't want to spoil it by rushing. I say good night at her door and tell her I will phone her.

The next morning, Sunday, I am at the phone the first thing. Edna answers and I suggest a day at the beach. She says fine and Edna in a bathing suit fulfills my expectations. It is a beautiful day and we pick up where we left off the night before, learning more and more that we make a wonderfully blended couple. This time I don't hold back. Right there on the beach under the hired umbrella I kiss her and it only takes the first one for us both to know we are indispensable to each other.

When I bring her home we make a date for a Chinatown supper and movie for Monday night. Then I remember that I am meeting Henry and Helen Monday at six o'clock at Uncle Albert's to show them the apartment.

"That's all right," Edna says. "I am coming home to freshen up anyway so I can go along with Helen and Henry and we can leave from your uncle's apartment."

That's how we leave it. And Monday is the longest day at the store. Finally it's closing time, I lock up and head for the Concourse and Uncle Albert's apartment.

I buzz the buzzer right there on the first floor and just as Uncle opens the door I hear voices behind me. I turn around, it's Henry and Helen accompanied not only by Edna but also by Joe.

"Joe drove us over," smiles Henry. "He wants to make sure that we like the apartment."

Uncle Albert says, "Come in," we do and before I can make with the introductions, I see Mrs. Portnoy sitting on the sofa.

"Well," I say, "well."

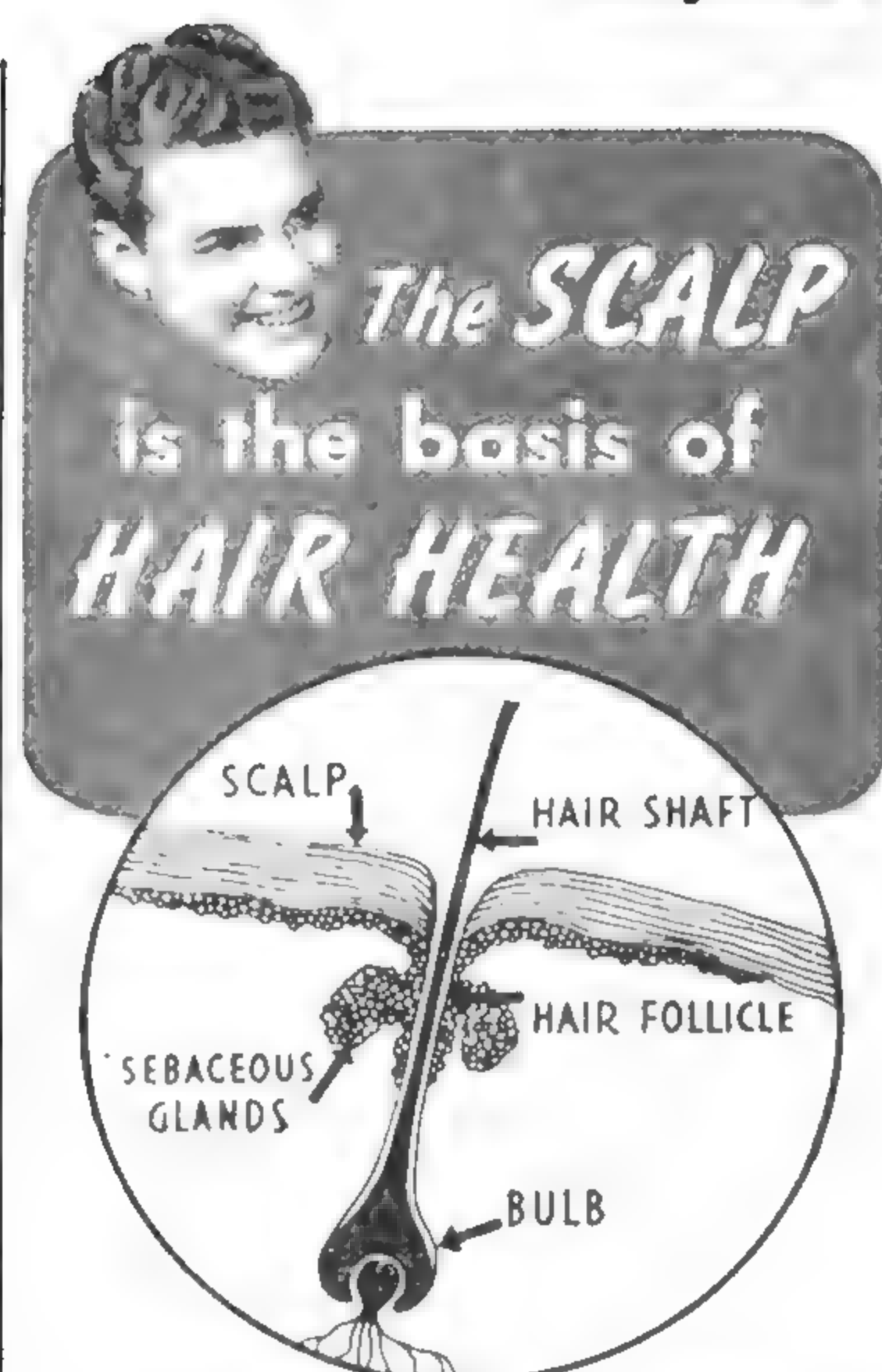
Mrs. Portnoy giggles. "I had a late appointment for Dr. Leadbetter to take care of my feet. When he got through we got to talking and we came up here together. I am helping him pack his things to move to my house."

I hold back a grin. Mrs. Portnoy, I can easily see, is letting no grass grow under her feet to catch Uncle Albert. I introduce everybody to everybody else and right away Henry starts to spread good cheer. He gives Uncle a cigar, lights one up himself and strolls around, looking the place over.

"A marvelous apartment," he says. "I almost feel like a heel to take it from you."

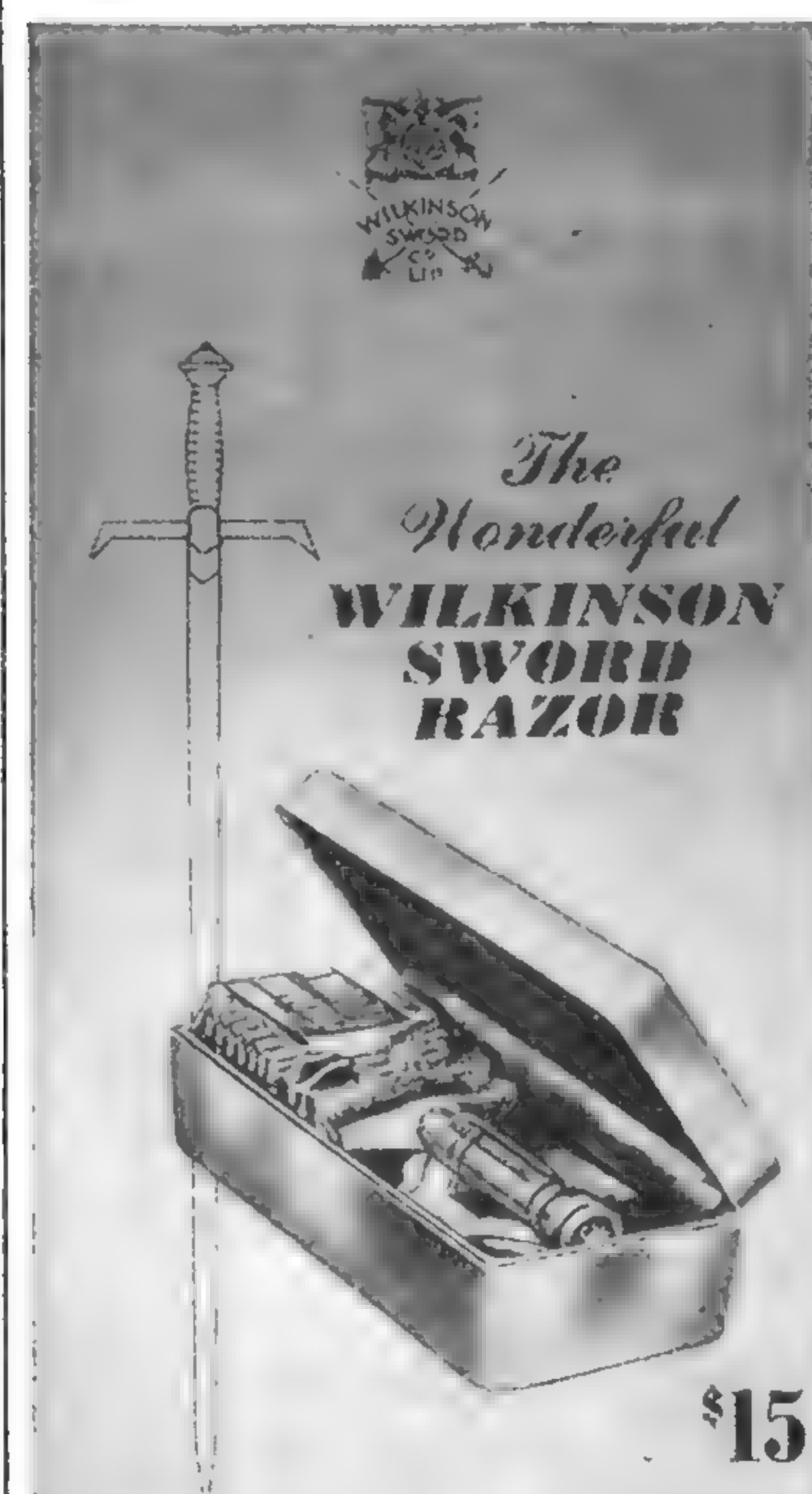
Joe, who is standing by the window, makes a choking sound. His face is full of fright. But Mrs. Portnoy saves the day.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Murst,"



Keep your hair and scalp stimulated with FITCH'S IDEAL HAIR TONIC...

When the scalp fails in its function, the hair begins to look dull and often falls out. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic stimulates a sluggish scalp and opens the clogged hair follicles, enabling them to function properly, so the natural oil can flow onto the hair itself. Massage a few drops of Fitch's Ideal onto your scalp and notice how the scalp feels healthier... the hair looks smoother and glossier. Fitch's Ideal is *not sticky or greasy*... leaves the hair with that well-groomed look.



A masterpiece of cutlery for men who appreciate the finest things in life! This superb safety razor is adjustable for close, medium or light shaves. Seven stout hollow-ground, long-life blades, hand-forged by master swordsmiths.

WILKINSON NAIL NIPPERS

Made of the finest forged steel, with an edge that lasts; embossed leather case... \$3

write for free booklet: "A Story of Swords" WILKINSON SWORD SALES CORP. Dep't H, 315 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.



Kelbert

Most Significant Name
in **CHRONOGRAPHS**

... for precise measuring and recording
of time, speed, distance.

Stainless steel or solid gold,

\$59.50 to \$285 tax included.

Also available in Watertight models.

KELBERT WATCHES—long famous for
precision and advanced design....
from \$35 to \$3500 including
self-winding and calendar watches.

At better jewelers everywhere
or write for catalog

Department 22C

KELBERT WATCH COMPANY, INC.

608 Fifth Avenue

New York 20, N. Y.

© 1947 KWC

**Great SPORT
SHIRT News!**
..... the casual shirt
with **SSS!***



Now an extra fine, mercerized, Sanforized poplin Sport Shirt with: **SLEEVE** lengths 33, 34, 35 on all sizes. **SHIRT** tails full length. **SIZES** 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 18.

This smart single needle stitched shirt can be worn with tie, too. Order from famous California maker — Burton of Hollywood. Lowest price, best quality since war. Money back guarantee. Postpaid only... **\$6.95**

BURTON of Hollywood
743 So. Alvarado St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Please send me _____ Sportshirts at \$6.95 each postpaid.

Enclosed find Money Order ☐ Check ☐

Size _____ Sleeve _____ Color _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

she says indignant like, "he will have a wonderful home with us. Won't he, Charlie?"

I am giving my attention to Edna, whose hand I am holding by the mantelpiece. "Uh-huh," I say.

"Of course, Mrs. Portnoy," says Henry smoothly. He turns to Uncle, who sits on the sofa and seems to be quite confused by all the people and the action. "I am sure the good doctor will be most happy in your home."

"Yes," says Uncle, "I will really be glad to move to Mrs. Portnoy's. I never liked this apartment, anyway, it's so close to the sidewalk and there are so many people walking by who can look right into the rooms."

At this Helen raises her eyebrows at Henry. Joe, I notice, is getting paler. Uncle, simple soul, is not doing a good selling job.

But Henry is still smiling sweetly to Uncle Albert. He sits down beside him on the sofa. "So close to the sidewalk and lots of people walking by—sure, Dr. Leadbetter, that's the Concourse, a very crowded thoroughfare, the Broadway of the Bronx."

Henry jumps up and points his finger right at Uncle's nose. "Dr. Leadbetter, I can't be so cruel as to take this apartment from you. You must stay here. What this section of the Bronx needs is a man like you, a public servant serving humanity—right here, my dear doctor."

Slowly Uncle Albert turns to look at me, at Mrs. Portnoy and back to Henry. He's wearing a look of hope. "You mean—"

"Yes," bellows Henry. "I mean close up your downtown office. Make this your office. You will have a single rent to pay." Here Henry points to the window where Joe is standing, lifeless. "I can see the sign in the window, DR. ALBERT LEADBETTER, PODIATRIST. I can see the people flocking in here. Dozens, scores of them. You are a success, Dr. Leadbetter."

Henry stops for breath. Everybody is spellbound by his speech. Then Uncle speaks with a new enthusiasm. "Splendid, Mr. Murst, a splendid idea."

A sob is heard over by the window sill. It comes out of Joe. "Charlie," he says to me in a croaking voice, "can I move in with you at Mrs. Portnoy's?"

So that's the way it is. Uncle Albert stays put and does a terrific business. Joe moves in with me and in appreciation for what I have tried to do for him he lines me up a district managership.

Only I don't have Joe for a roommate for long, changing a few months later to Edna after we elope.

The Weller's apartment, I find, is very comfortable. Henry's clothes are a little snug on me, but he sure is a rotten pinochle player. Henry is hoping that Mrs. Portnoy closes in on Uncle Albert so she will move to the Concourse and he and Helen can get her apartment. Joe will like that. Anyway, it's not my move any more. ‡

Continued from page 91



Esquire Calendar Division

Let's Make a Date for '48!

I'm just one of the twelve glamorous eye-fuls waiting to meet you in the Esquire Girl Calendar and Yearbook for 1948... once you see us, you'll want our Calendar to carry your advertising message. We're welcome wherever we go—that's why our Calendar line is called "The Line of Treasured Advertising"!

Esquire Girl Calendar and Yearbook

Twelve lovely Esquire Girls in a calendar that's tops for sheer glamour! Here's a yearful of eye-appeal to star your advertising message.

Esquire Girl Desk Calendar

This companion calendar for the desk frames the subjects and calendar in rich leatherette... with your advertising imprint stamped in gold.



show me, esky!

Esquire Calendar Division
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 11, Ill.

Yes, I'd like to meet the Esquire Girls. Please have your representative call to show me your Calendar Line for 1948.

My Name _____

Name of Firm _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ State _____

PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR SAMPLES

E-A

TWO IMPORTED VERMOUTHS



CINZANO
Italian

TRY IT STRAIGHT
AS AN APERITIF





CINZANO
French

FOR THE DRY COCKTAIL

CINZANO
French

SOLE IMPORTER: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THORENS

MADE IN SWITZERLAND
AUTOMATIC LIGHTERS



Standard of the World
for Quality

PRESS THE
BUTTON



SLIDE THE
BUTTON

No. 1602
Engine-turned
Chrome, \$6.00

No. 1302
Gold Plated
\$12.50*

No. 16602
Chrome Finish
\$7.50

No. 16302
Gold Plated
\$12.50*

*PLUS FEDERAL TAX

The NEW
SPIN-A-WAY
ASH TRAY

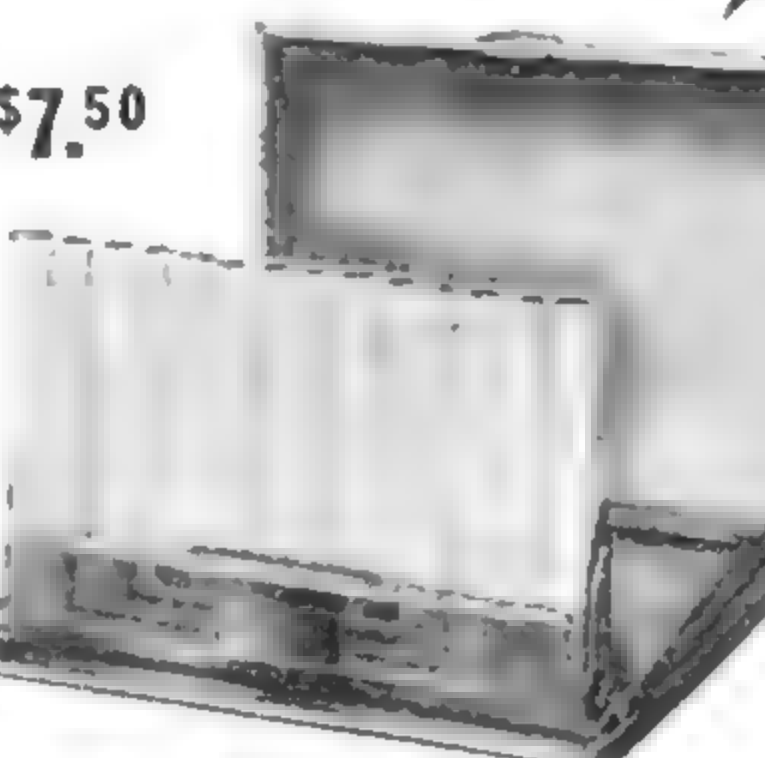


\$10.00

Handsome... Modern. Pressure on plunger drops bottom disc and starts it whirling. Stubs and ashes disappear like magic. Spring returns disc to original position. Genuine bronze and chrome plated.



The NEW Automatic
Cigarette Case



\$7.50

Slender... graceful... opens in one smooth motion... presents cigarettes most invitingly. Rich, crown-lustre finish.

REXON, Inc. • THORENS Lighters
General Distributors for U. S. A. • THORENS Record Changers
295 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16 • THORENS Phonographs
Service Dept., 122 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 11

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MAY, 1947

Adler Shoes for Men (Elevators).....	8
Airfilm Shoes (The House of Crosby Square).....	135
Allen-A.....	203
Allen Edmonds (The MacGregor)....	215
Alligator Company, The.....	169
American Optical Company (Calobar).....	190
American Wine Company (Cook's)....	171
Ampco Products Co. (Pak-A-Pipe)....	15
Ampco Corporation.....	174
Ancient Bottle Gin (Seagram-Distillers Corporation).....	43
Angostura Wuppermann Corp.....	34
Arbogast & Co., Fred (Hawaiian Wiggles).....	189
Archer Rubber Company (Royal Archer).....	186
Arnold, Schwin & Co. (Continental).....	192
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.).....	121
Art-carved (J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.).....	3
Aystar (Stern Apparel Corporation).....	201

B.V.D.....	44
Bach & Co., Inc., Lessem.....	168
Bal Tabarin.....	40
Barclay & Co., Limited, Jas. (Corby's).....	160
Bardon of Hollywood.....	140
Bass & Co., G. H.....	152
Bauer & Black (Bracer).....	205
Beautifactor Corp., The.....	15
Berkshire.....	24
Blade Master, Inc.....	26
Block Sportswear.....	27
Blue Blades (Gillette Safety Razor Company).....	149
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Company).....	IV Cover
Botany Worsted Mills (500).....	III Cover
Bracer (Bauer & Black).....	205
Briarwood Corporation, The (Bryson).....	171
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.).....	138
Brizard, Marie (Schenley Import Corp.).....	162
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, Inc. (Old Forester).....	148
Brugal (Park & Tilford Import Corp.).....	167
Bryson (The Briarwood Corporation).....	171
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice).....	39
Burger, Joseph (Staturaid).....	16
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt).....	25
Burlington Mills Corporation.....	159
Burton of Hollywood.....	213
Byer-Rolnick Co. (Resistol).....	212

Calobar (American Optical Company).....	190
Calvert Distillers Corporation (Lord Calvert).....	124
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix Royale).....	202
Camp Trailer (Higgins, Inc.).....	161
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.: Cinzano.....	214
Exshaw.....	179
Nuyens.....	199
Walker, Johnnie.....	157
Water.....	205
Carnival.....	40
Cartier.....	182
Cash's.....	8
Catalina, Inc.....	207
Charles Hat Co., Robert (Quality Club).....	215
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import Corporation).....	139
Chinese Treasure Center.....	32
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.....	31
Cinzano (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.).....	214
Christine (Leroux & Co., Inc.).....	216
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow).....	121
Coleman Co., Inc., The.....	206
Columbia Walecraft Ltd. (Tel-A-Key).....	181
Concord Shoes.....	18
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.....	40
Continental (Arnold, Schwin & Co.).....	192
Cook's (American Wine Company).....	171
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).....	166
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited).....	160
Corcoran, Inc.....	15
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (Great Dane).....	195
Courtley, Ltd.....	203
Crest Specialty (Spiffy).....	208
Croix Royale (Cameo Vineyards Co.).....	202
Cross Pencil Company, A. T.....	15
Crown Luggage Co., Inc. (Single Suiter).....	204
Crumphoy Company, Inc., B. T.....	8
Crystalier Co.....	18

Dobbs Hats (Jolly Rounder).....	20
Dunhill, Alfred (Denicoten).....	179
Duralite (Rayno Machine & Eng. Co.).....	210
Dutch Masters.....	164

Eaton, Charles A. (F'orie).....	9
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo).....	155
Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc.....	183
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.).....	125
Exshaw (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.).....	179
Funice Novelties.....	26

Fat Men's Shop, Inc.....	24
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.).....	162
Fifth Avenue Stationers.....	16
Fitch's: "Ideal".....	212
No Brush Shaving Cream.....	208
500 (Botany Worsted Mills).....	III Cover
Flagg Bros.....	26
Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, The.....	210
Flex-Let Expansion Products.....	141
Florsheim Shoe Company, The.....	21
Flossy Dental Mfrs.....	18
Fol-o-Thru (Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Corp.).....	167



Lady Executive

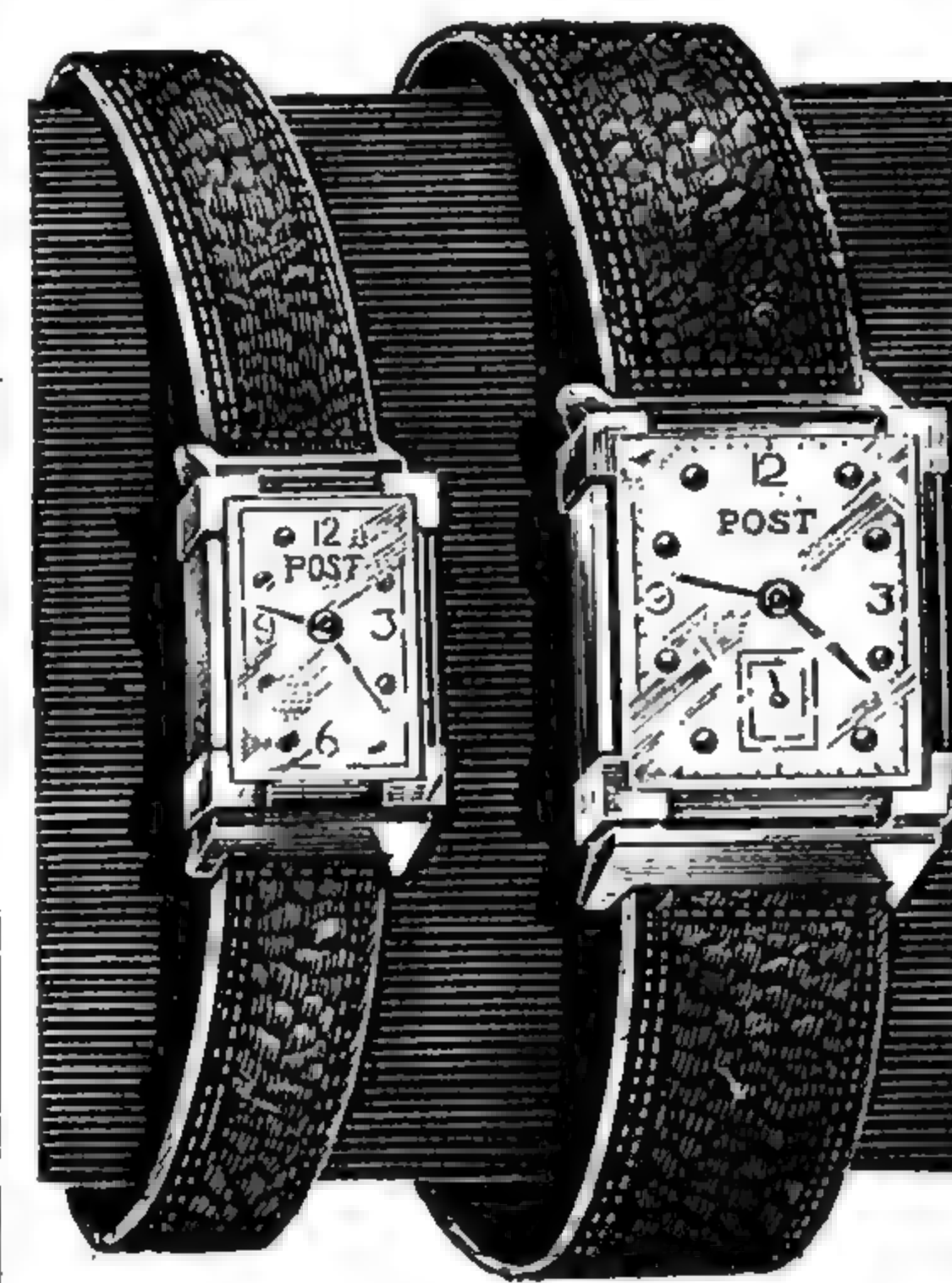
KEEPS HER AFFAIRS AS NEAT AS A PIN!

The necessary accessory that's as smart as it is practical! Compactly styled in gay, colorful leathers, with gusseted change purse, handy pass cases, and—the mysterious Secret Pocket for large bills! In various models—**\$3.50 up**

At your favorite Department Store, Luggage Shop, Haberdasher, Jewelry Store, or write:—

PROGRESSIVE LEATHER GOODS CO.
33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

POST



A Post original

Accurate precision... dignified elegance... perfect for anniversaries and other dual gift occasions. In 14k gold... HIS, \$175*... HERS, \$150*.

POST WATCH CO., INC.
607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

*FED. TAX INC.

SPOTLIGHT ON



GENUINE
COCOANUT

by
**QUALITY
CLUB**

About \$3.50

PANAMAS • LEGHORNS
AND SENNETS • \$4 to \$10

At Leading Men's and Department Stores

ROBERT CHARLES HAT CO.
721-723 Arch Street • Philadelphia

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Ford Motor Company (Lincoln).....II Cover
Forstner Chain Corporation.....23, 163
Frankfort Distillers Corporation
(Four Roses).....11
Freeman Shoe Corp. (King's Guard).....201
French, Shriner & Uner.....155

G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros.,
Inc.).....131
Gabe Mfg. Corp.....18
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub).....162
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies).....192
Garnier (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.).....191
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman Shoe
Company).....12
Gerity-Michigan Die Casting Co.....26
Gihon, Inc., H. D.....24
Gilbert of California.....172
Gilbey's (National Distillers Products
Corporation).....136
Gillette Safety Razor Company
(Blue Blades).....149
Glancon Co.....23
Glenmore Distilleries Company
(Kentucky Tavern).....22
Globe Novelty House, Inc.
(Royal London).....26
Glover Co., H. B.....178
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P.
(G.G.G.).....131
Golf Secrets.....18
Gooderham & Worts Limited
(Royal Banquet).....200
Gotham (Ollendorff Watch Co., Inc.).....194
Graves & Sons Co., C. H.....34
Great Dane (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.).....195
Gripper (Scovill Manufacturing
Company).....196
Gruen (Veri-Thin).....4

Hadley Company, The.....178
Haggar Co.....204
Haig & Haig (Renfield Importers,
Ltd.).....145
Hale Rubber Company, Alfred
(Rajah).....211
Hamm Brewing Co., Theo. (Hamm's)
Hammonton Park Clothes
(Wm. B. Kessler, Inc.).....146
Hanan and Son, Inc. (Hurdler).....195
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.....31
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King).....173
Hart Schaffner & Marx.....29
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import
Corp.).....207
Hat Research Foundation.....13
Hawaiian Wigglers (Fred
Arbogast & Co.).....189
Hershey Mfg. Co.....26
Heublein & Bros., Inc., G. F.:
Club Cocktails.....181
Smirnoff Vodka.....151
Hickok.....19
Higgins, Inc. (Camp Trailer).....161
Highlanders (Geo. E. Keith Company).....176
High Life (Miller Brewing Company).....164
Hobby Book Mart.....8
Holiday Products Co.....32
Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Corp.
(Fol-o-Thru).....167
House of Crosby Square, The
(Airfilm Shoes).....135
House of Murphy.....40
Hull Mfg. Co.....23
Hurdler (Hanan and Son, Inc.).....195
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson).....155

"Ideal" (Fitch's).....212
International Shoe Company:
Peters.....28
Winthrop Shoe Co.....36

Jay Gifts, Inc., Susan.....16
Jarman Shoe Company (General
Shoe Corp.).....12
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).....166
Jogs (Mansfield Shoes).....183
Johnson & Johnson.....170
Johnston & Murphy (The Kent).....156
Jolly Rounder (Dobbs Hats).....20

Katz & Co., Inc., Sol W.
(Universal Club).....31
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.).....198
Keith Company, Geo. E.
(Highlanders).....176
Kelbert Watch Company, Inc.....213
Kelly's, Jimmy.....40
Kent, The (Johnston & Murphy).....156
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore
Distilleries Company).....22
Kessler, Inc., Wm. B. (Hammonton
Park Clothes).....146
King's Guard (Freeman Shoe Corp.).....201
Kinsey Distilling Corp.....38
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso).....125
Krenl (R. B. Semler, Inc.).....156
Kuppenheimer Clothes.....45

L. B. Laboratories.....193
Lady Executive (Progressive Leather
Goods Co.).....214
Laird & Co.....39
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The.....177
Lanman & Kemp-B Barclay & Co., Inc.....8
Lansdowne Distillery, Inc., The.....193
Layco Products.....26
Leaf Gum.....215
Lee, Inc.....190
Lentherie, Inc.....137
Leon & Eddie's.....40
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine).....216
Lincoln (Ford Motor Company).....II Cover

Continued on page 216

THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

Allen Edmonds



Shown:
The MacGregor
at \$15.95—
(\$16.45 West
of Rockies)

See Classified Directory under Allen
Edmonds for dealer or order direct.
Send for Booklet, "The Shoe of To-
morrow," Dept. E.M.

"U-TURN"
FLEXIBILITY
Perfect Support
Without Confinement

Now it's ridiculous as well as unnecessary to go through a painful "breaking in" period with your shoes. Because of Allen Edmond's exclusive Osteo-path-ik Nailless Construction, you are assured of a true-to-life fit and a perfectly comfortable feel from the very first step. So smart, too!

ALLEN EDMONDS • BELGIUM, WISCONSIN

IT'S

O'K

IT'S

O'Keefe's

CANADIAN

Alle

Imported by
O'KEEFE'S INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stay Sweet
with



THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

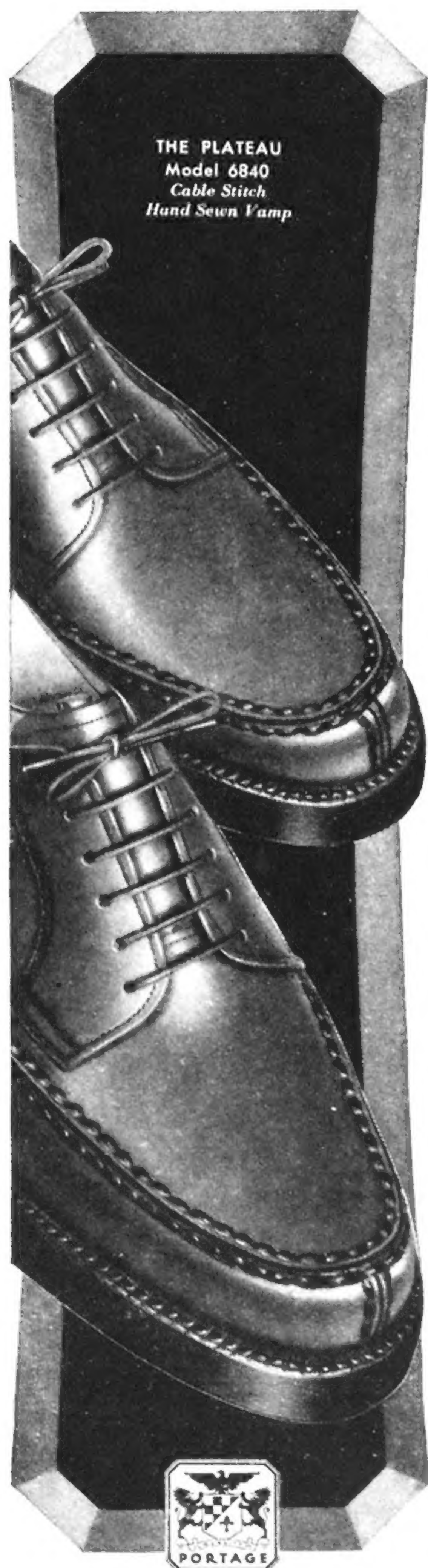
Miss Sally Hughes, popular young model
says: "For minty refreshment at its best
I'd take LEAF chewing gum anytime!"



Style-Steeped SMARTNESS

Portage Shoes set a new pace in eye-appealing smartness — achieved through utmost originality in design, and exceptional skill in the crafting of truly fine leathers.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Linguaphone Institute.....	23	Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. (W. A. Taylor & Co.).....	175
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.).....	124	Renfield Importers, Ltd. (Haig & Haig).....	145
Lusk, Inc., Irving.....	185	Resistol (Byer-Rolnick Co.).....	212
MacGregor, The (Allen Edmonds)....	215	Rexon, Inc. (Thorens).....	214
Manchester Knitted Fashions, Inc. (Polo-Mates).....	174	Robinson Reminders.....	16
Manleigh, Inc.....	16, 18	Rock Flint Co. (Rumin).....	39
Manne & Son (Park Lane Rings, Inc.)	187	Rolax Watch Company, Inc.....	41
Mansfield Shoes (Jogs).....	183	Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.).....	188
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.).....	175	Ronrico Corporation.....	40
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.....	147	Royal Archer (Archer Rubber Company).....	186
Martell (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)	177	Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Limited).....	200
Marxman.....	182	Rough Rider.....	122
Mastercraft Products.....	31	Ry-Krisp.....	176
Mayfair Gifts.....	24	Sagner's Son, Inc., A. (Northcool)....	187
Meeker Company, Inc., The.....	200	Sanford's (Penit).....	23
Merit Clothing Company, Inc. (Style-Mart).....	127	Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.).....	152
Merz & Co., F. O. (Keylite).....	34	Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve)...	14
Middishade Co., Inc., The.....	180	Scientific Lure Co.....	23
Middleton, John (Walnut).....	209	Seovill Manufacturing Company (Gripper).....	196
Miller Brewing Company (High Life)	164	Sea-Fare.....	40
Millers Forge.....	31	Seagram-Distillers Corporation (Ancient Bottle Gin).....	43
Miracle Manufacturing Company (Plastikards).....	26	Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml).....	156
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman): Grooming Essentials.....	185	Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper)...	199
Pipes.....	165	Sherman Bows.....	39, 158
Mosher Moccasin Co., Inc.....	15	Sherman Co., Nat.....	23
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip: Country Doctor.....	32	Shirterast Company, The.....	197
Marlboro Cigarettes.....	175	Simon Bros. & Kirsh.....	18
National Brewing Co. (National Premium).....	40	Single Suiter (Crown Luggage Co., Inc.).....	204
National City Bank of New York, The	166	Smartair (Rainfair, Inc.).....	129, 134
National Distillers Products Corp: Gilbey's.....	136	Smirnoff Vodka (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.).....	151
Old Angus.....	194	Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers).....	138
Old Crow.....	17	Society Club Hats.....	196
PM.....	46	Speas Company.....	168
Ron Merito.....	188	Spiffy (Crest Specialty).....	208
National Magic Company.....	32	Sportsman (John Hudson Moore, Inc.): Grooming Essentials.....	185
Nettleton Company, A. E.....	143	Pipes.....	165
"Nice-Cubes".....	24	Spruce (Wrisley).....	154
Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M.....	184	Stern Apparel Corporation (Ayrstar)...	201
No Brush Shaving Cream (Fitch's)...	208	Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve).....	198
Northcool (A. Sagner's Son, Inc.)...	187	Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., The.....	123
Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey).....	16	Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald).....	172
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.)	199	Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators)...	24
Ogilvie Method.....	211	Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Company, Inc.).....	127
O'Keefe's, Inc.....	215	Suarez & Crespo.....	31
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corporation).....	194	Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.....	34
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corporation).....	17	Sun Valley.....	208
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.).....	172	Swank.....	130
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation, Inc.).....	148	Tavannes Watch Co., Inc.....	169
Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Company).....	33	Taylor Corp., E. E.....	173
Olive Brand (U. S. Knitwear Co., Inc.)	180	Taylor & Company, W. A.: Old Smuggler.....	33
Ollendorff Watch Co., Inc. (Gotham)	194	L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc.....	175
Omega.....	202	Tel-A-Key (Columbia Walescraft Ltd.).....	181
Oster Mfg. Co., John.....	209	Textron, Inc.....	35
Otard (Schenley Import Corporation)	154	Thorens (Rexon, Inc.).....	214
Otis Underwear.....	144	Timely Clothes, Inc.....	133
PM (National Distillers Products Corporation).....	46	Traub Manufacturing Co. (Orange Blossom).....	34
Pabst Brewing Company (Blue Ribbon).....	IV Cover	U. S. Knitwear Co., Inc. (Olive Brand).....	180
Pacific Mills.....	37	Universal Geneve (The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc.).....	198
Pal Hollow Ground Blades.....	191	V-Line Clothes Co.....	189
Palomino Sportswear Company.....	211	Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.)....	7
Park Lane Rings, Inc. (Manne & Son) Park & Tilford Import Corp: Booth's House of Lords.....	32	Vanity Fair.....	40
Brugal.....	167	Van Merritt (Burlington Brewing Company).....	25
Harvey's.....	207	Van Munching & Co., Inc. (Heineken's).....	39
Martell.....	177	Vaseline Hair Tonic.....	150
Private Stock.....	132	Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)	126
Reserve.....	184	Venus Corp.....	210
Vat 69.....	126	Veri-Thin (Gruen).....	4
Peerless Fountain Pen and Pencil Co.	24	Versailles.....	40
Peper, Christian (London Dock).....	32	Vertex Inc. (Verflex).....	31
Peters (International Shoe Company)...	28	Vogue Knit of Phila. Inc. (Bancroft)...	8
Personna Precision Blades.....	163	Walker & Sons, Inc., Hiram (Dry Martini).....	30
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen)...	7	Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.).....	157
Pioneer.....	128	Walnut (John Middleton).....	209
Plateau, The (Portage Shoe Mfg. Co.)	216	Ward-Nimrod Company.....	23
Plymouth Manufacturing Company (Weather-Ready).....	153	Weather-Ready (Plymouth Manufacturing Company).....	153
Polo-Mates (Manchester Knitted Fashions, Inc.).....	174	Weaver, Dorothy (Strokmaster).....	24
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake).....	198	Weber & Co., C. B.....	161
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Plateau)...	216	Wehman Bros.....	23
Post Watch Co., Inc.....	214	Westberry (Southdale).....	16
Private Blends.....	24	Westminster.....	165
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.).....	132	White Turkey Inn, The.....	40
Progressive Leather Goods Co. (Lady Executive).....	214	Wings Shirt Co.....	209
Puritan Knitting Mills, Inc., The.....	142	Wikies (Gantner & Mattern Co.)....	192
Pyramid Corporation.....	31	Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Garnier)	191
Quality Club (Robert Charles Hat Co.).....	215	Wilkinson Sword Sales Corp.....	212
Rabsons.....	32	Winthrop Shoe Co. (International Shoe Company).....	36
Rainfair, Inc. (Smartair).....	129, 134	Wonder Lock.....	18
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Company)	211	Wood and Sons, Inc., J. R. (Art-carved).....	3
Raleigh Cycle Distributors.....	206	Wrisley (Spruce).....	154
Rayno Machine & Eng. Co. (Duralite)	210	Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.)...	173
Reinfeld, Inc., Joseph (Remy Martin).....	186	Zippo Mfg. Co.....	153
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals).....	152		
Reliance Manufacturing Co.....	170		

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

From an Ancient
treasured formula



Claristine

SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LE ROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International
Exposition, 1937. 86 proof



“Botany” BRAND 500

Fashioned from the highest quality fabric
...tailored by a master craftsman... “Botany” Brand 500
Suits, Tailored by Daroff... your assurance of extra long wear...
extra value... extra smartness... \$55. If you can't locate a
dealer... write us... and we will direct you.

TAILORED BY DAROFF

“Botany” Brand 500 Summer Worsteds, the Ultimate in
Summer Comfort and Smartness... \$45.

the Fabric is the Soul of the Suit

Look for this label



FABRIC BY
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N.J.
TAILORED BY
DAROFF, PHILADELPHIA

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY BOTANY
WORSTED MILLS. “BOTANY” IS
A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY WORSTED
MILLS. REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Workman's Compensation!"



Copy. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.



TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER